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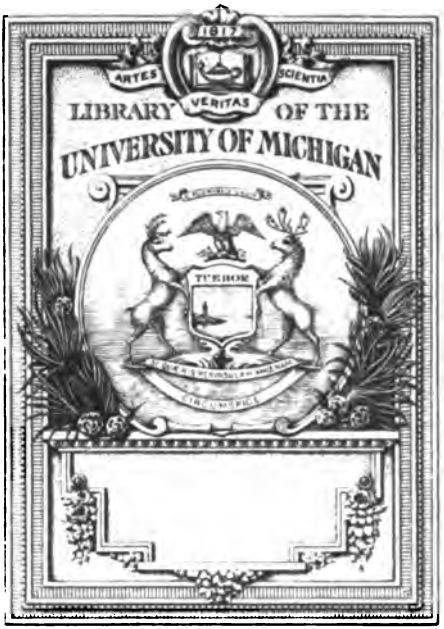
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The Cambridge Text

With historical and analytical Prefaces, Comments, Critical and Explanatory Notes, Glossaries, Life of Shakespeare, History of the early English Drama and a Complete Index

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VOLUME II

Measure for Measure
Comedy of Errors
Much Ado About Nothing
As You Like It

E. R. DUMONT

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MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Preface.

The First Edition. *Measure for Measure* was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies pp. 61-84, and holds the fourth place among the 'Comedies.' No direct reference to the play has been found anterior to its publication in 1623, nor is there any record of its performance before the Restoration, when Davenant produced his *Law against Lovers,* a wretched attempt to fuse *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado About Nothing* into one play.

The Date of Composition. All arguments for the date of composition of *Measure for Measure* must be drawn from general considerations of style, and from alleged allusions. As regards the latter, it has been maintained that two passages (Act I. i. 68-71 and Act II. iv. 27-30) offer "a courtly apology for King James I.'s stately and ungracious demeanour on his entry into England," and various points of likeness in the character of the Duke and James have been detected.* This evidence by itself would be of little value, but it certainly corroborates the æsthetic and metrical tests, which fix the date of composition about the year 1603-4. Further, in 1607, William Barksted, an admirer of our poet, published a poem, entitled *Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis,* wherein occurs an

* The entry usually cited from the accounts of the Revels at Court from Oct. 1604 to Oct. 1605 is now known to be a forgery. "By his Maties Plaiers on Stivens night in the Hall, a Play called 'Mesur for Mesur'": probably, however, the forgery was based on authentic information.

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obvious reminiscence of a passage in *Measure for Measure*:—

> "And like as when some sudden extasie
> Seizeth the nature of a sicklie man;
> When he 's discerned to swoon, straight by and by
> Folke to his helpe confusedly have ran;
> And seeking with their art to fetch him backe,
> So many throng, that he the ayre doth lacke."

(*cp. Measure for Measure,* II. iv. 24-27).

Mr. Stokes has advanced the ingenious conjecture that Barksted, as one of the children of the Revels, may have been the original actor of the part of Isabella.*

The strongest argument for the date 1603, generally adopted by critics, is derived from the many links between this play and *Hamlet*; they both contain similar reflections on Life and Death, though *Measure for Measure* " deals, not like *Hamlet* with the problems which beset one of exceptional temperament, but with mere human nature" (W. Pater, *Appreciations,* p. 179). There are, moreover, striking parallelisms of expression in the two plays. Similarly, incidents in *Measure for Measure* recall *All 's Well that Ends Well*; Isabella and Helena seem almost twin-sisters; but the questions at issue concerning the latter play are too intricate to warrant us in drawing conclusions as regards the date of the former play.

Source of the Play. The plot of *Measure for Measure* was ultimately derived from the *Hecatommithi* of Giraldi Cinthio† (Decad. 8, Nov. 5): the direct source,

* *Cp. The Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays*; H. P. Stokes; 106-109.

† Concerning the historical basis of the story, *cp. Notes and Queries,* July 29th 1893; in 1547 a Hungarian student in Vienna narrated the occurrence in a letter to a friend in Sárvár: (*cp.* also Goulast's *Histoires admirables et mèmorables advenues de Nostre* Temps, 1607). It would seem that the subject had already been dramatized by Claude Rouillet in his Philamire, published in 1563, two years before Cinthio's Hecatommithi.

however, was a dramatisation of the story by George Whetstone, whose *Promos and Cassandra,* never acted, was printed in 1578. The title of this tedious production is noteworthy as indicating the rough outline of Shakespeare's original:—

The Right Excellent and Famous| History| of Promos and Cassandra;| divided into two Comical Discourses.| In the first part is shown,| the unsufferable abuse of a lewd Magistrate,| the virtuous behaviour of a chaste Lady:| the uncontrolled lewdness of a favoured Courtesan,| and the undeserved estimation of a pernicious Parasite.| In the second part is discoursed,| the perfect magnanimity of a noble King| in checking Vice and favouring Virtue:| Wherein is shown| the Ruin and Overthrow of dishonest practices,| with the advancement of upright dealing.| (*Cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare Library*; Part II. Vol. ii.)

In 1582 Whetstone included a prose version of the same story in his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses,*—a version probably known to Shakespeare; it has even been inferred that "in this narrative he may well have caught the first glimpse of a composition with nobler proportions."

The old play of *Promos and Cassandra* may claim *the* distinction of having provided the rough material for *Measure for Measure*; the earlier production should be read in order to understand, somewhat at least, how Shakespeare has transformed his crude original; how he has infused into it a loftier motive; how he has ennobled its heroine, and created new episodes and new characters. The picture of the wronged, dejected mistress of the moated grange is wholly Shakespeare's.

Duration of Action. The time of action consists of four days:—

Day 1. Act I. Scene i. may be taken as a kind of prelude, after which some little interval must be supposed in order to permit the new governors of the city to settle

to their work. The rest of the play is comprised in three consecutive days.

Day 2 commences with Act I. Scene ii. and ends with Act IV. Scene ii.

Day 3 commences with Act IV. Scene ii. and ends with Act IV. Scene iv.

Day 4 includes Act IV. Scenes v. and vi., and the whole of Act V. which is one scene only (P. A. Daniel; *On the Times in Shakespeare's Plays; New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877-79).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Vincentio, Duke of Vienna, being desirous of introducing reforms into his government, particularly along the line of public morality, announces that he is to travel in distant lands, and delegates his authority to Angelo, a man renowned for probity in public and purity in private life. Instead of leaving the city, the Duke assumes the habit of a friar and remains to watch secretly the actions of his deputy. Claudio, a young gentleman of Vienna, wrongs his betrothed, Juliet, who is with child by him. Though the lovers contemplate early marriage, Claudio becomes amenable to an old law—till then obsolete—which fixes capital punishment for his sin. And the stern Angelo, anxious to make a striking example of the first offender brought before him, sentences Claudio to death. The latter's sister, Isabella, is on the point of entering a nunnery, but being advised of her brother's peril, resolves to intercede with the deputy.

II. Angelo vigorously prosecutes his work of reform in morality. In his zeal he has scant time for mercy; and Isabella at her first interview with him can obtain no leniency for her brother. But she awakens in Angelo a passion that had hitherto lain dormant in his cold nature. At her second interview with him he proposes in so many words that she purchase her brother's pardon with her own honour.

III. The virtuous maiden spurns the proffered terms and hastens to Claudio, in prison, whom she exhorts to

prepare for death, since his life can be procured only by her disgrace. Claudio at first upholds her decision; but the fear of death weakens his resolution and he implores her to yield for his sake. Isabella, deeply angered, is on the point of leaving him to his fate, when the disguised Duke—who has heard their conversation—enters the cell. He tells Isabella privately of a way by which she can save her brother without compromising herself. It is by appearing to yield to Angelo, appointing a rendezvous with him, and then sending in her stead one Mariana, who had been engaged in marriage to and then deserted by Angelo.

IV. The Duke takes Isabella to Mariana's house, where the details of the plan are arranged. Angelo, having accomplished his purpose with the supposed Isabella, sends an order to prison for the immediate execution of Claudio. The Duke is in the prison when the order arrives, and finds means to save Claudio by displaying the head of another man who had just died and who resembled him. The Duke then advises his deputy by letter that he will shortly return to the city.

V. The Duke appears at the city gates, clad in his proper costume. He is met by Angelo and other officials. Isabella publicly accuses Angelo of seduction and murder. The Duke feigns anger towards her and places her under arrest. Mariana in turn brings accusation. The Duke retires, leaving the inquiry in his deputy's hands, and shortly returns in his costume of friar in order to act as witness in the testimony of the two women. Circumstances in the trial force him to resume suddenly his rank as Duke; whereupon he visits merited condemnation upon Angelo, who is sentenced to death, after being married to Mariana for her own protection. The penalty is averted by the entreaties of the wife, seconded by the gentle Isabella. Claudio is released from prison and enjoined to wed with Juliet, while the Duke sues for the hand of Isabella.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

The Poet's Purpose in this Play.

The Puritans, who dreamed of leading the Christian Church back to its original purity, and who had returned home after their banishment during the reign of Mary with the ideal of a democratic Church before their eyes, could not possibly approve of a State Church subject to the crown, or of such an institution as Episcopacy. Some of them looked to Scottish Presbyterianism as a worthy model, and desired to see Church government by laymen, the elders of the congregation, introduced into England, in place of the spiritual aristocracy of the bishops. Others went still farther, denied the necessity of one common form of worship for all, and desired to have the Church broken up into independent congregations, in which any believer might officiate as priest. We have here the germs of the great party division in Cromwell's time into Presbyterians and Independents.

So far as we can see, Shakespeare took no interest whatever in any of these ecclesiastical or religious movements. He came into contact with Puritanism only in its narrow and fanatical hatred of his art, and in its severely intolerant condemnation and punishment of moral, and especially of sexual, frailties. All he saw was its Pharisaic aspect, and its often enough only simulated virtue.

It was his indignation at this hypocritical virtue that led him to write *Measure for Measure.* He treated the subject as he did, because the interests of the theatre demanded that the woof of comedy should be interwoven with the severe and sombre warp of tragedy. But what a comedy! Dark, tragic, heavy as the poet's mood—a tragi-comedy, in which the unusually broad and realistic comic scenes, with their pictures of the dregs of society, cannot relieve the painfulness of the theme, or disguise the positively criminal nature of the action. One feels throughout, even in the comic episodes, that Shakespeare's

burning wrath at the moral hypocrisy of self-righteousness underlies the whole structure like a volcano, which every moment shoots up its flames through the superficial form of comedy and the interludes of obligatory merriment.

And yet it is not really against hypocrisy that his attack is aimed. At this stage of his development he is far too great a psychologist to depict a ready-made, finished hypocrite. No, he shows us how weak even the strictest Pharisee will prove, if only he happens to come across the temptation which really tempts him; and how such a man's desire, if it meets with opposition, reveals in him quite another being—a villain, a brute beast—who allows himself actions worse a hundredfold than those which, in the calm superiority of a spotless conscience, he has hitherto punished in others with the utmost severity.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

Isabella.

The humorous scenes would be altogether repulsive were it not that they are needed to present, without disguise or extenuation, the worst of moral license and corruption out of and above which rise the virginal strength and severity and beauty of Isabella. At the entrance to the dark and dangerous tragic world into which Shakspere was now about to pass stand the figures of Isabella and of Helena—one the embodiment of conscience, the other the embodiment of will. Isabella is the only one of Shakspere's women whose heart and eyes are fixed upon an impersonal ideal, to whom something abstract is more, in the ardor and energy of her youth, than any human personality. Out of this Vienna, in which

> "Corruption boils and bubbles
> Till it o'errun the stew,"

emerges this pure zeal, this rectitude of will, this virgin

sanctity. Isabella's saintliness is not of the passive, timorous, or merely meditative kind. It is an active pursuit of holiness through exercise and discipline. She knows nothing of a Manichæan hatred of the body; the life runs strongly and gladly in her veins; simply her soul is set upon things belonging to the soul, and uses the body for its own purposes. And that the life of the soul may be invigorated, she would bring every unruly thought into captivity, "having in a readiness to revenge all disobedience." . . .

Isabella does not return to the sisterhood of Saint Clare. Putting aside from her the dress of religion, and the strict conventual rule, she accepts her place as Duchess of Vienna. In this there is no dropping-away, through love of pleasure or through supineness, from her ideal; it is entirely meet and right. She has learned that in the world may be found a discipline more strict, more awful, than the discipline of the convent; she has learned that the world has need of her. Her life is still a consecrated life; the vital energy of her heart can exert and augment itself through glad and faithful wifehood, and through noble station, more fully than in seclusion. To preside over this polluted and feculent Vienna is the office and charge of Isabella, "a thing ensky'd and sainted."

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

IV.

Angelo.

Angelo is not so properly a hypocrite as a self-deceiver. For it is very considerable that he wishes to be, and sincerely thinks that he is what he affects and appears to be; as is plain from his consternation at the wickedness which opportunity awakens into conscious action within him. For a most searching and pregnant exposition of this type of character the reader may be referred to Bishop Butler's Sermon before the House of Lords on the 30th

of January; where that great and good man, whose every sentence is an acorn of wisdom, speaks of a class of men who "try appearances upon themselves as well as upon the world, and with at least as much success; and choose to manage so as to make their own minds easy with their faults, which can scarce be done without management, rather than to mend them." Thus Angelo for self-ends imitates sanctity, and gets taken in by his own imitation. His original fault lay in forgetting or ignoring his own frailty. As a natural consequence, his "darling sin is pride that apes humility"; and his pride of virtue, his conceit of purity, "my gravity wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride," while it keeps him from certain vices, is itself a far greater vice than any it keeps him from; insomuch that Isabella's presence may almost be said to *elevate* him into lust. And perhaps the array of low and loathsome vices, which the Poet has clustered about him in the persons of Lucio, the Clown, and Mrs. Over-done, was necessary to make us feel how unspeakably worse than any or all of these is Angelo's pride of virtue. It can hardly be needful to add, that in Angelo this "mystery of iniquity" is depicted with a truth and sternness of pencil, that could scarce have been achieved but in an age fruitful in living examples of it.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

The Duke.

The Duke has been rather hardly dealt with by critics. The Poet—than whom it would not be easy to find a better judge of what belongs to wisdom and goodness—seems to have meant him for a wise and good man; yet he has represented him as having rather more skill and pleasure in strategical arts and roundabout ways than is altogether compatible with such a character. Some of his alleged

reasons for the action he is going about reflect no honour on him; but it is observable that the result does not approve them to have been his real ones: his conduct at the end infers better motives than his speech offered at the beginning; which naturally suggests that there may have been more of purpose than of truth in his statement of them. A liberal, sagacious, and merciful prince, but with more of whim and caprice than suits the dignity of his place, humanity speaks richly from his lips; yet in his action the philosopher and divine is better shown than the statesman; and he seems to take a very questionable delight in moving about as an unseen providence, by secret counsels leading the wicked designs of others to safe and wholesome issues. Schlegel thinks "he has more pleasure in overhearing his subjects than in governing them in the usual way of princes"; and sets him down as an exception to the old proverb,—"A cowl does not make a monk": and perhaps his princely virtues are somewhat obscured by the disguise which so completely transforms him into a monk. Whether he acts upon the wicked principle with which that fraternity is so often reproached, or not, it is pretty certain that some of his means can be justified by nothing but the end: so that if he be not himself wrong in what he does, he has no shield from the charge but the settled custom of the order whose functions he undertakes. Schlegel justly remarks, that "Shakespeare, amidst the rancour of religious parties, delights in painting monks, and always represents their influence as beneficial; there being in his plays none of the black and knavish specimens, which an enthusiasm for Protestantism, rather than poetical inspiration, has put some modern poets upon delineating. He merely gives his monks an inclination to be busy in the affairs of others, after renouncing the world for themselves; though in respect of pious frauds he does not make them very scrupulous." As to the Duke's pardon of Angelo, though Justice seems to cry out against the act, yet in the premises it were still more unjust in him to do otherwise; the deception he has

practised upon Angelo in the substituting of Mariana having plainly bound him to the course he takes.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

The Minor Characters.

They [the comic scenes], as well as the loftier scenes of the piece, are but too faithful pictures of the degrading and hardening influence of licentious passion, from the lighter profligacy of Lucio, the dissipated gentleman, to the grosser and contented degradation of the Clown; and if these are all painted with the truth of Hogarth or Crabbe, they are depicted with no air of sport or mirth, but rather with that of bitter scorn. The author seems to smile like his own Cassius, "as if he mocked himself." Thus Elbow, in his self-satisfied conceit and pedantic ignorance, would appear, as some of the critics regard him, simply as an inferior version of Dogberry. But he is not a Dogberry in whose absurdities the author himself luxuriates, but one whose peculiarities are delineated with a contemptuous sneer. Lucio, again, is a character unfortunately too common in civilized, and especially in city, life—a gentleman in manners and education, and of good natural ability, made frivolous in mind and debased in sentiment and disposition by licentious and idle habits—thus substantially not a very different character from some of the lighter personages of the prior dramas; but he differs mainly from them because exhibited under a very different light, and regarded in a different temper. The others are represented in his scenes as they appeared to the transient acquaintance, or the companions of their pleasures. But the poet looks deeper into the heart and life of Lucio, and portrays this man of pleasure in the same mood which governs the higher and more tragic scenes of this drama—a mood sometimes contemptuous,

sometimes sad, often indignant, but never such as had been his former wont, either merely playful or imaginative. Thus it seems to me that, if his comic scenes excite mirth from their truth, it is a mirth in which the author did not participate; and their sarcastic humour assimilates itself in feeling to that of the stern and grave interest of the plot, and the strong passion of its poetic scenes. Characters, in themselves light and amusing, are branded with contempt from the degradation of licentious habits; while the same passion, in a form of less grossness, but of deeper guilt, prostrates before it high reputation, talent, and wisdom. The intellectual and amiable Claudio, willing to purchase "the weariest and most loathed worldly life," at any cost of shame and sin, is strangely contrasted with the drunken Barnardine, "careless, reckless, and fearless of what is past, present, or to come." Indeed, the higher characters are mainly discriminated from the lower ones, in this moral delineation, in that conscience is dull or dead in the latter, while it appears in all its terrors in Angelo and Claudio, and in all the majesty of purity in Isabella.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

VII.

The Play as a Whole.

There is very much in *Measure for Measure* that of itself would assign it to the period of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona, All's Well that Ends Well, Titus Andronicus, Love's Labour's Lost*—plays which are all equally remarkable for imperfections, and for the beauties and displays of genius associated with them. . . .

The city of Vienna is the scene of the play—it is represented as a very sink of sensual defilement, corrupted and ravaged in every physical and moral quality, the consequence of the suspension, for fourteen years, of the activity of most severe statutes framed to check the national tendency to grossness and licence. The delineation of

such a state of course presents us with images and persons disgusting and contemptible in every sense; and this is one great cause of the uncongenial effect of the entire play. The progress of public demoralization is rather exaggerated than relieved by the character of the reaction to which it has conduced. Dissoluteness in one quarter is compensated by austerity equally in excess in another, and the pride of unblushing and ostentatious vice is matched by equal parade of ostentatious virtue. The picture is a true one of the effect on morals of laws or maxims too severe to be executed; and the action of the play exhibits the farther disorder and complication resulting from the mere revival of unamended statutes, that had never become obsolete but for their need of amendment, and can scarcely have a better fate again. All the questions involved are brought to issue in the play, though it scarcely leaves assurance in conclusion that the instructive experience will have its full weight for the future. We are spectators of a receptacle of stagnant impurities in vehement ferment, and working through stages of decomposition, but the hope of ultimate purification is scarcely set forth so cheeringly as to compensate for the disagreeableness of what we witness.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

[*Measure for Measure*] is perhaps, after *Hamlet, Lear,* and *Macbeth,* the play in which Shakspeare struggles, as it were, most with the over-mastering power of his own mind; the depths and intricacies of being, which he has searched and sounded with intense reflection, perplex and harass him; his personages arrest their course of action to pour forth, in language the most remote from common use, thoughts which few could grasp in the clearest expression; and thus he loses something of dramatic excellence in that of his contemplative philosophy. . . . I do not value the comic parts highly: Lucio's impudent profligacy, the result rather of sensual debasement than

of natural ill disposition, is well represented; but Elbow is a very inferior repetition of Dogberry. In dramatic effect, *Measure for Measure* ranks high: the two scenes between Isabella and Angelo, that between her and Claudio, those where the Duke appears in disguise, and the catastrophe in the fifth act, are admirably written and very interesting; except so far as the spectator's knowledge of the two stratagems which have deceived Angelo may prevent him from participating in the indignation at Isabella's imaginary wrong which her lamentations would excite.

HALLAM: *Introduction to the Literature of Europe.*

In *Measure for Measure* Shakspeare was compelled, by the nature of the subject, to make his poetry more familiar with criminal justice than is usual with him. All kinds of proceedings connected with the subject, all sorts of active or passive persons, pass in review before us: the hypocritical lord deputy, the compassionate provost, and the hard-hearted hangman; a young man of quality who is to suffer for the seduction of his mistress before marriage, loose wretches brought in by the police, nay, even a hardened criminal, whom even the preparations for his execution cannot awaken out of his callousness. But yet, notwithstanding this agitating truthfulness, how tender and mild is the pervading tone of the picture! The piece takes improperly its name from punishment; the true significance of the whole is the triumph of mercy over strict justice; no man being himself so free from errors as to be entitled to deal it out to his equals. The most beautiful embellishment of the composition is the character of Isabella, who, on the point of taking the veil, is yet prevailed upon by sisterly affection to tread again the perplexing ways of the world, while, amid the general corruption, the heavenly purity of her mind is not even stained with one unholy thought: in the humble robes of the novice she is a very angel of light. When the cold and stern Angelo, heretofore of unblemished reputation,

whom the duke has commissioned, during his pretended absence, to restrain, by a rigid administration of the laws, the excesses of dissolute immorality, is even himself tempted by the virgin charms of Isabella, supplicating for the pardon of her brother Claudio, condemned to death for a youthful indiscretion; when at first, in timid and obscure language, he insinuates, but at last impudently avouches, his readiness to grant Claudio's life to the sacrifice of her honour; when Isabella repulses his offer with a noble scorn; in her account of the interview to her brother, when the latter at first applauds her conduct, but at length, overcome by the fear of death, strives to persuade her to consent to dishonour—in these masterly scenes, Shakspeare has sounded the depths of the human heart. The interest here reposes altogether on the represented action; curiosity contributes nothing to our delight, for the duke, in the disguise of a monk, is always present to watch over his dangerous representative, and to avert every evil which could possibly be apprehended; we look to him with confidence for a happy result. The duke acts the part of the monk naturally, even to deception; he unites in his person the wisdom of the priest and the prince. Only in his wisdom he is too fond of round-about ways; his vanity is flattered with acting invisibly like an earthly providence; he takes more pleasure in overhearing his subjects than governing them in the customary way of princes. As he ultimately extends a free pardon to all the guilty, we do not see how his original purpose, in committing the execution of the laws to other hands, of restoring their strictness, has in any wise been accomplished.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

In *Measure for Measure*, in contrast with the flawless execution of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakespeare has spent his art in just enough modification of the scheme of the older play to make it exponent of this purpose, adapting its ter-

rible essential incidents so that Coleridge found it the only painful work among Shakespeare's dramas, and leaving for the reader of to-day more than the usual number of difficult expressions; but infusing a lavish color and a profound significance into it, so that under his touch certain select portions of it rise far above the level of all but his own best poetry, and working out of it a morality so characteristic that the play might well pass for the central expression of his moral judgements. It remains a comedy, as indeed is congruous with the bland, half-humorous equity which informs the whole composition, sinking from the heights of sorrow and terror into the rough scheme of the earlier piece; yet, it is hardly less full of what is really tragic in man's existence than if Claudio had indeed "stooped to death." Even the humorous concluding scenes have traits of special grace, retaining in less emphatic passages a stray line or word of power, as it seems, so that we watch to the end for the traces where the nobler hand has glanced along, leaving its vestiges, as if accidentally or wastefully, in the rising of the style. . . .

The action of the play, like the action of life itself for the keener observer, develops in us the conception of this poetical justice, and the yearning to realize it, the true justice of which Angelo knows nothing, because it lies for the most part beyond the limits of any acknowledged law. The idea of justice involves the idea of rights. But at bottom rights are equivalent to that which really is, to facts; and the recognition of his rights therefore, the justice he requires of our hands, or our thoughts, is the recognition of that which the person, in his inmost nature, really is; and as sympathy alone can discover that which really is in matters of feeling and thought, true justice is in its essence a finer knowledge through love.

> "'Tis very pregnant:
> The jewel that we find we stoop and take it,
> Because we see it; but what we do not see
> We tread upon, and never think of it."

It is for this finer justice, a justice based on a more delicate appreciation of the true conditions of men and things, a true respect of persons in our estimate of actions, that the people in *Measure for Measure* cry out as they pass before us; and as the poetry of this play is full of the peculiarities of Shakespeare's poetry, so in its ethics it is an epitome of Shakespeare's moral judgements. They are the moral judgements of an observer, of one who sits as a spectator, and knows how the threads in the design before him hold together under the surface: they are the judgements of the humourist also, who follows with a half-amused but always pitiful sympathy, the various ways of human disposition, and sees less distance than ordinary men between what are called respectively great and little things.

PATER: *Appreciations.*

Measure for Measure.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*
ANGELO, *Deputy.*
ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord.*
CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a fantastic.*
Two other gentlemen.
PROVOST.
THOMAS, } *two friars.*
PETER, }
A Justice.
VARRIUS.
ELBOW, *a simple constable.*
FROTH, *a foolish gentleman.*
POMPEY, *servant to Mistress Overdone.*
ABHORSON, *an executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio.*
MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*
JULIET, *beloved of Claudio.*
FRANCISCA, *a nun.*
MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a bawd.*

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Vienna.*

Measure for Measure.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus.
Escal. My lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency [you add
Due diligency] as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people, 10
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you 're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo. [*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love, 20
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings 30
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor, 40
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, Angelo:—
In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,

Before so noble and so great a figure 50
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you 60
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:
I 'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well 70
Their loud applause and Aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:

A power I have, but of what strength and nature 80
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I 'll wait upon your honour.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

Sec. Gent. 'Thou shalt not steal'? 10

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There 's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said. 20

Sec. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

First Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

First Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

First Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list. 30

First Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou 'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee. 40

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

Sec. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

Sec. Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

Sec. Gent. To three thousand dolours a year. 50

First Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

First Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Mistress Overdone.

First Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs Ov. Well, well; there 's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all. 60

Sec. Gent. Who 's that, I pray thee?

Mrs Ov. Marry, sir, that 's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

First Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Mrs Ov. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this? 70

Mrs Ov. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Sec. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

First Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away! let 's go learn the truth of it. 80

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*

Mrs Ov. Thus, what with the war, what with the

sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter Pompey.

How now! what 's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs Ov. Well; what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs Ov. But what 's his offence?

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him? 90

Pom. No, but there 's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs Ov. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs Ov. And what shall become of those in the city?

Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down? 100

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs Ov. Why, here 's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I 'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs Ov. What 's to do here, Thomas tapster? let 's 110 withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost
to prison; and there 's Madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.
Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.
Claud. Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will; 120
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Re-enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?
Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.
Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I 130
would send for certain of my creditors: and yet,
to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery
of freedom as the morality of imprisonment.
What 's thy offence, Claudio?
Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.
Lucio. What, is 't murder?
Claud. No.
Lucio. Lechery?
Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go. 140
Claud. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.
Lucio. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good.
Is lechery so look'd after?
Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends; 150
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.
Lucio. With child, perhaps?
Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new Deputy now for the Duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know 160
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name. 170

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he 's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends 180
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as move men; besides, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I 'll to her. 190

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps. 10
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this.

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds, 20
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart 30
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:

And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office; 40
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise; 50
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.
Lucio. [*within*] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who 's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress: 11
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio? 20
Isab. Why, 'her unhappy brother'? let me ask
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! for what?
Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio. It is true. 30

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:—
Your brother and his lover have embraced: 40
As those that feed grow full,—as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison,—even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence; 50
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge 60

With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He—to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that 's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother. 71

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censured him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability 's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power? Alas, I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue, 80
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I 'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight:
No longer staying but to give the Mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:

Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I 'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu. 90
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A hall in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants, behind.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections, 10
Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two 20
Guiltier than him they try. What 's open made to justice,
That justice seizes: what know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgement pattern out my death, 30
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. [*Aside*] Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone. 40

Enter Elbow, and Officers with Froth and Pompey.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What 's your name? and what 's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors. 50

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here 's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom. He cannot, sir; he 's out at elbow. 60

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How? thy wife? 70

Elb. Ay, sir;—whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all unclean- 80 liness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed 90 prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for 100 prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well;—you being then, if you be re-

membered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,— 110

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then,—

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was 120 done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was 't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?—

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, 130 sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I 'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you 'll find good cause to whip them all. 140

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.
[*Exit Angelo.*
Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?
Pom. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.
Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.
Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me.
Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?
Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis 150 for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?
Escal. Ay, sir, very well.
Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.
Escal. Well, I do so.
Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?
Escal. Why, no.
Pom. I 'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master 160 Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.
Escal. He 's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?
Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.
Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.
Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected 170 with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer. Prove this, thou 180 wicked Hannibal, or I 'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest 190 what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what 's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, sir? 200

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you. 210

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth.*] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What 's your name, Master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing 220 about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade? 230

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't, then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging. 240

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you 'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I 'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well. 250

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel: [*Aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade:
The valiant heart 's not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow: come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable? 261

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.
Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it? 270
Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.
Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.
Elb. To your worship's house, sir?
Escal. To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit Elbow.*]
What 's o'clock, think you? 280
Just. Eleven, sir.
Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.
Just. I humbly thank you.
Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there 's no remedy.
Just. Lord Angelo is severe.
Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.* 300

Scene II.

Another room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He 's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I 'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*]
I 'll know
His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for 't!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what 's the matter, provost?
Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?
Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen, 10
When, after execution, Judgement hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.
Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She 's very near her hour.
Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.
Ang. Hath he a sister?
Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, 20
And to be shortly of a sisterhood.
If not already.
Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*

See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter Isabella and Lucio.

Prov. God save your honour!
Ang. Stay a little while. [*To Isab.*] You 're welcome:
what 's your will?
Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what 's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must; 31
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Prov. [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault 's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record, 40
And let go by the actor.
Isab. O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honour!
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Give 't not o'er so: to him again,
entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say!

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy. 50

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He 's sentenced; 'tis too late.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, 60
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, touch him; there 's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law, 71
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I condemn your brother: 80
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He 's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There 's many have committed it.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil, 91
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice; 100
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] That 's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder 110
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder.
Nothing but thunder! Merciful heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape, 120
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent;
He 's coming; I perceive 't.
Prov. [*Aside*] Pray heaven she win him!
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou 'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain 's but a choleric word, 130
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Art avised o' that? more on 't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue 140
Against my brother's life.
Ang. [*Aside*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me; come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark how I 'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.
Ang. How? bribe me?
Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond sicles of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor 150
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Go to; 'tis well; away!
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. [*Aside*] Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your worship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon. 160

Isab. 'Save your honour!

[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*

Ang. From thee,—even from thy virtue!
What 's this, what 's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough, 170
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, 180
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,

With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wonder'd how.
[*Exit.*

Scene III.

A room in a prison.

Enter, severally, Duke disguised as a friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.
Prov. I am the provost. What 's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine, 10
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he that got it, sentenced; a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.
Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you: stay awhile, [*To Juliet.*
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently. 20

Duke. I 'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Jul. I 'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So, then, it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
Jul. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent, 30
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—
Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you, *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*
Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love, 40
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray

To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride, 10
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant.

How now! who 's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart, 20
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general subject to a well-wish'd king
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid? 30

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour!

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted 40
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth. 50

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather,—that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd!

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:— 60
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do 't,
I 'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleased you to do 't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit, 70
If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that 's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder 80
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me;
To be received plain, I 'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister, 90
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death, 100
The impression of keen whips I 'ld wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I 'ld yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so? 110

Isab. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love. 120

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well: 130
And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you 're none;
If you be one,—as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,—show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language. 140

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't: 151
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I 'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein: 160
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I 'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. 170
[*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will:
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,

To follow as it draws! I 'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down 180
On twenty bloody blocks, he 'ld yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I 'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A room in the prison.

Enter Duke disguised as before, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So, then, you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I 've hope to live, and am prepared to die.
Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st, 10
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st

Are nursed by baseness. Thou 'rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains 20
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins, 30
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths: yet death we fear, 40
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isab. [*Within*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who 's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.
Duke. Dear sir, ere long, I 'll visit you again.
Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.
Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here 's your sister.
Duke. Provost, a word with you. 50
Prov. As many as you please.
Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*
Claud. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?
Isab. Why,
As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.
Claud. Is there no remedy? 61
Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?
Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you 'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.

Claud. But in what nature? 70
Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great 80
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word 90
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The prenzie Angelo!
Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards? Dost thou think, Claudio?—
If I would yield him my virginity,

Thou mightst be freed.

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night 's the time 101
That I should do what I abhor to name.
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I 'ld throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin; 110
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become 120
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst

Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling:—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment 130
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair! 141
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I 'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd: 150
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Claud. O, hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile. [*Walks apart.* 160

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are 170 fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit Claudio.*] Provost, a word with you!

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. What 's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company. 180

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Provost. Isabella comes forward.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and 190 to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore 200 fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit 210 to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo. 220 230

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail? 240

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. 250 Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course,—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may 260 compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection. 270

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II.

The street before the prison.

Enter, on one side, Duke disguised as before; on the other, Elbow, and Officers with Pompey.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing. 10

Elb. Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd! 20
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think

What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove— 30

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, 40
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free!

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here 's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou 50 to this tune, matter and method? Is 't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which

is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey? 60

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house. 70

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, friar. 80

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [*Exeunt Elbow, Pompey and Officers.*] What news, friar, of the 90 Duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in 100 his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be 110 put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But

it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; that 's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace. 120

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way. 130

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing. 140

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice. 150

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love. 160

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the Duke. 170

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I 'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no? 180

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the Duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, 190 good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He 's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here? 200

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Officers with Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs Ov. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Mrs Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's information 210
against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license: let him be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.*] Provost, my brother 220
Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you? 230

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. 240
There is scarce truth enough alive to make

societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst:—much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than 250
merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: 260
yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty: but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice. 270

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you! [*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go; 280
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practice on the times, 290
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The moated grange at St. Luke's.

Enter Mariana and a Boy.

Boy sings.

Take, O, take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
[*Exit Boy.*

Enter Duke disguised as before.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish 10
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music hath oft such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day. 20

Enter Isabella.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time is

come even now. I shall crave your forbearance
a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for
some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come.
What is the news from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate, 30
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this
way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me 40
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid; 51
She comes to do you good.
Isab. I do desire the like.
Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?
Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.
Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mari. Will 't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*
Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes 60
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.

Welcome, how agreed?
Isab. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother.'
Mari. Fear me not. 70
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:

To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tilth 's to sow.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in the prison.

Enter Provost and Pompey.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he 's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to 10 assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What, ho! Abhorson! Where 's Abhorson, there? 20

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.* 30

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine. 40

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed? 50

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hang-

man is a more penitent trade than your bawd;
he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe
to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my
trade; follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you
have occasion to use me for your own turn, you
shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kind- 60
ness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:
[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.*
The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here 's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where 's Barnar-
dine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him? 70
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*] But,
hark, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit Claudio.*]
By and by.—
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter Duke disguised as before.

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night

Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of
late?
Prov. None, since the curfew rung.
Duke. Not Isabel?
Prov. No.
Duke. They will, then, ere 't be long.
Prov. What comfort is for Claudio.
Duke. There 's some in hope. 80
Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he 's just. [*Knocking within.*
Now are they come.
[*Exit Provost.*
This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. 90
[*Knocking within.*
How now! what noise? That spirit 's possess'd
with haste
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we: 100
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. [*Giving a paper*] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.* 110

Duke. [*Aside*] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy 's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he 120 hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.

Prov. [*Reads*]
Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfac-

tion, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril. 130
What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: 140 and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what 's past, present, or to come; 150 insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution,

and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my self in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy. 160 170

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo. 180

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath. 190

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out 200 of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the Duke's death; 210 perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. 220

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another room in the same.

Enter Pompey.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here 's young Master Rash; he 's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake.'

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Bar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy. 30

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter Barnardine.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what 's the news with you? 40

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant 's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter Duke disguised as before.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how 50 hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all

night, and I will have more time to prepare me,
or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I
will not consent to die this day, that 's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's 60
persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to
me, come to my ward; for thence will not I
to-day. [*Exit.*

Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart!
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.*

Enter Provost.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is 70
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the Deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on 80
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,

And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.
Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?
Duke. Let this be done.
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting 90
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.
Prov. I am your free dependant.
Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.
[*Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I 'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount, 100
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I 'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.
Prov. I 'll make all speed. [*Exit.*
Isab. [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She 's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither: 110
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter, 120
In your close patience.
Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The Duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes; 130
One of our covent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give: 140
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I 'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order, 150
If I pervert your course.—Who 's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where 's the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. 160 [*Exit Isabella.*

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do: he 's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you 'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I 'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke. 170

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar. 180

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I 'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we 'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr;. I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why

meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street? 10

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed betimes i' the morn; I 'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir. Fare you well. 20

Ang. Good night. [*Exit Escalus.*

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body that enforced
The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;
For my authority bears of a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense, 31
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

[*Exit.*

Scene V.

Fields without the town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me: [*Giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.
Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit.* 10

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There 's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Street near the city-gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I am advised to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.
Mari. Be ruled by him.
Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure

He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
That 's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would Friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit, 10
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entering: therefore, hence, away!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The city-gate.

Mariana veiled, Isabella, and Friar Peter, at their stand. Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Officers, and Citizens, at several doors.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met!
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. }
Escal. } Happy return be to your royal Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul

Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, 10
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter and Isabella come forward.

Fri. P. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard 20
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak 30
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me, here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice,—

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo 's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo 's a murderer; is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief, 40
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her!—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion 50
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,

If she be mad,—as I believe no other,— 60
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication 70
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger,—

Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your Grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That 's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have 80
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. A warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant 's for yourself; take heed to 't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of a tale,—
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy,—
Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter. 90
Duke. Mended again. The matter;—proceed.
Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour, 100
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely!
Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended, 110
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,

And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou camest here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know you 'ld fain be gone.—An officer! 120
To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly. 130

Duke. Words against me! this 's a good friar belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. P. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute, 140
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?
Fri. P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he 's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.
Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear himself; 150
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,—
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo,—came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear,
Whensoever he 's convented. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused, 160
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.
Duke. Good friar, let 's hear it.
[*Isabella is carried off guarded; and Mariana comes forward.*
Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo:
In this I 'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.
Mari. Pardon, my lord: I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me. 170

Duke. What, are you married?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. A widow, then?
Mari. Neither, my lord.
Duke. Why, you are nothing, then:—neither maid, widow, nor wife?
Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk: for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife. 180
Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.
Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord: it can be no better.
Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too! 190
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.
Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I 'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.
Ang. Charges she moe than me?
Mari. Not that I know. 200
Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.
Ang. This is a strange abuse. Let 's see thy face.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou sworest was worth the looking on;
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body 210
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more!
Lucio. Enough, my lord.
Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman:
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief, 220
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house

He knew me as a wife. As this is true, 230
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure. 240
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that 's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That 's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Fri. P. Would he were here, my lord! for he, indeed, 250
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly. [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you;
But stir not you till you have well determined

Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we 'll do it thoroughly. [*Exit Duke.*] Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person? 260

Lucio. 'Cucullus non facit monachum': honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I 'll handle her. 270

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she 'll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That 's the way; for women are light at midnight. 280

Re-enter Officers with Isabella; and Provost with the Duke in his friar's habit.

Escal. Come on, mistress: here 's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to
slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you 290
did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!
Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke 's in us; and we will hear you speak.
Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? 300
Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke 's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar,
Is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear, 310
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him! We 'll
touse you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.
What, 'unjust'!

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,

Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble 320
Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman baldpate: do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your 330 voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke 340 so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses!

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? Away with him to prison! lay bolts

enough upon him: let him speak no more. 350
Away with those giglets too, and with the other
confederate companion!

Duke. [*To the Provost*] Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir!
Why, you bald-pated lying rascal, you must be
hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage,
with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face,
and be hanged an hour! Will 't not off?

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er madest a
Duke. 360
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.
[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar
and you
Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. [*To Escalus*] What you have spoke I pardon: sit
you down.
We 'll borrow place of him. [*To Angelo*] Sir, by
your leave.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord, 370
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord. 380

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.
[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter and Provost.*

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd 390
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose. But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death, 401
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,—
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,— 410
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR MEASURE.
Then, Angelo, thy fault 's thus manifested;
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
Away with him!
Mari. O my most gracious lord, 420
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.
Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.
Mari. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man. 430
Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [*Kneeling.*
Duke. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death! [*To Lucio*] Now, sir, to you.
Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I 'll lend you all my life to do you service.
Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mari. Isabel, 440
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I 'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived: I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds, 450
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents, but merely thoughts.
Mari. Merely, my lord.
Duke. Your suit 's unprofitable; stand up, I say.

I have bethought me of another fault. 460
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died, 470
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What 's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy; 480
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, with Barnardine, Claudio muffled, and Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squarest thy life according. Thou 'rt condemn'd:
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow 's that?
Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved, 491
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.
[*Unmuffles Claudio.*
Duke. [*To Isabella*] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: but fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he 's safe;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well: 500
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon.
[*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward.
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?
Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipt. 510
Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow,—

As I have heard him swear himself there 's one
Whom he begot with child, let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a Duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold. 520

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.

[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*

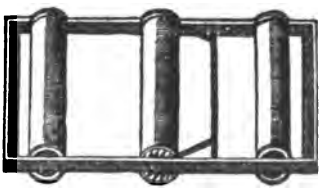
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo: 530
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There 's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you 'll a willing ear incline, 540
What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So, bring us to our palace; where we 'll show
What 's yet behind, that 's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Absolute, decided; "be abs.," *i.e.* "make up your mind"; III. i. 5; perfect, V. i. 54.
Abuse, delusion; V. i. 205.
Accommodations, comforts; III. i. 14.
Advertise, instruct; I. i. 42.
Advertising, instructing; V. i. 387.
Advice, consideration; V. i. 468.
Affection, feeling; II. iv. 168.
Affections, passions; III. i. 108.
After, at the rate of; II. i. 246.
All-building, being the ground and foundation of all; II. iv. 94 (other suggested emendations; all-binding; all-holding).
Appliances, remedies, means; III. i. 89.
Appointment, equipment; III. i. 60.
Approbation; "receive her ap.," *i.e.* enter upon her probation; I. ii. 178.
As, though indeed; II. iv. 89.
Avised, advised, aware; II. ii. 132.

Bark, peel away; III. i. 72.
Bastard (used equivocally), a kind of sweet wine; III. ii. 4.
Bay, an architectural term for a division of a building, marked by the single windows or other openings; II. i. 246.
Beholding, beholden; IV. iii. 163.
Belongings, endowments; I. i. 30.
Billets, small logs of wood; IV. iii. 55.
Bite by the nose, to treat with contempt; III. i. 109.
Blench, start away; IV. v. 5.
Boldness, confidence; IV. ii. 163.
Bonds, obligations; V. i. 8.
Boot, advantage, profit; II. iv. 11.
Bore in hand, kept in expectation; I. iv. 51-2.
Borne up, devised; IV. i. 48.
Bosom, heart's desire; IV. iii. 137.
Bottom; "to look into the b. of my place," *i.e.* "to know it thoroughly"; I. i. 79.
Brakes, instruments of torture. (See Notes.)



From an engraving in Steevens.

Bravery, finery; I. iii. 10.
Breeds; "my sense b. with it," *i.e.* "many new thoughts are awakened by it in me"; II. ii. 142.
Bum, alluding to Bumbast, cotton used to stuff out garments; II. i. 220.

From Bulwer's Pedigree of the English Gallant (1653).

Bunch of grapes, name of a room; it was the custom to name the several rooms in taverns; II. i. 132.

Censure, to pass judgement, or sentence, upon; I. iv. 72; II. i. 29.
Character, writing, outward mark; I. i. 28; handwriting, IV. ii. 202.
Characts, characters; V. i. 56.
Cheap, of small value; III. i. 183.
Circummured, walled round; IV. i. 28.
Clack-dish, a wooden dish or box carried by beggars; III. ii. 134.

From an old French painting in the Ashmolean Museum.

Clap, to begin without delay; IV. iii. 41.
Close, to make peace, come to an agreement; V. i. 345.
Close, silent, secret; IV. iii. 121.
Cold, cool, deliberate; IV. iii. 102.
Combinate, betrothed; III. i. 229.
Combined, bound; IV. iii. 147.
Comes off well, is well told; II. i. 57.
Commodity, quantity of wares, parcel; IV. iii. 5.
Compact, leagued; V. i. 242.
Composition, compact; V. i. 220.
Concerning; "c. her observance," *i.e.* "which it concerns her to observe"; IV. i. 42.
Concupiscible, concupiscent; V. i. 98.
Confixed, fixed; V. i. 232.
Conserve, preserve; III. i. 88.
Constantly, firmly; IV. i. 21.
Consummate, being consummated; V. i. 382.
Continue, blunderingly misunderstood by Elbow to refer to some penalty or other; II. i. 195; to let live, IV. iii. 86.

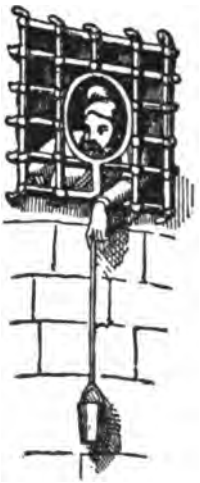
Contrarious, contradictory; IV. i. 62.
Convenient, fitting; IV. iii. 105.
Convented, summoned; V. i. 158.
Countenance, hypocrisy; V. i. 118.
Covent, convent; IV. iii. 131.
Creation; "their cr.," *i.e.* "their (men's) nature"; II. iv. 127.
Credent bulk, weight of credit; IV. iv. 28.
Credulous, readily yielding; II. iv. 130.. "*Cucullus* non facit monachum," *i.e.* "All hoods make not monks"; V. i. 263.
Cunning, sagacity; IV. ii. 163.

Defiance, rejection, refusal; III. i. 143.
Definitive, resolved; V. i. 431.
Delighted, accustomed to ease and delight; III. i. 121.
Denunciation, declaration; I. ii. 147.
Deputation, deputyship; I. i. 21.
Desperately; "d. mortal," *i.e.* "terribly near death"; others, "desperate in his incurring of death"; "destined to die without hope of salvation"; IV. ii. 151.
Detected, charged, accused; III. ii. 129.
Determined, limited, bounded; III. i. 70.
Determines, assigns; I. i. 39.
Detest, Elbow's blunder for "protest"; II. i. 68.
Discover, recognise; IV. ii. 181.
Discover, expose; III. i. 197.
Dispenses with, excuses; III. i. 135.
Dissolution, death; III. ii. 237.
Disvalued, depreciated; V. i. 221.
Disvouched, contradicted; IV. iv. 1.
Dolours, used quibblingly with play upon "dollar"; I. ii. 50.
Draw; "as it refers to the tapster it signifies to drain, to empty"; as it is related to "hang" it means "to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle"; in Froth's answer it is the same as "to bring along by some motive or power"; II. i. 208.
Drawn in, taken in, swindled; II. i. 213.
Dressings, habiliments; V. i. 56.
Dribbling, weak; I. iii. 2.

Effects, expressions; III. i. 24.
Emmew, to coop up, "to force to lie in cover without daring to show themselves"; III. i. 91.
Enshield, concealed, enclosed; II. iv. 80.
Ensky'd, placed in heaven; I. iv. 34.
Entertain, desire to keep; III. i. 75.
Escapes, sallies; IV. i. 63.
Estimation, reputation; IV. ii. 28.
Evasion, excuse; I. i. 51.
Evils, privies; II. ii. 172.

Fact, crime; IV. ii. 141.

False, illegal; II. iv. 49.
Falsely, dishonestly, illegally; II. iv. 47.
Fault; "fault and glimpse," *i.e.* the faulty glimpse; a fault arising from the mind being dazzled by a novel authority; I. ii. 157.
Favour, used equivocally with a play upon "favour" = "countenance"; IV. ii. 32; face, IV. ii. 182.
Fear, affright; II. i. 2.
Fear; "to give fear," = "to intimidate"; I. iv. 62.
Feodary (so Folios 2, 3, 4; Fol. 1 fedarie), originally one who holds an estate by suit or service to a superior lord, hence one who acts under the direction of another; here, "one of the human fraternity"; II. iv. 122.
Fewness and truth, briefly and truly; I. iv. 39.
File, multitude; III. ii. 144.
Fine, punish; II. ii. 40; III. i. 115.
Fine, punishment; II. ii. 40.
Flourish, adorn; IV. i. 75.
Flowery tenderness, i.e. a tender woman "whose action is no stronger than a flower" (*cp.* Sonnet LXV. 4); III. i. 83.
Foison, plenty; I. iv. 43.
Fond, foolish; II. ii. 187; V. i. 105; foolishly overprized; II. ii. 149.
Foppery, folly; I. ii. 132.
Forfeit, liable to penalty; III. ii. 205.
"*For the Lord's sake,*" the supplication of imprisoned debtors to the passers-by; IV. iii. 21.



For the Lord's Sake.
From Braithwait's Honest Ghost, or A Voice from the Vault (1658).

Free, liberal; V. i. 392.
French crown, a bald head produced by a certain disease; used equivocally; I. ii. 52.

Garden-house, summer-house; V. i. 212.
General, populace; II. iv. 27.
Generation, race; IV. iii. 91.
Generative, (?) begot; "a motion g."; "a puppet born of a female being" (but probably Theobald's emendation is correct—"ungenerative"); III. ii. 119.

Generous and gravest, i.e. most generous and most grave; IV. vi. 13.
Ghostly, spiritual; IV. iii. 48.
Giglets, giglots; wantons; V. i. 351.
Glassy essence; "that essential nature of man which is like glass, from its faculty to reflect the image of others in its own, and from its fragility, its liability to injury or destruction"; II. ii. 120.
Grace, good fortune, happiness; I. iv. 69.
Gradation, regular advance from step to step; IV. iii. 102.
Grange, a solitary farmhouse; III. i. 275.
Gratulate, gratifying; V. i. 533.
Gravel, flinty; IV. iii. 66.
Guard; "stands at a guard with," *i.e.* "is on his guard against"; I. iii. 51.
Guards, facings, trimmings; III. i. 97.

Hannibal, Elbow's error for "cannibal"; II. i. 181.
Happily, haply; IV. ii. 98.
Heavy, drowsy; sleepy; IV. i. 35.
Helmed, directed; III. ii. 151.
Hent, seized, taken possession of; IV. vi. 14.
Hide, suppress; V. i. 67.
His, its; IV. i. 31.
Home and home, to the quick; IV. iii. 146.
Hot-house, bathing-house; II. i. 65.

Ignomy (so Folio 1) = ignominy (which word suits the metre better); II. iv. 111.
Impartial, taking no part; V. i. 166.
Imports, carries with it; V. i. 108.
Importune, urge; I. i. 57.
Incertain, unsettled, vague; III. i. 127.
Informal, insane; V. i. 236.
In good time, so be it, very well; III. i. 181.
Iniquity, see Justice.
Insensible of, indifferent to; IV. ii. 151.
Instance, intimation; IV. iii. 132.
Invention, imagination; II.iv. 3.
Inward, intimate friend; III. ii. 138.
Issues, purposes; I. i. 37.

Journal, diurnal; IV. iii. 90.
Justice or Iniquity; "that is the constable or the fool; Escalus calls the latter Iniquity in allusion to the old Vice, a familiar character in the ancient moralites and dumb-shows"; II. i. 174.

Keeps, dwells; I. iii. 10.

Lapwing ("the bird diverts attention from its nest by flying to a distance and attracting the sportsman there by fluttering"); I. iv. 32.
Leaven'd, well fermented, ripened; I. i. 52.
Leiger, a *resident* ambassador at a foreign court; III. i. 59.

Like, likely to be believed; V. i. 104.
Limit, appointed time; III. i. 222.
Limited, appointed; IV. ii. 174.
Lists, bounds, limits; I. i. 6.
Loss of question, absence of any better argument; II. iv. 90.
Lower chair, an easy chair; II. i. 131.
Luxury, lust; V. i. 505.

Meal'd, sprinkled; IV. ii. 86.
Medlar, used wantonly for "woman"; IV. iii. 180.
Mere, particular; V. i. 152.
Metre (refers probably to the ancient metrical graces arranged to be said or sung); I. ii. 22.
Moe, more; "moe thousand deaths," *i.e.* "a thousand more deaths"; III. i. 40.
Mortality, death; I. i. 45.
Mother, abbess; I. iv. 86.
Motion, a thing endowed with movement; III. i. 120.
Mystery, trade; IV. ii. 29.

Nature, life; II. iv. 43.
No; "reason dares her no," *i.e.* "admonishes her not to do it"; IV. iv. 27.

Obstruction, stagnation of the blood; III. i. 119.
Office, service; V. i. 368.
Omit, pass by; IV. iii. 75.
Opposite, opponent; III. ii. 175.
Owe, possess, have; I. iv. 83; II. iv. 123.

Pace, to make to go (lit. to teach a horse to move according to the will of the rider); IV. iii. 135.
Pain, penalty; II. iv. 86.
Pain'd, put to trouble; V. i. 390.
Parcel-bawd, part bawd; II. i. 62.
Part; "my p. in him," *i.e.* "my office delegated to him"; I. i. 42.
Partial; "nothing come in p." *i.e.* "no partiality be allowed"; II. i. 31.
Particular, private; IV. iv. 29.
Passes, proceedings; V. i. 374.
Passing on, i.e. passing sentence on; II. i. 19.
Peaches, impeaches; IV. iii. 12.
Pelting, paltry; II. ii. 112.
Perdurably, everlastingly; III. i. 115.
Philip and Jacob, i.e. the feast of St. P. and St. J. (May 1st); III. ii. 214.
Piled; "a quibble between *piled,* peeled, stripped of hair, bald (from the French disease), and *piled* as applied to velvet; three-piled velvet meaning the finest and costliest"; I. ii. 35.
Planched, planked; IV. i. 30.
Pluck on, draw on; II. iv. 147.
Possess'd, informed; IV. i. 44.
Practice, plot; V. i. 107, 123.
Precept, instruction; "in action all of p." = "with actions intended to instruct me" (*i.e.* shewing the several turnings of the way with his hand); IV. i. 40.

Prefers itself, places itself before everything else; I. i. 55.
Pregnant, expert; I. i. 12; evident; II. i. 23.
Prenzie, prim; III. i. 94, 97.
Present; "p. shrift," *i.e.* "immediate absolution"; IV. ii. 217.
Presently, immediately; IV. iii. 80.
Preserved, kept pure; II. ii. 153.
Prints, impressions; II. iv. 130.
Probation, proof; V. i. 157.
Profanation, Elbow's blunder for "profession"; II. i. 55.
Profession, business; IV. iii. 2.
Profiting, taking advantage; II. iv. 128.
Prolixious, tiresome and hindering; II. iv. 162.
Prone and speechless, probably to be considered as equivalent to "speechlessly prone," *i.e.* speaking fervently and eagerly without words (or perhaps "prone" = deferential); I. ii. 183.
Proper, own; III. i. 30; V. i. 412; personally, peculiarly; I. i. 31.
Proper to, belonging to; V. i. 110.
Proportion, measure; I. ii. 23.
Proportions, portion, fortune; V. i. 219.
Provincial; "here p." = "under the jurisdiction of this ecclesiastical province"; V. i. 318.
Provokest, invokest; III. i. 18.
Put, compelled; I. i. 5.
Putting-on, incitement; IV. ii. 120.

Qualify, check; IV. ii. 86.
Question, consideration; I. i. 47.
Quests, spyings; IV. i. 62.
Quit, acquit, forgive; V. i. 487.

Race, natural disposition; II. iv. 160.
Rack, distort; IV. i. 65.
Ravin down, ravenously devour; I. ii. 128.
Rebate, make dull; I. iv. 60.
Received, understood; II. iv. 82.
Refell'd, refuted; V. i. 94.
Remission; "apt r." = a ready pardon, readiness to forgive; V. i. 502.
Remonstrance, demonstration; V. i. 396.
Remorse, pity; II. ii. 54; V. i. 100.
Remove, absence; I. i. 44.
Renouncement, renunciation of the world; I. v. 35.
Resolve, inform; III. i. 192.
Respected, misapplied by Elbow and Pompey (= suspected); II. i. 164, 167.
Restrained, forbidden; II. iv. 48.
Retort; "to refer back (to Angelo the cause in which you appealed from Angelo to the Duke)"; V. i. 303.

Salt, lustful; V. i. 405.
Satisfy your resolution, sustain your courage; III. i. 170.

Saucy, wanton; II. iv. 45.
Scaled, weighed (or perhaps "stripped" as of scales, unmasked; "foiled" has been suggested as an emendation); III. i. 264.
Scope, power; I. i. 65; licence; I. ii. 126; I. iii. 35.
Scruple, very small quantity; I. i. 38; doubtful perplexity; I. i. 65.
Secondary, subordinate; I. i. 47.
Sects, classes, ranks. II. ii. 5.
See = Rome; III. ii. 233.
Seeming, hypocrisy; II. iv. 150.
Seldom when, *i.e.* 'tis seldom that; IV. ii. 89.
Serpigo, a dry eruption on the skin; III. i. 31.
Several, different; II. iv. 2.
Shears; "there went but a pair of shears between us," *i.e.* "we are both of the same piece"; I. ii. 28.
Sheep-biting, thievish; V. i. 358.
Shield, forfend; "Heaven s. my mother play'd my father fair," *i.e.* "God grant that thou wert not my father's true son"; III. i. 141.
Shrewd, evil, mischievous; II. i. 253.
Sicles (the Folios "sickles"), shekels; II. ii. 149.
Siege, seat; IV. ii. 101.
Sith, since; I. ii. 35.
Smack, have a taste, savour; II. ii. 5.
Snatches, repartees; IV. ii. 6.
Sort and suit, rank and service (*i.e.* suit-service, due to a superior lord); IV. iv. 18.
Soul, "with special s.," *i.e.* with special liking; I. i. 18.
Spare, forbear to offend; II. iii. 33.
Splay (so first Folio; Steevens "spay"), to castrate; II. i. 234.
Stage, to make a show of; I. i. 69.
Stagger, waver, hesitate; I. ii. 164.
Starkly, stiffly, as if dead; IV. ii. 69.
Stays upon, waits for; IV. i. 47.
Stead, be of service to; I. iv. 17.
Stead up, to supply; III. i. 258.
Stew, cauldron; V. i. 321.
Story, subject of mirth; I. iv. 30.
Straitness, strictness; III. ii. 271.
Stricture, strictness; I. iii. 12.
Succeed, inherit; II. iv. 123.
Sufferance, suffering;; III. i. 80.
Sweat, the plague was popularly known as "the sweating sickness"; I. ii. 82.
Sweetness, self-indulgence; II. iv. 45.
Swinged, whipped; V. i. 130.

Tax, accuse; II. iv. 79.
Temporary meddler, one who meddles with temporal matters; V. i. 145.

Tick-tack. From a picture by Teniers.

Terms; "the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Terms de la Ley* was in Shakespeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law" (Blackstone); I. i. 11.

Tickle, unstable; I. ii. 171.

Tick-tack, a sort of backgammon (used equivocally); I. ii. 191.

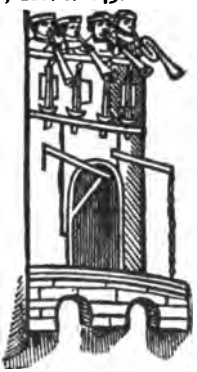
Tilth, tillage; I. iv. 44.

Tithe, seed to be sown; tenth of the harvest (probably an error for "tilth," *i.e.* land to be sown); IV. i. 76.

Touches, vices; III. ii. 25.

Touse, pull, tear; V. i. 313.

Trade, custom; established habit; III. i. 149.



From 'La tryumphante...entree faicte sur le...advenement de...prince... Charles des Hespaignes (*i.e.* Emperor Charles V.)...en sa ville de Bruges' (1515).

Transport, remove from one world to another; IV. iii. 70.
Trick, fashion; V. i. 509.
Trot, a contemptuous name, applied properly to an old woman; III. ii. 52.
Trumpets ("t. to the gate"), trumpeters; IV. v. 9.
Tub, the sweating-tub, used as a cure for certain diseases; III. ii. 59.
Tun-dish, funnel; III. ii. 182.

From Holme's Academy of Armory (1688).

Unfolding, releasing from the fold or pen; IV. ii. 213.
Ungenitured (?), impotent (perhaps "unbegotten"); III. ii. 184.
Ungot, not begotten; V. i. 142.
Unpitied, unmerciful; IV. ii. 13.
Unpregnant, unready, inapt; IV. iv. 22.
Unshunned, inevitable; III. ii. 62.
Unsisting, probably a misprint (in Folios 1, 2, 3) for "insisting" (the reading of Fol. 4), *i.e.* "persistent"; IV. ii. 92.
Untrussing; "untying the points or tagged laces which attached the hose or breeches to the doublet"; III. ii. 190.
Unweighing, injudicious; III. ii. 147.
Use, practices long countenanced by custom; I. iv. 62.
Use, interest, probably with a secondary sense of "exertion"; I. i. 41.

Vail your regard, lower your look; V. i. 20.
Vain; "for v." = in vain, to no purpose; II. iv. 12.
Vantage; "denies thee v.," *i.e.* "will avail thee nothing"; V. i. 417.
Vastidity, vastness; III. i. 69.
Veil full purpose, to cover his full p.; IV. vi. 4.
Viewless, invisible; III. i. 124.
Virtuous, beneficial; II. ii. 168.
Voice; "in my v." = "in my name"; I. ii. 180.
Vouch, affirmation; II. iv. 156.
Vulgarly, publicly; V. i. 160.

Warp, deviate; I. i. 15.
Warped, crooked, wry, unnatural; III. i. 142.
Wear, fashion; III. ii. 78.
Weeds; "*weed* is a term still commonly applied to an ill-conditioned horse" (Collier); emendations proposed: "steeds," "wills"; I. iii. 20.
Who = which; I. ii. 190.
Widow, to give as jointure; V. i. 428.
Wilderness, wildness; III. i. 142.
Woodman, one who hunts female game; IV. iii. 166.

Wrong; "done myself w.," *i.e.* "put myself in the wrong"; I. ii. 41.

Yare, ready; IV. ii. 60.

Yield; "y. you forth to public thanks," *i.e.* "yield public thanks to you"; V. i. 7.

Zodiacs, circuits of the sun, years; I. ii. 167.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 8, 9. There is no gap between '*sufficiency*' and '*as*' in the Folios. Theobald first advanced the plausible theory that the obscurity of the passage was due to some careless omission on the part of the printers. The Camb. Ed., accepting Theobald's theory, indicates the omission by means of dots. Various attempts have been made to explain the lines, *e.g.* "*But that to your sufficiences your worth is abled*" (Johnson); "*But your sufficiency as worth is able*" (Farmer); Theobald's suggestion has been adopted in the present edition.

I. i. 43. '*Hold therefore, Angelo*'; the Duke probably says these words on tendering commission to Angelo.

I. ii. 28. '*There went but a pair of shears between us;*' *i.e.* 'we are of one piece.'

I. ii. 119. '*by weight the words,*' so Ff., '*by weight; I' the words,*' Hanmer; perhaps, as Johnson conjectured, a line has dropped out.

I. ii. 120. *Cp. St. Paul to the Romans,* ix. 15, 18: "For He saith to Moses, I will have mercy *on whom I will* have mercy," and again, "Therefore hath He mercy *on whom He will* have mercy. and *whom He will* He hardeneth."

I. ii. 133. '*Morality*'; the Folios misprint '*mortality.*'

I. ii. 149. '*Propagation*'; Folio 1 reads *propogation,* corrected in Folio 2; *prorogation, procuration, preservation,* have been suggested by various editors, but the text as it stands is probably correct, though not altogether clear; '*propagation*' = 'increase': perhaps the word implies 'increase of interest,' and '*for propagation*' = 'that she might continue to receive the interest, which was to be hers while she remained unmarried.'

I. iii. 10. '*and witless,*' F_2 F_3 F_4; F_1 '*witless*'; Nicholson conj. '*a* witless.'

I. iii. 27. '*Becomes,*' added by Pope (after Davenant); Ff. omit the verb.

I. iii. 43. '*To do in slander*'; so the Folios; '*me*' and '*it*' have

been suggested for '*in*,' but no change seems necessary; '*do in*' = 'bring in, bring upon me.'

I. iv. 54. '*givings-out*,' Rowe; Ff. '*giving-out*.'

I. iv. 78. '*make*'; Ff. '*makes*.'

II. i. 39. '*Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;*' the line as it stands in the Folios—'*brakes of ice*'—which is kept by the Camb. ed., is obviously corrupt, and has occasioned much discussion. Shakespeare probably wrote '*brakes of vice*'; *brakes* = 'tortures, instruments of torture' (see Glossary); '*of vice*' = resulting from, or due to, vice; '*brakes of vice*' is antithetical to '*a fault alone*,' *cp. Henry VIII.*, I ii. 75—

> "*the rough brake*
> *That virtue must go through.*"

The passage seems to mean: 'some escape scot-free from the penalties of vice—*the rough brakes* that vice ought to go through, while others are condemned for a mere fault.'

II. i. 135. '*an open room*'; Schmidt, "public room"; perhaps it means 'open to sun, light, cheerful.'

II. ii. 79. '*Like man new made*'; commentators are strongly tempted to refer the words to '*new made man*,' *i.e.* Adam; Holt White paraphrased thus:—"And you Angelo, will breathe new life into Claudio, as the Creator animated Adam, by breathing into his nostrils the breath of life." Malone explains:—"You will then appear as tender-hearted and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence, immediately after his creation." Schmidt and others, "like man redeemed and regenerated by divine grace." The lines are perhaps capable of this interpretation:—And mercy will breathe within your lips, even as Mercy (*i.e.* God) breathed within the lips of new made man.

II. ii. 90. "*Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriuntur nunquam*," is a well-known maxim in law (Holt White).

II. ii. 159. '*Where prayers cross*,' *i.e.* where his prayer to possess Isabella crosses with hers, "Heaven keep your *honour* safe!"

II. iii. 11. '*the flaws of her own youth*'; possibly Warburton's correction, "*flames*," should be adopted; *cp.*

> '*To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,*
> *And melt in her own fire.*'—HAMLET, III. iv. 84.

II. iii. 40. '*O injurious love*' (Folios '*loue*'); Hanmer's suggestion, '*law*' for '*loue*,' has been generally accepted; the law respited her 'a life whose very comfort' was 'a dying horror.'

II. iv. 9. *fear'd*; probably a misprint = '*feared,*' *i.e.* '*seared.*'

II. iv. 103. '*That longing have been sick for*'; Rowe suggested, '*I've been sick for*'; for the omission of pronoun, *cp.* '*Has censured him,*' I. iv. 72.

II. iv. 172. '*O perilous mouths*'; the line is defective as it stands. (?) '*O pernicious mouths*' (Walker), or '*these perilous*' (Seymour).

III. i. 11. '*thou art death's fool;*' the phrase was possibly suggested by the introduction of the *fool* into most of the old *dances of death,* one of which was the original source of the accompanying initial from Stowe's Survey of London (1618).

III. i. 94, 97. *Prenzie*; the source of this strange word has baffled students; it seems identical with the Scottish *primsie,* 'demure, precise,' which in its turn is connected with *prim* (in Old French *prin pren*): under any circumstances there is no reason why the word should be changed, as has been proposed, to 'princely,' the reading of the 2nd Folio, or 'priestly,' 'pensive,' etc.

III. i. 123.

" or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;"

Cp. the following cut from Pynson's edition of the *Kalender of Shepherdes* (1506).

III. ii. 9. " The passage seems to us to imply, furred (that is, lined with lamb-skin fur inside, and trimmed with fox-skin fur outside) with both kinds of fur, to show that craft (fox-skin), being richer than innocency (lamb-skin), is used for decoration" (Clarke).

III. ii. 12-14. '*Good father friar*' . . . '*good brother father*'; the joke, as Tyrwhitt pointed out, would be clearer in French, '*mon père frère*' . . . '*mon frère père.*'

III. ii. 41. '*Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free!*'

so F_2 F_3 (with comma after *seeming*); F_1 '*from our faults,*' etc., retained by Camb. Ed., but the reading adopted commends itself from metrical and other considerations. *i.e.*, "Would that we were as free from faults, as our faults are from seeming (hypocrisy)." Hanmer proposed, '*from our faults as from faults seeming free.*' If any correction is really necessary, one feels inclined to hazard—

'*Free from our faults, as from false seeming, free.*'

(*Cp.* '*thy false seeming,*' II. iv. 15.)

III. ii. 242. '*security enough to make fellowships accurst*'; *cp.* Prov. xi. 15.

III. ii. 276-298. These lines are in all probability not Shakespeare's.

III. ii. 280. '*Grace to stand, and virtue go;*' *i.e.* 'To have grace to stand firm, and virtue to go forward.'

III. ii. 289-292. '*How may likeness made in crimes,*' etc.; these lines do not readily admit of interpretation, and some corruption has probably crept into the text; Malone suggested *wade* for

made, i.e. "How may hypocrisy wade in crimes;" Hanmer, '*that likeness shading crimes,*' etc. None of the suggestions seem very satisfactory. Perhaps *to draw* = '*to—draw,*' *i.e.* 'pull to pieces' (?).

IV. i. 1. This song appears in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother,* with the addition of the following stanza, assuredly not Shakespeare's, though found in the spurious edition of his poems, (1640)—

> "*Hide, O hide those hills of snow*
> *Which thy frozen bosom bears,*
> *On whose tops the pinks that grow*
> *Are of those that April wears;*
> *But first set my poor heart free,*
> *Bound by those icy chains by thee.*"

IV. i. 13. "Though the music soothed my sorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment" (Johnson).

IV. i. 76. '*tilth*'; Theobald's emendation for '*tithe,*' the reading of Ff., retained by Camb. Ed.

IV. ii. 45-49. *if it be too little—thief*; the Folios give this to *Clo.* (Pompey); Capell first transferred it to Abhorson, and he has been followed by most editors. Cowden Clarke defends the Folio arrangement; among other arguments he maintains that "the speech is much more in character with the clown's snip-snap style of chop-logic than with Abhorson's manner, which is remarkably curt and bluff."

IV. iv. 6. '*redeliver*'; Folio 1, '*re-liuer*'; Folio 2, '*deliuer*'; Capell first suggested '*redeliver.*'

IV. iv. 28. '*bears of a credent bulk*'; so Folios 1, 2, 3; many emendations have been proposed; the reading of F_4 seems the most plausible—'*bears off a credent bulk*'; '*credent bulk*' = 'weight of credit.'

V. i. 64. '*do not banish reason For inequality; i.e.* because of 'improbability,' 'incongruity,' or, according to some, 'partiality.'

V. i. 323. "These shops," according to Nares, "were places of great resort, for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps at least as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific *forfeitures.* It is not to be wondered that laws of that nature were as often laughed at as obeyed."

V. i. 359. '*be hanged an hour*' seems to have been a cant phrase, meaning little more than 'be hanged!'

V. i. 360. '*madest,*' monosyllabic; Ff. '*mad'st*'; Capell '*made.*'

V. i. 496. '*Give me your hand*'; *i.e.* 'if you give me your hand.'

V. i. 526. "*pressing to death,*" = "*peine forte et dure*": illustrated by the accompanying drawing.

From 'The Life and Death of Griffin Hood . . .' (1623).

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

11. *terms*:—Blackstone says: "An old book, called *Les Termes de la Ley,* was in Shakespeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law." The book was written in the time of Henry VIII., and was used in Blackstone's time.

31. *so proper*:—So much or so exclusively thy own property.

37. *to fine issues*:—That is, to noble ends, to high purposes.

37. *nor Nature*:—Two negatives, not making an affirmative, are common in Shakespeare's writings. So in *Julius Cæsar,* III. i.: "*Nor* to *no* Roman else."

43. *Hold therefore, Angelo*:—Tyrwhitt thinks the Duke here checks himself—*Hold, therefore:* and that *Angelo* begins a new sentence. But *hold* seems addressed to Angelo; the sense being—"Hold, therefore, our power"; referring to the commission which the Duke has in his hand. "These," says Douce, "are words of great import, and ought to be made clear, as on them depends the chief incident of the play."

45, 46. *Mortality,* etc.:—That is, I delegate to thy tongue the power of pronouncing sentence of death, and to thy heart the privilege of exercising mercy.

Scene II.

94. *houses in the suburbs*:—In one of the Scotch Laws of James

it is ordered, "that *common women* be put at the utmost endes of townes, queire least peril of fire is."

120. *The words of heaven*:—Authority, being absolute in Angelo, is finely styled by Claudio *the demigod,* whose decrees are as little to be questioned as *the words of heaven.* The Poet applies to this uncontrollable power a passage from Paul's *Epistle to the Romans,* ix. 15, 18, which he styles *the words of heaven*: "for he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy," etc.; and again: "Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy," etc.

128. *Like rats that ravin down,* etc.:—In the same sense of *ravenously devour, ravin up* is used in *Macbeth,* II. iv. In Chapman's *Revenge for Honour* are these lines:—

> "Like poison'd rats, which, when they 've swallow'd
> The pleasing bane, rest not until they *drink,*
> And can rest then much less, until they burst."

147. *denunciation*:—*Denounce* was sometimes used in the sense of publish, proclaim, or *announce.* Thus in Holinshed and others we have the phrase, "*denouncing* war." So, also, in Raleigh's *History of the World*: "But Gracchus's soldiers, which were all, in a manner, the late armed slaves, had received from their general a peremptory *denunciation,* that, this day, or never, they must purchase their liberty, bringing every man, for price thereof, an enemy's head."

149. A singular use of *propagation.* The word here probably means *continuance,* or perhaps increase. In Chapman's *Odyssey,* xvi., occurs this passage:—

> "to try if we,
> Alone, may propagate to victory
> Our bold encounters;"

and again, in Chapman's *Iliad,* iv.:—

> "I doubt not but this night
> Even to the fleete to propagate the Greek's unturned flight."

So also in Dryden's *Virgil*:—

> "Afric and India shall his power obey;
> He shall extend his *propagated* sway
> Beyond the solar year, without the starry way."

In the present case the meaning would be, that the lovers put off their marriage with a view to *continue* the prospect, to *keep up* the chance, of a dower, until time should favourably dispose the wills of those upon whom the lady's fortune was dependent.

183. *prone*:—There are many different explanations of this word among the editors and commentators. Malone takes it to mean "significant, expressive"; Steevens and White, "humble"; Nares, "prompt, ready"; Clarke, "deferential, gently submissive"; Hunter, "affectionate". Hudson (Harvard ed.) makes it signify "apt, ready, prompt," and adds: "The meaning of the passage seems to be, 'There is an apt and silent eloquence in her looks such as moves men.'" Upon Davenant's change of the word to "sweet," Steevens remarks that it shows "that what appear difficulties to us were difficulties to him, who, living nearer the time of Shakespeare, might be supposed to have understood his language more intimately."

Scene III.

2. *dribbling*:—"*Dribble,*" says Richardson, "is a diminutive of *drib,* from *drip*, and means to do a thing by drips or drops." The sense of *dribbling*, therefore, is *trifling, ineffective.* Thus in Holland's *Livy*: "Howbeit, there passed some *dribbling* skirmishes between the rearward of the Carthaginians and the vaunt-couriers of the Romans." So also in Milton's *Apology for Smectymnus*: "For small temptations allure but *dribbling* offenders!" Respecting the use of the term in archery, Ascham, in his *Toxophilus*, says of one who, having learned to shoot well, neglects to practise with the bow: "He shall become, of a fayre archer, a starke squyrter and *dribber.*"

3. *complete bosom*:—A bosom completely armed. Accented on the first syllable.

41-43. *Who may . . . slander*:—This is the reading of the original. The passage has often been printed thus:—

> "And yet my nature never in the *sight*
> To do *it* slander."

The words *ambush* and *strike home* show the image of a *fight* to have been in the Poet's mind. As the text stands, the speaker's purpose apparently is to avoid any open contest with crime, where his action would expose him to slander; not to let his person be

seen in the fight, where he would have to work, *to do,* in the face of detraction and censure.

Scene IV.

30. *make me not your story*:—Such is the reading of the original; the *me* being expletive, as in the well-known passage setting forth the virtues of sack. "It ascends *me* into the brain," etc. So that the meaning is, "Make not your tale, invent not your fiction." Malone changed the passage thus: "Sir, mock me not,—your story"; which, surely, renders Lucio's reply, *'tis true,* very unapt.

32. *lapwing*:—This bird diverts pursuers from her nest by fluttering and crying in other places. "The lapwing cries most, farthest from her nest," is an old proverb. So in *The Comedy of Errors,* IV. ii. 27, 28:—

> "Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
> My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse."

So again, in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*: "You resemble the lapwing, who cryeth most where her nest is not; and so, to lead me from espying your love for Campaspe, you cry Timoclea."

51, 52. *Bore . . . in hand*:—To bear in hand is to carry along with one, or lead along with false hopes or expectations. The phrase is frequent in Shakespeare. So in *2 Henry IV.,* I. ii.: "A rascally yea-forsooth knave! to *bear a gentleman in hand,* and then stand upon security!"

62. *to give fear to use,* etc.:—That is, to put the restraint of fear upon licentious custom and abused freedom.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

6. *fall*:—A causative verb here, *fall* means to *throw down,* make fall, or let fall. Often so in Shakespeare.

15. *which now,* etc.:—To complete the sense of this line *for* seems to be required—"which now you censure him *for.*" But Shakespeare frequently uses elliptical expressions.

65. *she professes a hot-house*:—Professes, or pretends, *to keep* a hot-house. *Hot-houses* were bagnios supplied with vapour-baths; but under this name other accommodations were often furnished.

92. *distant*:—Pompey, catching Elbow's trick of speech, here uses *distant* for *instant*.

129. *All-hallond eve*:—The *eve of* (evening before) All Saints' day.

131. *a lower chair*:—Most houses had formerly what was called a *lower chair*, that is, an easy chair, designed for the comfort of sick people, and sometimes occupied by lazy ones.

132. *Bunch of Grapes*:—Such names were often given to rooms in the Poet's time. So in the Will of Henry Harte, we read of a "chamber called the Half-moon. In 1 *Henry IV.*, II. iv. are mentioned the *Half-moon* and the *Pomgarnet* (*Pomegranate*).

Scene II.

35, 36. *let it be his fault*, etc.:—That is, let my brother's fault die, but let not him suffer.

40. *fine the faults*:—To punish the faults whose punishment is provided for in the law.

85. *of season*:—In proper season; when they are mature or fit.

95. *Looks in a glass*:—Alluding to the magic glasses or mirrors of fortune-tellers and witches, whereby they professed to reveal the future. See *Macbeth*, IV. i. for the use made of such a glass by the Weird Sisters.

100-104. *I show it most*, etc.:—So in Sir Matthew Hale's *Memorials*: "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember that there is a mercy likewise due to the country."

122, 123. *with our spleens*, etc.:—By *spleens* Shakespeare meant that peculiar turn of the human mind, which inclines it to a spiteful and unseasonable mirth. Had the angels that, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion unworthy of that prerogative.

136. *skins the vice o' the top*:—Shakespeare has used this metaphor again in *Hamlet*, III. iv.: "It will but skin and film the ulcerous place." Only in these two passages does the Poet use the verb *skin*.

142. "Such sense as breeds a response in my mind."

157. *Heaven keep your honour safe!*—Isabella prays that his

honour may be safe, meaning only to give him his title: his mind is caught by the word *honour*, he feels that it is in danger, and therefore says amen to her benediction.

159. *Where prayers cross*:—The petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," is here regarded as *crossing* or intercepting the way in which Angelo is going: he is exposing himself to temptation by the appointment for the morrow's meeting. The passage is thus explained by Heath: "'For I am labouring under a temptation of that peculiar and uncommon kind, that prayers, and every other act of piety and virtue, tend to inflame, instead of allaying it.' For it was the very piety and virtue of Isabella that gave an edge to the lust of Angelo."

172. *evils*:—This term for privies is used again in *Henry VIII.*, II. i.: "Nor build their evils on the graves of great men." No language could more forcibly express the aggravated profligacy of Angelo's passion. The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an eastern method of expressing contempt. See *2 Kings* x. 27.

Scene III.

36. *There rest*:—There stand or remain; or, keep yourself in that frame of mind.

Scene IV.

3. *Invention*:—This term for imagination is found in other plays. So in *Henry V.*, I., *Prologue, Chorus*:—

> "O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
> The brightest heaven of invention."

12-15. *O place, . . . seeming!*—Shakespeare judiciously distinguishes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frighted and wise men allured. Those who cannot judge but by the eye are easily awed by splendor; those who consider men as well as conditions, are easily persuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power.

17. *the devil's crest*:—The crest was often emblematic of something in the wearer; such, for example, as his ancestral name. *The devil's horn* is *the devil's crest*; but if we write "good angel" on it, the emblem is overlooked in the "false seeming"; we think it is not the devil's horn, because itself tells us otherwise, and is in no manner emblematic of him.

27. *The general*:—The *people* or *multitude* subject to a king. So in *Hamlet*, II. ii.: "The play . . . pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general." It is supposed that Shakespeare, in this passage, and in one before, I. ii., intended to flatter the unkingly weakness of James I., which made him so impatient of the crowds that flocked to see him, at his first coming, that he restrained them by a proclamation.

46-49. *'tis all as easy*, etc.:—The thought is, apparently, that murder is as easy as fornication; and the inference which Angelo would draw is, that it is as wrong to pardon the latter as the former.

56. *give my body*:—Isabel uses the words *give my body* in a different sense than Angelo. Her meaning is, "I had rather *die* than forfeit my eternal happiness by the prostitution of my person."

57, 58. *our compell'd sins*, etc.:—That is, actions that we are compelled to, however numerous, are not imputed to us by heaven as crimes.

79. The *masks* worn by female spectators of the play are here probably meant. At the beginning of *Romeo and Juliet* we have a passage of similar import:—

> "These happy *masks* that kiss fair ladies' brows,
> Being *black*, put us in mind they hide the fair."

90. *in the loss of question*:—That is, conversation that tends to nothing.

121, 123. *Else let my brother die*, etc.:—A very obscure passage. The word *this* is adopted by Mr. Collier from an old manuscript note in a copy of the first Folio belonging to Lord Francis Egerton. With this change, the passage, though still obscure, makes good sense enough: "If we are not *all frail*—if my brother have no *feodary*, that is, no companion, one holding by the same tenure of frailty—if he alone be found to *own and succeed* to this weakness —then let him die."

127. *men their creation mar*:—The meaning appears to be, that men debase their natures by taking advantage of women's weakness. She therefore calls on Heaven to assist them.

145-147. *your virtue*, etc.:—Your virtue assumes an air of *licentiousness*, which is not natural to you, on purpose to try me.

162. *prolixious blushes*:—What Milton has elegantly called "sweet, reluctant, amorous *delay*."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

11. Death and his fool were personages that once figured on the stage. Douce relates having seen a play at a fair, in which Death bore a part, attended by a fool or clown; the person that represented Death being habited in a close black vest so painted as to look like a skeleton. Douce also had an old woodcut, one of a series representing the Dance of Death, in which the fool was engaged in combat with his adversary, and buffeting him with a bladder filled with peas or small pebbles. In all such performances, the rule appears to have been, that the fool, after struggling long against the stratagems of Death, at last became his victim.

17. *Worm* is put for any creeping thing or *serpent*. Shakespeare adopts the vulgar error, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked*. In old tapestries and paintings the tongues of serpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow.

34. *Dreaming on both*:—This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening.

36. *palsied eld*:—*Trembling old age*. In youth, which is or ought to be the *happiest* time, man commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy; he is dependent on *palsied eld*; must beg alms from the coffers of hoary avarice; and, being very niggardly supplied, *becomes as aged*, looks like an old man on happiness beyond his reach. And when he is *old and rich*, when he has wealth enough for the purchase of all that formerly excited his desires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment.

70. *To a determined scope*:—A confinement of your mind to one idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped.

79-81. *the poor beetle*, etc.:—This beautiful passage is in all our minds and memories, but it most frequently stands in quotation detached from the antecedent line—"The sense of death is most

in apprehension;" without which it is liable to an opposite construction. The meaning is, that fear is the principal sensation in death, which has no pain; and the giant when he dies feels no greater pain than the beetle.

100, 101. *he would give't thee*, etc.:—That is, "*from the time* of my committing this offence, you might persist in sinning with safety."

108 *et seq. Has he affections*, etc.:—"Has *he* passions that impel him to transgress the law at the very moment that he is enforcing it against others? Surely then it cannot be a sin so very heinous, since Angelo, who is so wise, will venture it." Shakespeare shows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio.

121-123. *the delighted spirit*, etc.:—This passage is a standing puzzle to commentators; "fiery floods" and "region of thick-ribbed ice" being, as one would think, among the last places to be *delighted* in. The most common explanation is, that *delighted spirit* means the spirit that has been delighted, or is accustomed to delight.

123. *region of thick-ribbed ice*:—So in Ben Jonson's *Catiline*, I. i.: "We are spirit-bound in *ribs of ice*, our whole bloods are one stone, and honour cannot thaw us;" and in *Paradise Lost*, Book ii.—

> "From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
> Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
> Immovable-infix'd, and frozen round,
> Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire."

275. *grange*:—A *grange* was a large farm-house, such as are often kept for summer residence by wealthy citizens. The grange was sometimes *moated* for defence and safety. The dreary and desolate solitude of Mariana at the moated grange is wrought out with great power by Tennyson, in a poem from which we have room for but one stanza:

> "Her tears fell with the dews at even,
> Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
> She could not look on the sweet heaven,
> Either at morn or eventide.
> After the flitting of the bats,
> When thickest dark did trance the sky,
> She drew her casement curtain by,
> And glanc'd athwart the glooming flats

She only said, 'The night is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'"

The whole poem is a rare specimen in the art of creating imagery so fitted to a given tone of feeling as to reproduce the feeling itself.

Scene II.

18. *picklock*:—It is not necessary to take honest Pompey for a housebreaker: the locks he had occasion to pick were Spanish padlocks. In Jonson's *Volpone,* Corvino threatens to make his wife wear one of these strange contrivances.

41. That is, as free from faults as faults are from *seemliness.*

42. His neck will be tied, like your waist, with a cord. The friar wore a rope for a girdle.

47, 48. *is there none of Pygmalion's images,* etc.:—That is, have you no new courtesans, as fresh as Pygmalion's living statue, to recommend to your customers?

59. *in the tub*:—The method of cure for a certain disease was grossly called *the powdering tub.*

74. *keep the house*:—That is, stay at home, alluding to the etymology of *husband.*

134. *clack-dish*:—This wooden dish, formerly carried by beggars, had a movable cover, which they *clacked* or clattered to show that it was empty. It was one mode of attracting attention. Lepers and other paupers deemed infectious originally used it, that the sound might give warning not to approach too near, and alms be given without touching the object.

144. "The *greater file,*" the majority of his subjects.

184. *ungenitured*:—That is, unfathered, not begotten after the ordinary course of nature; in accordance with what Lucio says of him a little before.

192. *mutton*:—A wench was called a *laced mutton.* In *Doctor Faustus,* 1604, Lechery says, "I am one that loves an inch of raw *mutton* better than an ell of stock-fish." See the *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* I. i.

242. *security*:—The allusion is to those legal *securities* into which fellowship leads men to enter for each other. For this quibble Shakespeare has high authority: "He that hateth *suretyship is sure.*"—Proverbs, xi. 15.

264. *resolved*:—That is, satisfied; probably because conviction leads to decision or resolution.

280. Coleridge, in his *Literary Remains*, remarks upon this passage: "Worse metre indeed, but better English would be, 'Grace to stand, virtue to go.'"

286. *my vice*:—The Duke's *vice* may be explained by what he says himself, I. iii.: "'Twas *my fault* to give the people scope." Angelo's vice requires no explanation.

287 *et seq. O, what may man,* etc.:—This passage, though rather dark in itself, is intelligible enough, when we consider that the speaker has Angelo in his mind; who, bad as he is, has by his hypocrisy managed to raise himself as high as merit could lift him. *Likeness* apparently has much the same meaning here as what the Poet elsewhere calls "virtuous-seeming." So that the passage may be rendered thus: How may seeming virtue, unsubstantial as it is, and wickedly put on, by practising upon the times draw to itself the greatest of earthly honours and emoluments, even while it is rioting in crime!

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1 *et seq.* It does not appear certain to whom this beautiful little song rightly belongs. It is found with an additional stanza in Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*. Malone prints it as Shakespeare's, Boswell thinks Fletcher has the best claim to it. Weber that Shakespeare may have written the first stanza, and Fletcher the second. It may indeed be the property of some unknown or forgotten author.

Scene II.

53. *ask forgiveness*:—It was formerly the custom for an executioner, before proceeding to his office, to *ask forgiveness* of the person to be executed.

83. *Stroke* is here put for the *stroke* of a pen, or a line.

135. *a prisoner nine years old*:—That is, nine years in prison.

151. Perhaps we should read *mortally desperate*; as we have *harmonious charmingly* for *charmingly harmonious* in *The Tempest*.

163. *in the boldness of my cunning*:—That is, in the *confidence* of my *sagacity*.

186. *bared*:—This probably alludes to a practice of desiring to receive the *tonsure* of the monks before they died.

213. *the unfolding star*:—So Milton in *Comus*:—

> "The star that bids the shepherd fold
> Now the top of heaven doth hold."

Scene III.

4 *et seq.* This enumeration of the inhabitants of the prison affords a very striking view of the practices predominant in Shakespeare's age. Besides those whose follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. *Rash* was a silken stuff formerly worn in coats; all the names are characteristic.

6. *brown paper . . . ginger*:—It was the practice of money-lenders in Shakespeare's time, as well as more recently, to make advances partly in goods and partly in cash. The goods were to be resold generally at an enormous loss upon the cost price, and of these commodities it appears that *brown paper* and *ginger* often formed a part. In Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592: "If he borrow a hundred pound, he shall have forty in silver, and threescore in wares as lute-strings, hobby-horses, or *brown paper*."

21. *for the Lord's sake*:—It appears from an ancient Epigram, that this was the language in which prisoners who were confined for debt addressed passengers: "Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake*, like *Ludgate prisoners*, lo, I, begging, make my mone." And in Nash's *Pierce Penniless*, 1593: "At that time that thy joys were in the *fleeting*, and thus crying *for the Lord's sake* out of an iron window."

91. That is, to the people dwelling on the earth below.

102. *well-balanced form*:—The original has "*weal-balanc'd* form"; which may indeed possibly be right, referring to the state —*balanc'd* for the public *weal*; but this sense is so far-fetched and improbable, that it can scarcely be the Poet's.

164. *lives not in them*:—That is, he depends not on them.

166. *woodman*:—A *woodman* was a hunter. It is here used in a wanton sense for a hunter of a different sort of game. So, Falstaff asks his mistresses in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Am I a woodman? Ha!" This use of the word may have sprung from the consonance of *deer* and *dear*; as in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *The Chances*, I. viii.:—

> "Well, well, son John,
> I see you are a *woodman*, and can choose
> Your *deer*, though it be i' the dark."

Scene IV.

18. Figure and rank.

27. *dares her no*:—This is commonly printed thus: "Yet reason dares her? no; for my authority," etc.; in which case *dares* has the sense of *prompt, challenge*, or *call forth*, as in 1 *Henry IV.*, V. ii.:—

> "Unless a brother should a brother *dare*
> To gentle exercise and proof of arms."

"Does reason move her to expose me?—No; the drawings of reason are all the other way"; which certainly yields an apt and clear meaning enough. Yet we give the passage as it stands in the original. Nor is the sense much less clear and apt as there printed. For *dare*, used transitively, may well have, and often has, the effect to keep or dissuade one from doing a thing; as if one should say—"I *dared* him to strike me, and he *durst* not do it." So in the text as we give it the sense plainly is—"Yet reason bids her *not* expose me"; the effect of that bidding being expressed by *no*; reason *threatens* and *overawes* her, so that she *dare not* do it. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *The Chances*, III. iv.:—

> "His sister that you nam'd 'tis true I have long lov'd,
> As true, I have enjoy'd her; no less truth,
> I have a child by her: but that she, or he,
> Or any of that family, are tainted,
> Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures,
> I wear a sword to satisfy the world *no*."

That is, to satisfy the world that *'tis not so*. So also in *A Wife for a Month*, by the same authors: "I'm sure he did not, for I charged him *no*"; that is, charged him *not to do it*. But indeed this use of *no* is not uncommon in the old writers. The *of* after *bears*, in the next line, seems to have a partitive sense: "For my authority *carries so much of weight*," etc.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

64, 65. *do not banish . . . inequality*:—The meaning appears to be, "Do not suppose me mad because I speak inconsistently or *unequally*."

66. Let your reason serve to discover the truth, where it lies hid, and to refute the false, where it seems true.

90. That is, *suited* to the matter; as in *Hamlet*: "The phrase would be more germane to the matter."

205. *Abuse* stands in this place for *deception* or *puzzle*. So in *Macbeth*: "My strange and self-*abuse*"; meaning this *strange deception* of myself.

212. *Garden-houses* were formerly much in fashion, and often used as places of clandestine meeting and intrigue. They were chiefly such buildings as we should now call *summer-houses*, standing in a walled or enclosed garden in the suburbs of London.

236. *Informal* signifies *out of their senses*. So in *The Comedy of Errors*, V. 1: "To make of him a *formal* man again." The speaker had just before said that she would keep Antipholus of Syracuse, who is behaving like a madman, till she had brought him to his right wits again.

280. *light*:—This is one of the words on which Shakespeare delights to quibble. Thus Portia, in *The Merchant of Venice*: "Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*."

318. *Provincial* is pertaining to a province; most usually taken for the circuit of an ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The chief or head of any religious order in such a province was called the provincial, to whom alone the members of that order were accountable.

323, 324. *barber's shop*, etc.:—Barbers' shops were anciently places of great resort for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific *forfeits*; which were *as much in mock as mark*, because the barber had no authority of himself to enforce them, and also because they were of a ludicrous nature.

359. *be hanged an hour!*—"What, Piper ho! be *hang'd awhile*," is a line in an old madrigal. And in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* we have: "Leave the bottle behind you, and be *curst awhile*."

That is, be *hang'd*, be *curst*; *awhile* being, like *an hour* in the text, merely a vulgar expletive.

396. *rash remonstrance*:—That is, "a premature *display*" of it. Perhaps we should read *de*monstrance; but the word may be formed from *remonstrer*, French, *to show again*.

400. *That brain'd my purpose*:—We still use in conversation a like phrase: "that knocked my design on the head."

415. *Measure* still *for measure* appears to have been a current expression for retributive justice. So in 3 *Henry VI.*, II. vi.: "*Measure for Measure* must be answered." Perhaps the proverb grew from the Scripture—"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

417. *though thou wouldst deny*, etc.:—That is, "To deny which will avail thee nothing."

438. *kneel down in mercy*:—That is, to beg for mercy on this act.

443-445. *best men . . . bad*:—On the principle that Nature or Providence often uses our vices to scourge down our pride; as in *All's Well that Ends Well*, IV. iii.: "Our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not."

456, 457. *must be buried*, etc.:—Like the traveller, who dies on his journey, is obscurely interred, and thought of no more.

501. *her worth worth yours*:—That is, "her value is equal to yours; the match is not unworthy of you."

Questions on

Measure for Measure.

1. What is the first printed record of the play? Is there any evidence that it was produced in Shakespeare's day? What facts are used to fix the probable date of the play?

2. Indicate the Italian and English sources of the plot. What part is wholly Shakespeare's? How much time is employed in the action of the play?

3. Does it take place on consecutive days?

4. Mention the attributive epithets that Shakespeare affixes to some of the dramatis personæ. What do you take this to indicate as to the nature, in the main, of the play?

ACT FIRST.

5. What tribute does the Duke pay to Escalus's talents? With what office does he invest Angelo? How are the two men to be associated?

6. What is Escalus's opinion of Angelo?—what is the Duke's?

7. What is the keynote of Angelo's first speech?

8. In what condition does the Duke leave the State? Is he to renounce all duties and functions during his absence?

9. What view of himself does the Duke give in declining an escort out of the city?

10. How do you characterize Sc. i. as contributory to the plot? What time is likely to have elapsed between Scenes i. and ii.?

11. Give your inference concerning the spirit of the play from the pitch that is taken in Sc. ii. before the entrance of Mistress Overdone.

12. What trait of character allies her with Mistress Quickly; the Nurse of *Romeo and Juliet*, etc.?

13. To indicate Shakespeare's breadth of tolerance, what mention of a virtue of Claudio's do we find following close upon the heels of his besetting vice?

14. What edict does Pompey report? Point out the comedy of this whole passage between Pompey and Mistress Overdone.

15. Of Angelo's administration what first act do we see? What is its moral implication?

16. Does Claudio, in his first speech, suggest something of the quality of Hamlet's nature?

17. Explain the nature of the relation between Claudio and Juliet. What does Claudio say of the legal act that was applied to their case? In what light does Angelo's rigor place himself?

18. What traits of Isabella does Claudio expect will aid his case? Do we find that Isabella is thus underestimated?

19. Explain, *Believe not that the dribbling dart of love can pierce a complete bosom.*

20. Give in detail the Duke's purposes as he describes them to Friar Thomas.

21. Which of the two motives, that the Duke advances as explaining his aloofness, do you consider the stronger with him?

22. What is the subject of conversation between Isabella and Francisca when Lucio enters in Sc. iv.?

23. What indictment of Angelo does Lucio make? What does he say of the Duke's action? What was evidently Lucio's social standing?

24. Does Lucio convey the message of Claudio in suggesting the arts that Isabella should use with Angelo? What effect is produced by the arrangement of scenes in this Act, instead of the possible inversion of Scenes ii. and iii.?

ACT SECOND.

25. How does Escalus advise Angelo (Sc. i.) concerning the application of the law to Claudio? What irony is there in Angelo's reply?

26. Is the scene that follows with Elbow too long? How does Elbow compare in humour with Dogberry in *Much Ado About Nothing*? What Shakespearian humour do you see in Pompey's *Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live?*

27. There is evidently a dramatic purpose in this scene that travesties justice;—what is it? Speaking in extenuation of Angelo's severity, Escalus says, *Mercy is not itself that oft looks so.* Interpret this.

28. How is the thought of pardoning Claudio managed in Sc. ii.

so as to grow in intensity and to take its place as a part of the justice of things?

29. What is the temper of Angelo's speech (Sc. iii. 37-41)? May it be said to contain the very kernel of the play?

30. Explain lines 74-79.

31. When does justice become pity in Angelo's philosophy? How near right was he? Is the ground that Angelo took too high for human agency to stand upon?

32. By what turn in Isabella's pleading was Angelo won to reconsider Claudio's case?

33. Was it to avenge his injured self-pride that Angelo meditated the damage to Isabella's chastity? How does Angelo himself think his temptation comes?

34. Sc. iii., while adding little to the action, yet adds what to the plot? Does the Duke stand for the overruling Providence?

35. Compare the speech of Angelo (Sc. iv.) with the prayer-scene of the King in *Hamlet*. What is the difference between a man whose conscience is weighted with a crime and one whose mind is preoccupied with a crime to be committed?

36. What passage here helps to establish the date of the play?

37. Angelo implies what in lines 35, 36? Is there honesty in Angelo's apostrophe to *these filthy vices* (line 43 *et seq.*)?

38. When Angelo accuses Isabella of craft in not following his meaning, is he not himself employing craft to lead her into a trap?

39. Did Angelo add cruelty to his other traits? Why could not Isabella denounce Angelo for what he is?

ACT THIRD.

40. What is the general tenor and temper of the Duke's monologue in the beginning of Act III.? Does anything in *Hamlet* match it for bitterness?

41. What is the dramatic purpose in Isabella's delay in coming to the point of Angelo's demand, as she repeats it to Claudio? What reflection of herself do you see in Claudio?

42. Is it the real Claudio who breaks down later and begs Isabella to make the sacrifice?

43. Compare the speech of Claudio with Hamlet's reflection upon the hereafter. How do they show the difference between the man of senses and the man of thought?

44. How do you account for the words with which Claudio leaves the stage?

45. How does the Duke undertake to solve the difficulty?

46. What covert allusions may Shakespeare have intended (Sc. ii.) in Pompey's speech of the "two usuries"?

47. Had it been Claudio, instead of Lucio, who was asked, would he have gone bail for Pompey?

48. Does Shakespeare intend "poetic justice" in the Scene where Lucio berates the Duke to his face, thus punishing him for his masquerading?

49. Are the reflections of the Duke (lines 196 *et seq*) in character?

50. What motive had Escalus for wishing to mitigate the severity of Angelo's sentence upon Claudio?

51. Analyze the thought of the speech with which the Duke concludes this Act.

ACT FOURTH.

52. What is the emotional effect of the song with which the Act opens? Compare this episode with Tennyson's "Mariana of the Moated Grange," and say what is the internal harmony of the two.

53. What suitability to the time and occasion do you see in the speech of the Duke beginning with line 60? Compare it with Act III. Sc. ii. 196-200.

54. Does Pompey turned hangman become more or less repellent than he was before?

55. How, through the manner of leading up to the point, is the surprise of Angelo's letter (line 123) made keener? How does it affect one's feeling about the character of Angelo?

56. From the Barnardine episode what impression does one get of the nature of the Duke's government?

57. What change in the natural evolution of events does the Duke introduce in Sc. ii.? Through what supporting authority is he able to effect this?

58. What picture of prison life do you find in Sc. iii.? Was it a picture of contemporaneous conditions?

59. How is the audience made aware that the term of the Duke's masquerading is about to close?

60. What part of the action of the play takes place at the Moated Grange of Mariana?

61. How does Lucio turn the tables upon himself?

62. What is the episodic value of Sc. iv.?

63. Explain the reflections of Angelo beginning with line 21.

64. What preparations for the events of Act V. are made in the fourth Act?

ACT FIFTH.

65. Recount the train of events as they develop in the fifth Act.
66. Is the interest abated by the fact that the action of the play becomes artificial, and controlled by the Duke as *deus ex machina*?
67. Is there still an interest derived from the fact that Isabella and Mariana only partly understand the purposes of the Duke?
68. How does Angelo bear up under the uncovering of his crimes?
69. Does it seem a hardship that Lucio alone of all the evil-doers has to suffer punishment?
70. Had Shakespeare not insisted upon turning the play into a comedy, how would the action have run on to a natural conclusion?
71. What evidences do you see throughout the play of a comic purpose, even though the elements dealt with are tragic?
72. Mention qualities in Lucio that count on the nobler side of life.
73. Does Shakespeare find in Claudio any trait that is distinctly condemnable? What is the complete impression that you derive of his character?
74. Compare the appeal to mercy that Isabella makes to Angelo with that that Portia makes to Shylock and account for the differences in spirit and character.
75. What can you say of the Duke? What justice is there in Lucio's description of him as the *fantastical Duke of dark corners?*
76. When is it likely that the Duke first knew of the story of Mariana and consequently of Angelo's relation to her? How does this bear upon the point of his selecting Angelo to represent him?

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77. Which is the more subtle character—the Duke or Angelo?
78. Did the Duke ever suspect Angelo?
79. If not, what view thereby do you get of Angelo and of the Duke?
80. Is not Angelo the greatest ironic conception of Shakespeare?
81. Does Shakespeare in this play often violate consistency of

character for the apparent purpose of proving a moral standpoint—notably in the case of the Duke?

82. What is the difference between moralizing and treating a subject morally?

83. Trace the affiliated humorous characters in other plays of Shakespeare.

84. What effect of contrast is seen between the characters of Angelo and Isabella and the other people of the play? Which group more stirs the sympathies?

85. Weigh internal evidences, comparing this with other plays as to characters and situations; consider the development of such a character as Isabella; observe the arrest of natural evolution in the plot, as seen in the last Act; then say where you would place this drama in the chronology of Shakespeare's works.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Preface.

The First Edition. *The Comedy of Errors* first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it immediately follows *Measure for Measure.* "The names of all the actors" are not given at the end of the play as in the case of the previous plays; in the stage-directions to the first two Acts the two *Antipholi* are distinguished as *Antipholus Erotes* and *Antipholus Sereptus;* the latter title was probably derived from the *Menæchmus Surreptus* of Plautus a character evidently well-known to the Elizabethans (*cp.* Cambridge Shakespeare, Note 1); as regards the former name, it is noteworthy that *Erotion* (also *Errotis* in Act II.) is the name of "the Courtezan" in Plautus' *Menæchmi*; to this source the name may perhaps be referred; otherwise it must be regarded as an error for *Erraticus* or *Errans.*

The Comedy of Errors is the shortest of all Shakespeare's plays; its total number of lines is 1770.

Date of Composition. *The Comedy of Errors* is mentioned in 1598 by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* among the six "excellent" comedies of Shakespeare. In the *Gesta Grayorum* of 1594 occurs what is probably the earliest reference to the play:—

"After such sport, a Comedy of Errors (like to Plautus his Menechmus) was *played by the players*; so that *night* began and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors." There are other references to comedies of "Errors" (a "Historie of Error" was acted by

the St. Paul's children at Greenwich as early as New Year 1576-7), but they merely indicate that the phrase was proverbial. Certain critics detect in these pre-Shakespearian plays the original of Shakespeare's Comedy.

One or two points of *internal evidence* are helpful in fixing the approximate time of composition. In Act III. ii. 125 there is evidently an allusion to the civil war in France between Henry III. and Henry of Navarre, which lasted from August, 1589, to July, 1593. Further, the reference to "whole armadoes of caracks" in the same Scene suggests the earlier rather than the later limit: the play may safely be dated 1589-91.* This early date is corroborated by the general style of the play:—its lyrical passages with rhyming couplets and alternate rhymes; the doggerel verse; the abundance of quibbles and word-play; "the prologue-like" speech of Ægeon in the opening scene; lines suggestive of other early plays (*e. g.* Act II. ii. 200, reminds us of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*; *cp.* Act IV. i. 93, and *Love's Labour's Lost,* II. i. 219, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* I. i. 72).

Sources of the Plot. The main plot of *The Comedy of Errors* is directly or indirectly derived from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus,—"a farce of mistaken identity," which very early in the history of the modern drama became a favourite theme with dramatists: pre-Shakespearian paraphrases and adaptations exist in French, German, and Italian; the interlude of "*Jack Juggler*" (1563) is probably its earliest representative in English literature. The oldest extant English translation appeared in the year 1595, with the following title:—*Menæcmi, a pleasant and fine conceited Comædie, taken out of the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus. Chosen purposely from out the rest as least harmefull, and yet most delightfull. Written in Eng-*

* *Cp. An attempt to determine Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays;* H. P. Stokes, pp. 16-20.

lish, by W. W. (i.e. "*William Warner*"). . . . 1595. The translation is in prose; an argument in verse precedes:—

> "Two Twin-born sons, a Sicill merchant had,
> Menechmus one, and Soseles the other:
> The first his Father lost, a little lad,
> The Grandsire named the latter like his brother.
> This (grown a man) long travel took to seek
> His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
> Where th' other dwelt inriched, and him so like,
> That Citizens there take him for the same:
> Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
> *Much pleasant error*, ere they meet togither."

These lines may serve to indicate the leading points of difference between the simple Latin farce and the complex *Comedy of Errors.* (The translation is to be found in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, Part II. vol. i.).

It is impossible to determine whether Shakespeare owes anything to Warner's translation, which may have existed in manuscript long before the date of its entry on the books of the Stationers' Company (1594). It is perhaps noteworthy that Adriana in the *Comedy* and the wife of Menechus the Citizen in the English translation both use the same word with reference to their supposed ignoble treatment:—

Senex. What is the matter?
Mulier. He makes me a stale and a laughing-stock to all the world.

cp. Comedy of Errors, Act II. i. 100:—

Adriana. He breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

A few minor points of this description (*e.g.* the use of "error'" in the last line of the Argument) have led some scholars to the conclusion that Shakespeare had read Warner's version of the play. But may not the translator owe this small debt to the dramatist?

Act III. Scene i. seems to have been derived from the

Amphitruo of Platus; in the Latin comedy Mercury keeps the real Amphitruo out of his own house, while Jupiter, the sham Amphitruo, is within with Alcemna, the real Amphitruo's wife.

The introduction of the twin Dromios is Shakespeare's own device; and all the pathos of the play is his: there is nothing in the Latin original suggestive of Ægeon's touching story at the opening of the play,—in Platus, the father of the twins is already dead, and there is no reunion of husband, wife, and children.

The Unities. In spite, however, of this romanticising of Plautus, Shakespeare has maintained throughout the play the hallowed unities of time and place, "the necessary companions," according to Academic criticism, "of all corporal actions." From this point of view *The Comedy of Errors* may be regarded as the final triumph of the New Romantic Drama over its opponents; it carried the warfare into the enemy's camp, and scored the signal victory of harmonising Old and New,—the conventional canons of Latin Comedy and the pathos of Romanticism.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Ægeon, a merchant of Syracuse, is condemned to death, in default of ransom, by the Duke of Ephesus for bringing traffic into the Ephesian port. Being requested by the Duke to give the cause of his visit to a hostile city, the prisoner states that he is on a quest for missing members of his family. Some years before, twin sons had been born to him and his wife Æmilia. At "that very hour and in the selfsame inn" a poorer woman was also delivered of twin sons, which Ægeon had "bought and brought up to attend" his boys. Shortly afterward the party had suffered shipwreck on a voyage to their Syracusian home. All had been rescued, but the husband was parted from the wife; and the twin sons and attendants were separated from their respective counterparts. Ægeon, with his younger son and servant, had been conveyed to Syracuse, where for eighteen years they dwelt without tidings of the other three. Finally Antipholus, his son, now well grown, had set forth in search of them, while Ægeon renewed his own quest. During seven years father and son had heard nothing of each other nor of the rest. All this Ægeon tells the Duke in explanation of his wanderings. Touched by the narrative, the Duke gives him further respite of a day in which to seek ransom.

Unknown to his father, Antipholus of Syracuse and his servant Dromio are even then visiting in Ephesus. Furthermore it so chances that his brother, whom he has

not found and who is known as Antipholus of Ephesus, resides there in high favor with the Duke, and wedded to Adriana, a woman of rank. Dromio of Ephesus mistakes Antipholus of Syracuse for his master and delivers a message from Adriana to the effect that dinner is awaiting him.

II. The servant having fled home beaten for his pains, Adriana herself arrives and persuades the bewildered Antipholus of Syracuse to come to dinner with her; for she also is deceived as to his identity. Dromio of Syracuse is put on guard at the gate with instructions to deny admittance to visitors during the repast.

III. The real husband presently arrives at his door and is greatly astonished and incensed to find it barred against him; but is persuaded to retire to a public house and bide his time. Meanwhile the false husband stoutly maintains that there is a mistake, and makes fair speeches to Luciana, sister of Adriana, rather than to Adriana herself. The two Dromios are suffering most of all from the comedy of errors, being continually confused, sent on the wrong errands and getting beatings for their pains.

IV. The muddle of identities grows constantly more perplexing for both masters and servants. Tradesmen confuse the two Antipholuses. A gold chain made for the Ephesian is bestowed upon the Syracusian, and the Ephesian is arrested for refusing to pay the debt. The Syracusian and his servant believe themselves bewitched and prepare for speedy departure.

V. They are forced to take refuge in a priory from the misguided merchants and Adriana. The abbess protects them. At this juncture the Duke arrives in company with officers conducting Ægeon to his execution. Adriana demands from the Duke custody of her husband, whom she believes to be demented and now sequestered in the priory. Charge and counter-charge are made by conflicting witnesses until the joint appearance of both the Antipholuses and both the Dromios unravels the snarl. Antipholus of Ephesus is reconciled with his

wife. Antipholus of Syracuse renews his suit with her sister Luciana. The old Ægeon is pardoned, and to the pleasure of greeting both his sons is added the delight of finding in the person of the abbess his long-lost wife Æmilia; while the two Dromios in the joy of meeting forget their woes and blows.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

The Two Antipholuses.

Sedate, gentle, loving, the Antipholus of Syracuse is one of Shakspere's amiable creations. He beats his slave according to the custom of slave-beating; but he laughs with him and is kind to him almost at the same moment. He is an enthusiast, for he falls in love with Luciana in the midst of his perplexities, and his lips utter some of the most exquisite poetry:—

> "O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
> To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
> Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
> Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs."

But he is accustomed to habits of self-command, and he resolves to tear himself away even from the syren:—

> "But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
> I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song."

As his perplexities increase, he ceases to be angry with his slave:—

> "The fellow is distract and so am I;
> And here we wander in illusions:
> Some blessed power deliver us from hence."

Unlike the Menæchmus Sosicles of Plautus, he refuses to dine with the courtesan. He is firm yet courageous when assaulted by the Merchant. When the errors are

clearing up, he modestly adverts to his love for Luciana; and we feel that he will be happy.

Antipholus of Ephesus is decidedly inferior to his brother, in the quality of his intellect and the tone of his morals. He is scarcely justified in calling his wife "shrewish." Her fault is a too sensitive affection for him. Her feelings are most beautifully described in that address to her supposed husband:—

> "Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
> Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
> Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
> Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
> If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
> Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss."

The classical image of the elm and the vine would have been sufficient to express the feelings of a fond and confiding woman; the exquisite addition of the

> "Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss,"

conveys the prevailing uneasiness of a loving and doubting wife. Antipholus of Ephesus has somewhat hard measure dealt to him throughout the progress of the errors; but he deserves it. His doors are shut against him, it is true; in his impatience he would force his way into his house, against the remonstrances of the good Balthazar:—

> "Your long experience of her wisdom,
> Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
> Plead on her part some cause to you unknown."

He departs, but not "in patience"; he is content to dine from home, but not at "the Tiger." His resolve—

> "That chain will I bestow
> (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
> Upon mine hostess"—

would not have been made by his brother, in a similar

situation. He has spited his wife; he has dined with the courtesan. But he is not satisfied:—

> "Go thou
> And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
> Among my wife and her confederates."

We pity him not when he is arrested, nor when he receives the "rope's end" instead of his "ducats." His furious passion with his wife, and the foul names he bestows on her, are quite in character; and when he has

> "Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,"

we cannot have a suspicion that the doctor was practising on the right patient. In a word, we cannot doubt that, although the Antipholus of Ephesus may be a brave soldier, who took "deep scars" to save his prince's life, and that he really has a right to consider himself much injured, he is strikingly opposed to the Antipholus of Syracuse; that he is neither sedate, nor gentle, nor truly loving; that he has no habits of self-command; that his temperament is sensual; and that, although the riddle of his perplexity is solved, he will still find causes of unhappiness, and entertain

> "a huge infectious troop
> Of pale distemperatures."

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

III.

The Two Dromios.

The characters of the two Dromios are not so distinctly marked in their points of difference, at the first aspect. They each have their "merry jests"; they each bear a beating with wonderful good temper; they each cling faithfully to their master's interests. But there is certainly a marked difference in the quality of their mirth.

The Dromio of Ephesus is precise and antithetical, striving to utter his jests with infinite gravity and discretion, and approaching a pun with a sly solemnity that is prodigiously diverting:—

> "The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
> The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
> My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
> She is so hot, because the meat is cold."

Again:—

> "I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
> Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
> But not a thousand marks between you both."

He is a formal humourist, and, we have no doubt, spoke with a drawling and monotonous accent, fit for his part in such a dialogue as this:—

Antipholus of E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?
Dromio of E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.
Antipholus of E. And did not she herself revile me there?
Dromio of E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.
Antipholus of E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?
Dromio of E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

On the contrary, the "merry jests" of Dromio of Syracuse all come from the outpouring of his gladsome heart. He is a creature of prodigious animal spirits, running over with fun and queer similitudes. He makes not the slightest attempt at arranging a joke, but utters what comes uppermost with irrepressible volubility. He is an untutored wit; and, we have no doubt, gave his tongue as active exercise by hurried pronunciation and variable emphasis as could alone make his long descriptions endurable by his sensitive master. Look at the dialogue in the second scene of Act II., where Antipholus, after having repressed his jests, is drawn into a tilting-match of words with him, in which the merry slave has clearly the victory. Look, again, at his description of the "kitchen-wench"—coarse, indeed, in parts, but altogether

irresistibly droll. The twin brother was quite incapable of such a flood of fun. Again, what a prodigality of wit is displayed in his description of the bailiff! His epithets are inexhaustible. Each of the Dromios is admirable in his way; but we think that he of Syracuse is as superior to the twin-slave of Ephesus as our old friend Launce is to Speed, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* These distinctions between the Antipholuses and Dromios have not, as far as we know, been before pointed out; but they certainly do exist, and appear to us to be defined by the great master of character with singular force as well as delicacy. Of course the characters of the twins could not be violently contrasted, for that would have destroyed the illusion. They must still

> "Go hand in hand, not one before another."

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

IV.

Adriana.

Adriana, like the wife of Menæchmus, brought a wealthy dowry to her husband, and with it the complementary temper of excessive requirements—

> "My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours."

At her first appearance she is fretful and peevish at his want of punctuality, and suspicious of the cause, which, in truth, as presently appears, was nothing more than a service and attention intended for herself—"to see the making of a carcanet," designed as a present for her. Her husband, on the other hand, enraged at being so inexplicably shut out of his own house, disregards the sober counsel of Balthazar, and is as little practised as his wife to assume a reason and wait for an explanation, and hastily revenges himself by making a bachelor's party at the house of the courtesan; and though the extrava-

gance is evidently as harmless as such an imprudence might be; for,—

> "I know a wench of excellent discourse,
> Pretty and witty, wild, and yet too, gentle,"

are not the words of a sensualist, and there is no trace whatever of want of affection on his part, and we give full belief to his protestation, he still puts himself by the imprudence, no less in the wrong than his wife by her fretfulness, and we are left at liberty to enjoy the fun that arises out of their troubles and disasters. Still Adriana, with all her shrewishness, is very affectionate—nay, very amiable, and she gives an earnest of her future improvement in considerateness, by abstaining from public outbreak against her husband's hostess. Her coolness in this respect requires perhaps more explanation than it receives, but that it is accepted by us as at once proof and admission that she had no serious ground for complaint, and was conscious how far she had herself to blame.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

The wife herself and her sister are studied with a care and minuteness which the action certainly did not require. In the change from Plautus' 'Mulier,' who rails at her husband with only too good reason, to Shakespeare's Adriana, who torments him with doubts at bed and board, and is ready to die in despair at the loss of his love because he refuses to come home to dinner, we see the change from pragmatical to psychological drama. from the comedy of intrigue to the comedy of character, of which otherwise there is not in this play very much.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

V.

Aegeon.

This drama of Shakespeare's is much more varied, rich, and interesting in its incidents than the *Menæchmi*

of Plautus; and while, in rigid adherence to the unities of action, time, and place, our Poet rivals the Roman play, he has contrived to insinuate the necessary previous information for the spectator, in a manner infinitely more pleasing and artful than that adopted by the Latin bard; for whilst Plautus has chosen to convey it through the medium of a prologue, Shakespeare has rendered it at once natural and pathetic by placing it in the mouth of Ægeon, the father of the twin-brothers.

In a play, of which the plot is so intricate, occupied in a great measure by mere personal mistakes and their whimsical results, no elaborate development of character can be expected; yet is the portrait of Ægeon touched with a discriminative hand, and the pressure of age and misfortune is so painted as to throw a solemn, dignified, and impressive tone of colouring over this part of the fable, contrasting well with the lighter scenes which immediately follow—a mode of relief which is again resorted to at the close of the drama, where the reunion of Ægeon and Æmilia, and the recognition of their children, produce an interest in the dénouement of a nature more affecting than the tone of the preceding scenes had taught us to expect.

DRAKE: *Shakespeare and his Times.*

The story of Ægeon . . . envelops the whole comic plot. It is probably Shakespeare's invention, and betrays the same instinct for accumulated effects and drastic contrasts. He had quadrupled the intricacies of the imbroglio by doubling the two lost Antipholuses with a second pair of twins; he quadruples the excitement of the final recovery by doubling them with a pair of lost parents, who at the same time recover their children and each other. And the foreboding of tragic harms which habitually overhangs for a while the early comedies, is here graver and more protracted than either in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* or *The Two Gentlemen.* Valentine's banishment and Hermia's destination to a nunnery

or death arouse no serious suspense; but Ægeon is a pathetic and moving figure, whose story—a masterpiece of Shakespeare's early narrative—strikes a note at the outset with which the subsequent action is in somewhat too marked dissonance for ripe art.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

VI.

Pinch.

Pinch the conjurer is also an excrescence not to be found in Plautus. He is indeed a very formidable anachronism:—

> "They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
> A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
> A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
> A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
> A living-dead man."

This is exactly like some of the Puritanical portraits to be met with in Hogarth.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Pinch (whom we cannot afford to part with for the sake of avoiding the anachronism pointed out by Hazlitt —who, by the way, was himself too good a judge of excellence seriously to give up the character on that score) affords a pleasant instance of Shakespeare's gay exaggeration in humour; the high spirits of an author taking shape in his writing, as it were. The description of the fellow is capital.

> "This pernicious slave,
> Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
> And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
> And with *no face*, as 't were, outfacing me,
> Cries out, I was possess'd."

That touch of the "no face" sets the man, with his attenuated vacant countenance and glaring eyes, palpably before us.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE: *Shakespeare Characters.*

VII.

Proofs of Early Origin.

. . . Another proof [that this is one of the dramatist's early plays] is the fresh, youthful atmosphere of joke and jest which pervades the whole, a naïve pleasure in what is jocose and laughable for its own sake, and which, not being yet burdened by the weight of years, moves more lightly and more on the surface of things, and without that power and depth of humour which distinguishes the poet's maturer works. The action is represented more from the side of its outward form and direct appearance, but, so to say, only in coloured outlines—light and shade are indicated only by gentle touches—the figures therefore do not stand out with sufficient fulness and clearness, there is still a want of sharpness in the characterisation, of clearness in the grouping, of distinctness in the coherency and in the harmonious connection of the several parts among one another. The frequent occurrence of scenes of quarrel and dispute, occasioned by the perpetual errors and mistakes, reminds one of the original and popular form which comedy assumed, and in which it first met with approbation. Even the striking psychological improbability that the one of the two Menæchmi—Antipholus of Syracuse—should go forth with the express purpose of seeking his lost brother, and that, in spite of all the obvious mistakes of his identity with another exactly like himself, it should never occur to him that he is in the very place where his twin-brother had been cast—might be cited as a proof of the early origin of the piece, were it not so gross, so self-

evident that it could not possibly have escaped the notice of young Shakspeare. This improbability is accordingly made a characteristic feature of the piece, and points to a definite intention on the part of the poet. Why, we have to ask, why did Shakspeare intentionally ignore this improbability? Why did he not give the journey of Antipholus to Ephesus some other motive? Perhaps because he did not consider it necessary in mere comedy—where all is intended for pure fun and laughter—to take any heed of things which would only strike and offend mere reflecting reason, and not at all affect the poetical conception; perhaps, however, for another and deeper reason.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VIII.

A Legitimate Farce.

The myriad-minded man, our, and all men's, Shakespeare, has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable, it is enough that it be possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost indistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, *casus ludentis naturæ*, and the *verum* will not excuse the *inverisimile*. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate, which must be granted.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

In this play Shakspere gayly confronts improbabilities, and requires the spectator to accept them. He adds to the twins Antipholus the twins Dromio. If we are in for improbability, let us at least be repaid for it by fun, and have that in abundance. Let the incredible become a twofold incredibility, and it is none the worse. We may conclude that, while Shakspere was ready to try his hand upon a farcical subject, a single experiment satisfied him that this was not his province, for to such subjects he never returned.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

Until I saw it on the stage, (not mangled into an opera,) I had not imagined the extent of the mistakes, the drollery of them, their unabated continuance, till, at the end of the fourth act, they reached their climax with the assistance of Dr. Pinch, when the audience in their laughter rolled about like waves. . . . To the strange contrast of grave astonishment among the actors, with their laughable situations in the eyes of the spectators, who are let into the secret, is to be ascribed the irresistible effect.

BROWN: *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems.*

The *Comedy of Errors* not only surpasses the *Menæchmi* in the greater complexity of its plot, its greater variety of incident, but also in its more generous treatment of human nature. Not that elaborately wrought-out characters are to be sought in it; for this, it must be remembered, is Shakespeare's most absolutely comic, and almost farcical play, and in this particular class of work he never handled the incisive tool of an engraver, like Molière—his pencil runs galloping over the canvas with a light fantastic touch; and this play is, moreover, one of his most youthful performances.

STAPFER: *Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity.*

The Comedy of Errors.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SOLINUS, *duke of Ephesus.*
ÆGEON, *a merchant of Syracuse.*
ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus,* } *twin brothers and sons to*
ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse,* } *Ægeon and Æmilia.*
DROMIO *of Ephesus,* } *twin brothers and attendants*
DROMIO *of Syracuse,* } *on the two Antipholuses.*
BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*
ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*
First Merchant, *friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*
Second Merchant, *to whom Angelo is a debtor.*
PINCH, *a schoolmaster.*

ÆMILIA, *wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*
ADRIANA, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*
LUCIANA, *her sister.*
LUCE, *servant to Adriana.*
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

The Comedy of Errors.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

A hall in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Ægeon, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks. 10
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies, 20

His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home, 30
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I 'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased 40
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long but she became 50
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other

As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return: 60
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embraced, 70
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none:
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast, 80
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,

Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us; 90
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us! 100
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind; 110
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,

Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd, 120
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother: and importuned me
That his attendant—so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him: 130
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live. 140

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd

But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can. 150
Therefore, merchant, I 'll limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The Mart.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracuse, and First Merchant.

First Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee. 10
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I 'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;

For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy, 20
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I 'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself, 30
And wander up and down to view the city.

First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit.*

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself. 40

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast; 50
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust 60
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee? 70

Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me!

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner:

My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed: 80
Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner. 90

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not, sir, I 'll take my heels. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body, 100
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I 'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he 's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They 'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more? 10
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There 's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There 's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:
Men more divine, the masters of all these, 20
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, I 'll practice to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where? 30
Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.
Adr. Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft, 40
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.
Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?
Dro. E. Nay, he 's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.
Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?
Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel 50 his meaning?
Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.
When I desired him to come home to dinner, 60
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
''Tis dinner-time,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd'; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master: 70
'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head. 80

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it: 90
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That 's not my fault; he 's master of my state:
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale, 100
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence!

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still, 110
That others touch, and often touching will
Wear gold: and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I 'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
By computation and mine host's report.
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner? 10
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?
Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?
Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.
Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.
Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.
Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein: 20
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.
Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport, 30
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten? 40

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you. 50

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I 'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what 's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it. 60

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there 's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself. 70

Ant. S. Let 's hear it.

Dro. S. There 's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, 80 he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there 's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason? 90

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is 100
no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But, soft! who wafts us yonder? 110

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thyself? 121
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear selfs better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too. 130
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it. 140
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk; 150
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife. 160

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names?
Unless it be by inspiration.

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave, 170
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion 180
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I 'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O spite of spites! 190
We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They 'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why pratest thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass. 200

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.

Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master, 210
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I 'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate. 219
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here 's a villain that would face me down;
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house. 9
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?
Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You're sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God, our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome here. 20

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common: that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft! my door is lock'd.—Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch! 32
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Right, sir; I 'll tell you when, an you 'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined to-day. 40

Dro. S. [*Within*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keepest me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. [*Within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name!
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within*] What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate!

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*Within*] 'Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh! 50
Have at you with a proverb;—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. [*Within*] Have at you with another; that 's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. [*Within*] If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you 'll let us in, I hope?
Luce. [*Within*] I thought to have ask'd you.
Dro. S. [*Within*] And you said no.
Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.
Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.
Luce. [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake?
Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.
Luce. [*Within*] Let him knock till it ache.
Ant. E. You 'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
Luce. [*Within*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town? 60
Adr. [*Within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?
Dro. S. [*Within*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.
Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.
Adr. [*Within*] Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.
Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this 'knave' would go sore.
Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.
Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.
Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.
Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.
Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin. 70
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I 'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Break any breaking here, and I 'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*Within*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here 's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I 'll break in: go borrow me a crow. 80

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there 's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we 'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir: O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, 90
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be ruled by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;

And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it, 100
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle: 110
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner. [*To Ang.*] Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there 's the house: that chain will I bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me, 120
I 'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll disdain me.

Ang. I 'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness;
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator; 10
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word. 20
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,— 30
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthly-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your power I 'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know 41
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I 'll take them, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think 50
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.
Luc. That 's my sister.
Ant. S. No; 60
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I 'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.* 70

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?
Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?
Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.
Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.
Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a 80
woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast:

not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say Sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage. 90

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she 'll burn a week longer than the whole world. 100

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That 's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What 's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that 's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip. 110

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland? 120

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it. 130

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. 'Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands? 140

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,

She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and
made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road: 150
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There 's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence. 160
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus,—

Ant. S. Ay, that 's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine: 170
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;

And soon at supper-time I 'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more. 180
Ang. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there 's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I 'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A public place.

Enter Second Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I 'll attach you by this officer.
Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock 10
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus from the courtezan's.

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.
Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me. 20
Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope.
[*Exit.*
Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.
Ang. Saving your merry humour, here 's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more 30
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.
Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.
Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself? 40
Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?
Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it, 50
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
Sec. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.
Ang. You hear how he importunes me;—the chain!
Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.
Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whether you 'll answer me or no: 60
If not I 'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?
Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.
Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.
Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me. 70
Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.
Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail. 80
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind 90
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.
Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure, 100
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That 's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone!
On, officer, to prison till it come.
[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*
Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband: 110
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation madest thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet foresworn he were. 10
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move,
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere; 20
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast. 30
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he 's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse; a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the Judgement, carries poor souls to hell. 40

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?
Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.
Adr. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.
Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But he 's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?
Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit Luciana.*] This I wonder at,
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?
Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing; 50
A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?
Adr. What, the chain?
Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.
Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.
Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear.
Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!
Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he 's worth to season.
Nay, he 's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day? 60
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter Luciana with a purse.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there 's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.

Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit,—
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There 's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles, 10
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here 's the gold you sent me for.
What, have you got the picture of old Adam
new-apparelled?
Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?
Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but
that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in
the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal;
he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel,
and bid you forsake your liberty. 20
Ant. S. I understand thee not.
Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went,
like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man,

sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, 'God give you good rest!' 30

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you. 40

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus,
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, 'God damn me'; that's as much to say, 'God make 50

me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We 'll mend our dinner here?

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or 60
bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,
And I 'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 70

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock: mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.* 80

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits, 90
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

A street.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and the Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I 'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?
Dro. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all. 10
Ant. E. But where 's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I 'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity. 20

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour 30 of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he 40 hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and Pinch.

Dro. E. Mistress, 'respice finem,' respect your end;
or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, 'beware
the rope's-end.'

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer; 50
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.
[*Striking him.*

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven! 60

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame! 70

Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?
Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.
Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?
Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.
Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?
Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorned you.
Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness, 80
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.
Adr. Is 't good to soothe him in these contraries?
Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.
Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, master, not a rag of money.
Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats? 90
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.
Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.
Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth. 100
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,

And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I 'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company! The fiend is strong within him. 110
Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.
[*They offer to bind Dro. E.*
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go, 120
The debt he owes will be required of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!
Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!
Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, 130
good master: cry, The devil!
Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

[*Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer and Courtezan.*

Say now; whose suit is he arrested at?
Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?
Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day 140
Came to my house, and took away my ring,—
The ring I saw upon his finger now,—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adr. And come with naked swords.
Let 's call more help to have them bound again.
Off. Away! they 'll kill us. 150

[*Exeunt all but Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.
Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that

The Two Dromios.

claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart
to stay here still, and turn witch. 160

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

A street before a Priory.

Enter Second Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Sec. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Sec. Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck, 10
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I 'll speak to him;
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oath so to deny
This chain which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;

Who, but for staying on our controversy, 20
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?
Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.
Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?
Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.
Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I 'll prove mine honour and mine honesty 30
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.
Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!
This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast, 40
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,

And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye 50
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too. 60

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. 70
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;

And what 's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair 80
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, and sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof. 90
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither: he took his place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself; 100
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness 110
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit.*
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity,
Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.
Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I 'm sure, the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale, 120
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cause?
Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, attended; Ægeon bareheaded; with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly, 130
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.
Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the abbess!
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, Antipholus my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,— 140
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself, 150
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly went on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband served me in my wars; 161
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor, 170
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while,
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.
Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.
Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true; 180
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you.
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!
Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!
Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he 's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee, 191
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury: 200
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he and my sister
To-day did dine together. So befal my soul
As this is false he burthens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night, 210
But she tells to your Highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjured woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then; 220
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.

There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer. 230
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch, 240
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately 250
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him, 260
After you first forswore it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls;
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup. 270
If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither.
I think you are all mated, or stark mad. 281

[*Exit one to the Abbess.*

Æge. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound. 290

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Æge. O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice? 300

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares? 310
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy, 320
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.
Ant. E. The Duke and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. 330
[*All gather to see them.*
Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?
Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.
Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.
Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?
Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty. 340
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son

That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up; 350
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children, 360
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?
Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband? 370
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.
Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. [*To Luciana*] What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me. 380

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man:
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;
And thereupon these ERRORS are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life. 390

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail 400
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour
My heavy burthen ne'er delivered.
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I 'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant. E., Dro. S., and Dro. E.*

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?
Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?
Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.
Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we 'll look to that anon: 412
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E.*
Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.
Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder. 420
Dro. E. That 's a question: how shall we try it?
Dro. S. We 'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let 's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Advised, well informed of, deliberate concerning; V. i. 214.
Albeit, although; V. i. 217.
Amain, with might and main; I. i. 93.
Anatomy, skeleton; V. i. 238.
Angels; an angel was an English coin, worth about ten shillings; IV. iii. 39.

From a specimen of the time of Elizabeth.

Apparently, obviously; IV. i. 78.
Armadoes, armadas; III. ii. 138.
A-row, in a row, one after another, V. i. 170.
Assured, affianced; III. ii. 143.
Attach, arrest; IV. i. 6.
Attaint, disgrace; III. ii. 16.
Austerley, seriously; IV. ii. 2.

Back-friend, an adversary; perhaps applied quibblingly to the sergeant, "because he comes from behind to arrest one"; IV. ii. 37.
Ballast, ballasted, loaded; III. ii. 139.
Band, bond (used equivocally); IV. ii. 49.
Beads, rosary; II. ii. 189.
Bear, carry off; V. i. 8.
Become, render becoming; III. ii. 11.
Belike, 'tis likely; IV. i. 25.
Bestow, employ, make use of; IV. i. 16.
Bestowed, stowed, deposited; I. ii. 78.
Bestrid; "b. thee," *i.e.* "defended thee when fallen"; V. i. 192.
Board, table; III. ii. 18.
Bought and sold, deluded and overreached by foul practices; III. i. 72.

By; "send me by some token"; a not uncommon Elizabethan idiom, meaning "give me some token whereby I may show that you have sent me"; IV. i. 56.

Caracks, galleons, large ships of burden; III. ii. 138.

From an engraving in Halliwell's Folio Edition.

Caract, carat; IV. i. 28.

Carcanet, necklace; III. i. 4.

Careful, full of care; V. i. 298.

Carriage, bearing: III. ii. 14.

Carved, made amorous gestures; II. ii. 119.

Case; "an action upon the *case* is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law"; IV. ii. 42.

Cates, dainties; III. i. 28.

Charged, gave in charge; III. i. 8.

Chargeful, expensive; IV. i. 29.

Children (trisyllabic); V. i. 360.

Choleric; the choleric man was advised "to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mustard, and such like things as might aggravate his malignant humours"; II. ii. 62.

Circumstance, detail; V. i. 16.

Claim; "my heaven's claim," *i.e.* "all that I claim from heaven hereafter"; III. ii. 64.

From a Sixteenth Century Venetian specimen.

Clean, entirely; I. i. 134.
Coil, ado; III. i. 48.
Coldly, coolly; V. i. 272.
Common; "make a c. of," *i.e.* "use as a playground"; II. ii. 29.
Compact of, wholly composed of; III. ii. 22.
Companion (used contemptuously), fellow; IV. iv. 64.
Conceit, conception; III. ii. 34. apprehension; IV. ii. 65.
Confiscate, confiscated; I. i. 21.
Confounds, destroys; I. ii. 38.
Confusion, ruin; II. ii. 181.
Consort, to keep company with; I. ii. 28.
Countermands, stops one going through; IV. ii. 37.
Cozenage, cheating; I. ii. 97.
Credit, credulity; III. ii. 22.
Curtal, having a docked tail; III. ii. 148 (*cp.* "turn i' the wheel").
Customers (used contemptuously), visitors, guests; IV. iv. 63.
Cuts; papers cut of unequal lengths, of which the longest was usually the prize; hence, "to draw cuts = to draw lots"; V. i. 422.

Dankish, dampish; V. i. 247.
Deadly, deathly; IV. iv. 96.
Death; "the death," *i.e.* "death by judicial sentence"; I. i. 147.
Debted, indebted; IV. i. 31.
Deciphers, distinguishes; V. i. 334.
Decline, incline; III. ii. 44.
Declining, inclining; III. ii. 136.
Defeatures, disfigurements; II. i. 98; V. i. 299.
Deformed, deforming; V. i. 298.
Demean, conduct; IV. iii. 82.
Denied (followed by a tautological negative); IV. ii. 7.
Despite of; "in d. of mirth," *i.e.* "though I feel despiteful towards mirth"; III. i. 108.
Detain, withhold; II. i. 107
Dilate, narrate; I. i. 123.
Disannul, annul; I. i. 145.
Discharged, paid; IV. i. 32.
Dispense with, put up with; II. i. 103.
Dispose, disposal; I. i. 21.
Disposed, disposed of; I. ii. 73.
Distain'd, sullied, disgraced; II. ii. 147.
Distemperatures, distempers; V. i. 82.
Distract, distracted; IV. iii. 41.
Diviner, sorceress; III. ii. 142.
Dowsabel, a poetic name, used occasionally in Elizabethan writers generically for a beautiful lass (*douce et belle*); ironically applied by Dromio of Syracuse to the wench whose real name is Nell; IV. i. 110.
Draws dry-foot, traces the scent of the game; "perhaps so called because, according to sportsmen, in water the scent is lost"; IV. ii. 39.
Dry, hard, severe; II. ii. 63.
Durance; v. "everlasting garment"; IV. iii. 26.

Earnest; used quibblingly with reference to the sense of "earnest-money"; II. ii. 24.
Ecstasy, frenzy, madness; IV. iv. 54.
Everlasting garment, alluding to "the buff jerkin" of the sergeant,—"a suit of durance" as it was called; IV. ii. 33.
Excrement, outgrowth (applied to hair); II. ii. 79.
Exempt, separated; II. ii. 172.

Fair, fairness, beauty; II. i. 98.
Faith; "breast . . . of faith" ("flint has been adopted by some editors, but there is not sufficient reason for the change; by faith men resisted a witch's power); III. ii. 148.
Fall, let fall; II. ii. 127.
Falsing, (?) apt to be falsified; II. ii. 95.
Fine and recovery; a legal term, said to be "the strongest assurance known to English law"; II. ii. 74.
Finger; "to put the f. in the eye," *i.e.* "to weep in a childish way"; II. ii. 205.
Fly pride; "a proverbial phrase, by which Dromio rebukes the woman, whom he thinks a cheat, for accusing his master of cheating"; IV. iii. 80.
Folded, concealed; III. ii. 36.
Fond, doting; II. i. 116.
Fondly, foolishly; IV. ii. 57.
Fool-begg'd, foolishly begged or demanded: II. i. 41.
Formal, ordinary, rational; V. i. 105.
Forswore; "forswore to have," *i.e.* "swore that he did not have"; V. i. 11.
Forth; "to find f.," *i.e.* "to find out"; I. ii. 37; away from home; II. ii. 211.
For why, because; III. ii. 104.
Fraughtage, freight; IV. i. 87.

Genius, attending spirit; V. i. 332.
Get within, close with, grapple with; V. i. 34.
Gillian = Juliana; III. i. 31.
Ginn = Jenny; III. i. 31.
Good now = good fellow now (others explain the phrase as equivalent to "well now"); IV. iv. 22.
Gossip, make merry; V. i. 407.
Gossiping, merry-making (with a probable reference to original sense, a sponsors' feast); V. i. 419.
Gossips, sponsors; V. i. 405.
Grain; "in grain," *i.e.* "ingrained, deeply dyed"; III. ii. 107.
Grained, furrowed (like the grain of wood); V. i. 311.
Growing, accruing; IV. i. 8.
Guilders; Dutch coins of the value of about two shillings; used in a general sense for "money"; I. i. 8.

Harlots, lewd fellows; V. i. 205.

Hatch, half-door, wicket; III. i. 33.
Healthful, full of safety; I. i. 115.
Heart's meteors; "alluding to those meteors in the sky (the aurora borealis) which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock"; IV. ii. 6.
Heir (with a play upon hair, *cf.* Preface); III. ii. 125.
Hell, used quibblingly; the cant term for an obscure dungeon; IV. ii. 40.
Helpless, unavailing; II. i. 39.
His, its; II. i. 110.
Hit of, hit on, guess; III. ii. 30.
Holp, helped; IV. i. 22.
Horn-mad; "mad like a wicked bull; generally used with a reference to cuckoldry"; II. i. 58.
Host; "lay at h. in," *i.e.* "were put up at"; V. i. 410.
Host, lodge; I. ii. 9.
Hoy, a small vessel, a kind of sloop; IV. iii. 39.

Impeach, impeachment; V. i. 269.
Important, importunate; V. i. 138.
Instance, indication; I. i. 65.
Intestine, internal; I. i. 11.

Jest upon, trifle with; II. ii. 28.
Judgement; "before the J.," there is perhaps a quibbling allusion in the phrase to what is called *mesne-process*; IV. ii. 40.

Kitchen'd, entertained in the kitchen; V. i. 415.

Lapland; Shakespeare's sole reference to Lapland sorcerers (*cp.* Milton's "Lapland witches"); IV. iii. 11.
Lash'd, scourged (with perhaps a reference to "lashed" in the sense of "fastened, bound"); II. i. 15.
Lets, hinders; II. i. 105.
Liberties, libertinisms, "l. of sin," *i.e.* "licensed offenders"; I. ii. 102.
Light, wanton (used equivocally); IV. iii. 51.
Limbo; a cant term for "prison," properly, "hell," or "the borders of hell"); IV. ii. 32.
Love-springs, shoots of love; III. ii. 3.

Mace, a sergeant's club; IV. iii. 28.
Made, barred; III. i. 93.
Making, outward form; IV. ii. 22.
Malt-horse; a dull, heavy horse, like a brewer's, used contemptuously; III. i. 32.
Mated; used quibblingly in the sense of "confounded," and "given as a mate"; III. ii. 54.
Mermaid, siren; III. ii. 45.
Mickle, much; III. i. 45.
Minion, favourite (used contemptuously), darling; IV. iv. 63; *pl.* II. i. 87.
Mome, buffoon; III. i. 32.

Mood, anger; II. ii. 171.
Morris-pike, a Moorish pike; IV. iii. 28.
Mortal, deadly; I. i. 11.
Motions, proposals; I. i. 60.
Mountebanks; "prating m."; I. ii. 101; *cp.* the following woodcut:—

From an early black-letter ballad in the collection of the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, Esq.

Moves, appeals to; II. ii. 182.

Nature, natural affection; I. i. 35.
New-apparelled (*vide* Notes); IV. iii. 14.
Nicks; "n. him like a fool," alluding to the old custom of shaving, nicking, or notching the head of a professional buffoon; V. i. 175.

O'er-raught, overcalled, cheated; I. ii. 96.

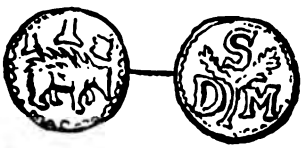
Of, out of, from; I. i. 131; "wreck of sea" (so first Folio, the rest "at sea") = off, out at sea; V. i. 49.
On; "on night," *i.e.* "a night"; V. i. 210.
Once this; "so much is certain"; III. i. 89.

Duke of Suffolk's fool (*temp.* Henry VIII). From Brydges's *Memoirs of the Peers of England.*

Order, measures; V. i. 146.

Other; "no other cause," *i.e.* "no cause to be otherwise"; II. i. 33.
Owe, own; III. i. 42.

Pack'd, leagued; V. i. 219.
Parcel, part; V. i. 106.
Part, depart; III. i. 67.
Partial; "I am not p. to infringe," *i.e.* "I am not so inclined in your behalf as to infringe"; I. i. 4.
Passage, the going to and fro of people; III. i. 99.
Patch, fool, jester; III. i. 32.
Peasant, servant; V. i. 231.
Peevish, foolish; IV. i. 93.
Penitent, doing penance; I. ii. 52.
Perdie, par dieu! IV. iv. 74.
Perforce, by force; IV. iii. 94.
Peruse, survey; I. ii. 13.
Plainings, wailings; I. i. 73.
Please, pay; IV. iv. 52.
Porpentine, Porcupine (the only form of the word used by Shakespeare); III. i. 116.



From a leaden token in the collection of the late C. Roach Smith, Esq.

Post, post-haste; I. ii. 63.
Post; used quibblingly; an allusion to keeping the score by chalk or notches on a post; I. ii. 64.

Presently, immediately; III. ii. 150.

Quit, remit; I. i. 23.

Rag, shred, particle; IV. iv. 89.
Rest; "sets up his rest"; Dromio plays on "rest," "arrest," and a metaphor, "setting up his rest," taken from gaming, and meaning "staking his all" upon an event; IV. iii. 27.
Reverted, turned back; III. ii. 124.
Road, harbour; III. ii. 150.
Round; used quibblingly in the sense of (1) "spherical," and (2) "plain-spoken"; II. i. 82.
Runs counter; follows the scent backward instead of forward; with a play perhaps upon "Counter," the name of two London prisons; IV. ii. 39.

Sconce, a helmet (originally a small fort, bulwark), applied also to the head itself; I. ii. 79; II. ii. 34; II. ii. 37.
Scorch, excoriate; V. i. 183.
Season, opportunity; "to s." = "at the opportune time"; IV. ii. 58.
Semblance, (trisyllabic); V. i. 358.
Sensible (used equivocally in ordinary sense and in sense of "sensitive") IV. iv. 28.
Sere, dry, withered; IV. ii. 19.
Shapeless, unshapely; IV. ii. 20.

Shrive, call to confession; II. ii. 209.
Sinking-ripe, ripe for sinking, ready to sink; I. i. 78.
Sir-reverence; a corruption of "save-reverence" (contracted into "sa'-reverence") a translation of Lat. *salvâ reverentiâ; save-reverence* or *save your reverence* was considered "a sufficient apology for anything indecorous"; III. ii. 91.
Sob (first Folio reads "fob," *i.e.* sob, probably an error for "fob," which was used by Elizabethan writers in the sense of a slight blow); IV. iii. 25.
Soon, nearly; "s. at five o'clock," *i.e.* "about five o'clock"; I. ii. 26.
Soothe, humour; IV. iv. 82.
Sorry, pitiable, sad; V. i. 121.
Sot, dolt; II. ii. 195.
Sour (dissyllabic; "sower" in the Folios); V. i. 45.
Spite, vexation; IV. ii. 8.
Spoon-meat (used equivocally, to introduce allusion to the proverb, "he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil"); IV. iii. 60.
Stale; "second woman," the one to fall back on if another is not to be had; II. i. 101.
Stands upon, concerns; IV. i. 68.
Stigmatical, marked or stigmatized with deformity; IV. ii. 22.
Stomach, appetite; I. ii. 49.
Stray'd caused to stray; V. i. 51.
Strong; "s. escape," *i.e.* "escape effected by *strength,* or violence"; V. i. 148.
Strumpeted, made a strumpet of; II. ii. 145.
Stuff, baggage; IV. iv. 153.
Supposed, conjectured; III. i. 101.
Suspect, suspicion; III. i. 87.
Sympathized, mutually suffered; V. i. 397.

Take; "t. a house," *i.e.* "take sanctuary in a house"; V. i. 36.
Tartar, Tartarian; it is noteworthy that Tartarian was a cant term for "thief"; IV. ii. 32.
Tilting, v. *Heart's Meteors.*
Timely, speedy; I. i. 139.
Tiring, attiring; II. ii. 98.
To, of; III. ii. 168.
Took on him as, pretended to be; V. i. 242.
Train, entice; III. ii. 45.
Turn i' the wheel; "there is comprehended, under the curs of the coarsest kind, a certain dog in kitchen service excellent; for when any meat is to be roasted, they go into a wheel, which they turning round about with the weight of their bodies, so diligently look to their business, that no drudge nor scullion can do the feat more cunningly." (Topsell, *History of Four-footed beasts,* 1607); III. ii. 149.

From a representation taken by Wigstead from an inn in Wales, at the close of the last century.

Understand (used quibblingly with a play upon "understand" = "stand under"); II. ii. 49.

Ungalled, unblemished; III. i. 102.

Unhappy, mischievous; IV. iv. 127.

Untuned, discordant; V. i. 310.

Vain, light of tongue; III. ii. 27.

Villain (used good-humouredly); I. ii. 19.

Vulgar, public; III. i. 100.

Waftage, passage; IV. i. 95.

Wafts, beckons; II. ii. 110.

Week; perhaps with a play upon "wick" (pronounced like "week"); III. ii. 100.

Well-advised, acting with due deliberation, in right mind; II. ii. 214.

When? Can you tell? "a proverbial inquiry indicating the improbability that the person addressed will get what he asks"; III. i. 52.

When as, whenas, *i.e.* when; IV. iv. 140.

Whether (monosyllabic, printed "whe'r" in the Folios); IV. i. 60.

Wink, to shut the eyes; III. ii. 58.

Wont, is wont (to bear); IV. iv. 40.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 55. '*meaner*,' S. Walker's conjecture; Folio 1 '*meane*.' Folio 2 '*poor meane*.'

I. i. 79. '*the latter-born*'; line 125 below seems to imply that this should be 'elder-born,' a change adopted by Rowe; but probably 'the children became exchanged in the confusion during the breaking-up of the ship.'

I. ii. 41. '*the almanac of my true date*,' because both were born in the same hour.

I. ii. 64. '*I shall be post indeed*'; a post stood in the middle of the shop, on which the scores of the customers were *scored*, or marked with chalk or notches.

I. ii. 66. '*clock*'; Pope's emendation for '*cook*,' the reading of the Folios.

II. i. 109-113. These lines read as follows in the Folio:—

> '*I see the Iewell best enameled*
> *Will loose his lustre; yet the gold bides still*
> *That others touch, and often touching will,*
> *Where gold and no man that hath a name*,' etc.

The change of *where* to *wear* in the last line has been generally accepted, as also *and though* for *yet* in the second line; *yet* for *and* in the third; *and so a man* for *and no man* in the fourth; Warburton paraphrases this passage thus emended:—"Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* (*i.e.* assaying) will wear even gold: just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may in time be injured by the repeated attacks of falsehood and corruption." The Cambridge editors wisely abstain from these wholesale emendations, though so far no satisfactory explanation has been given of the lines. May not the meaning of the passage depend on some such interpretation as this:—The wife (the jewel) soon loses her beauty and ceases to attract, but man (the gold) still stands the test, assayed by other women, and although gold wears out if assayed

too often, yet a man of good reputation is not shamed by his falsehood and corruption. 'Wherefore,' says Adriana, 'since I (the jewel) cannot please his eye, I'll weep what's left away,' etc.

II. ii. 89. '*jollity*'; Staunton suggested that the reading is an error for '*policy*,' and the reading has been adopted by some modern editors.

II. ii. 119. As the line stands, it reads as an Alexandrine. Walker suggested *carv'd thee* for *carved to thee*; others propose the omission of *to thee*; neither change seems desirable.

II. ii. 147. '*I live distain'd, thou undishonoured*'; so read the Folios; *distain'd* has been changed to *unstain'd* in most modern editions; Heath proposed '*I live distained, thou dishonoured.*' The line as it stands in the text seems to mean, 'I live distained (*i.e.* stained), if untrue to my marriage vows; you, however, live undishonoured, however false you may be.'

II. ii. 186. '*this are sure uncertainty*'; *i.e.* 'This to her surely a thing uncertain.'

II. ii. 191. The second folio reads '*and Elves Sprites*,' which Rowe altered to *Elvish sprites*, a reading adopted by most editors. Theobald proposed to change *owls* to *ouphes*.

II. ii. 195. '*thou drone*,' Theobald's emendation; Folio 1 '*thou Dromio.*'

II. ii. 200. ''*tis to an ass*'; the words remind one of Bottom's transformation in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

III. i. 53. '*If thy name be called Luce*'; '*Luce*' = 'pike'; there is perhaps a play upon 'pike' in the sense of 'spear,' *cp.* '*Shall I set in my staff?*' line 51.

III. i. 54. Probably a line has been lost rhyming with this; the rhyming word was perhaps *rope*.

III. ii. 66. '*I am thee*'; this reading of the Folio may surely, without risk, be emended:—'*I aim thee*,' *i.e.* '*I aim at thee*'; the transitive use of *aim* is found in Elizabethan writers.

III. ii. 124. '*armed and reverted, making war against her heir*'; Folio 2 substituted *hair* for *heir*, but the play upon words is the whole point of the passage, an allusion being intended to the War of the League against Henry of Navarre, the heir of Henry III. of France, whose cause was supported by Elizabeth; in 1591 she sent a body of 4,000 men under Essex to help him. "Mistress Nell's brazen forehead seemed to push back her rough and rebellious hair, as France resisted the claim of the Protestant heir to the throne" (Clarke).

English enthusiasm for Henry of Navarre found expression, too, in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* (*cp.* Preface).

As regards the peculiar use of *reverted, i.e.* 'turned back,' Schmidt suggests that there may be a play upon the sense of 'fallen to another proprietor.'

IV. i. 21. '*I buy a thousand pound a year*'; some point in these words, familiar to Shakespeare's audience, is lost to us, and no satisfactory explanation has as yet been given, though Halliwell's comparison of the line with 3 *Henry VI.*, II. ii. 144, is noteworthy:—

> "*A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,*
> *To make this shameless callet know herself.*"

IV. ii. 35. '*A fiend, a fury*'; the Folios read '*fairy,*' corrected by Theobald, who has been followed by most editors, including the Cambridge editors; a strong case can, however, be made for the original reading (*e.g. cp. Hamlet,* I. i. 161-163).

IV. ii. 61. '*If Time be in debt*'; the Folios read '*If I,*' where *I* is probably an error for *'a* (*i.e. he*) or *he*; the reading in the text is Rowe's emendation.

IV. iii. 13. '*What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?*' '*The picture of old Adam*' = the sergeant, who was clad '*in buff*'; in Elizabethan slang this latter phrase was used in the sense of 'bare skin,' *i.e.* 'naked'; hence the quibble. *New-apparelled* offers some difficulty, and depends on the general construction of the whole line. It has been ingeniously suggested that the idea is 'got him a new *suit,*' *i.e.* 'got rid of him.' On the other hand, there is a possibility that the phrase '*what have you got?*' is a vulgarism for '*What have you done with?*' Theobald proposed to read '*What, have you got rid of the picture,*' etc. In the latter cases *new-apparelled* must be regarded as merely a descriptive epithet, the whole phrase '*the picture of old Adam new-apparelled*' being an elaborate circumlocution for 'sergeant.'

IV. iii. 58. '*We'll mend our dinner,*' *i.e.* 'we'll buy something more for our dinner.'

IV. iv. 45. '*the prophecy like the parrot, beware the rope's end*'; the Cambridge editors most ingeniously conjecture that we should read:—

> "*or, rather, 'prospice funem,' beware the rope's-end.*
> *Antipholus of E. Wilt thou still talk like the parrot?*"

Dyce proposed, '*or, rather, to prophecy like,*' etc.

Parrots were taught uncomplimentary remarks in Elizabethan times as they are at present; there are many allusions to the very phrase in the text: Ralpho, in Butler's *Hudibras,*

> "*Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,*
> *That speak, but think contrary clean;*
> *What member 'tis of whom they talk,*
> *When they cry* rope, *and* walk, knave, walk."

V. i. 46. '*And much different,*' etc., the second Folio, for the sake of the metre, reads *much, much*; a reading which does not commend itself; *too much* has been conjectured. The line as it stands is certainly doubtful; *different* does not occur in Shakespeare.

V. i. 66. '*glanced it*'; Pope's conjectural *at it* is unnecessary, though *glance* in the sense *to hint,* used transitively, does not otherwise occur; Folio 1 does not elide the *ed* of *glanced.*

V. i. 79. '*But moody and dull melancholy*'; something is obviously amiss with the line; *moody moping* has been suggested. *Kinsman* in the next line is used in its general sense of *akin,* which some editors have unnecessarily substituted; it has even been changed to *kins-woman.*

V. i. 170. '*Beaten the maids,*' etc., *i.e. have beaten*; but the previous verb has *are*—a confusion of constructions which causes little difficulty, and fairly common in Elizabethan English.

V. i. 310. '*my feeble key of untuned cares?*' *i.e.* 'the feeble tone of my voice, which gives utterance to nothing but unharmonious grief.'

V. i. 388. '*these* ERRORS *are arose,*' so the Folios; *are* has been variously changed by scholars into *all, rare,* but no change is necessary; as far as rhythm is concerned the Folio reading is certainly preferable.

V. i. 400. '*Thirty-three years*'; this reading of the Folios has been changed to *twenty-five* by most editors, following Theobald, who calculates the age of the twins by putting together what Ægeon says in Act. I. i. 125 and in line 320 of Act V. Capell suggested *twenty-three,* from Act I. i. line 125 and line 133. On the other hand, the Duke states in line 326 of the present Act that he has been patron to Antipholus for 'twenty years'; it looks as though Shakespeare changed his idea as to the age of the twins towards the end of the play, without troubling to make all his references fit in with one another.

V. i. 402. '*burthen ne'er,*' Dyce; Folio 1, '*burthen are.*'

V. i. 404. *'And you the calendars of their nativity;'* *i.e.* the two Dromios; *cp.* 'Here comes the almanac of my true date,' I. ii. 41.

V. i. 406. *'After so long grief, such nativity!'* the labouring line harmonizes well with the emotion of the speaker; the line is evidently intended to be read as follows:—

'After | so long | grief, such | nativ | ity.'

There seems no reason for changing *nativity,* though Hanmer's conjecture *felicity* has been accepted by most editors; Johnson proposed *festivity.*

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson. Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

1. The paternal Ægeon resembles the Egeus of *Midsummer-Night's Dream,* as in name so in position and function in the play; introduced with a Duke judicial in the first Scene, he supplies the place of prologue, and only reappears, after the development of the situations he set forth into a wild succession of ingenious entanglements, to assist at and witness their final evolution with surprise and satisfaction.

13 *et seq. It hath in solemn synods been decreed,* etc.:—"The offence which Ægeon had committed," says Knight, "and the penalty which he had incurred, are pointed out with a minuteness by which the Poet doubtless intended to convey his sense of the gross injustice of such enactments. In *The Taming of the Shrew,* written most probably about the same period as *The Comedy of Errors,* the jealousies of commercial states, exhibiting themselves in violent decrees and impracticable regulations, are also depicted by the same powerful hand":—

Tranio. Of Mantau, sir? marry, God forbid!
Pedant. Of Mantua.
Tranio. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Pedant. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tranio. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the Duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.

52 *et seq. the one so like the other,* etc.:—Knight remarks: "In Plautus we have no broken-hearted father bereft of both his sons: he is dead; and the grandfather changes the name of the one child who remains to him. Shakespeare does not stop to tell us how the twin-brothers bear the same name; nor does he explain the matter any more in the case of the Dromios, whose introduction upon the scene is his own creation. In Plautus, the brother, Menæchmus Sosicles, who remained with the grandsire, comes to Epidamnum, in search of his twin-brother who was stolen, and he is accompanied by his servant Messenio; but all the perplexities that are so naturally occasioned by the confusion of the two twin-servants are entirely wanting. The mistakes are carried on by the '*meretrix, uxor, et socer*' (softened by Warner into 'father, wife, neighbours')." On this point of the perplexities Lloyd says: "The entire action of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus is generated by the mistaken identities and twin brothers; and of like nature is the mainspring of *The Comedy of Errors,* and the importance which a mere casualty and coincidence asserts for itself in the action, is an original quality in the stuff of the play that would render a varied display of fine characterization, inappropriate at least, if not impossible. But the poet who chooses a theme of restricted capability, is at least bound to avail himself to the utmost of what capability it has; that this was not done by Plautus is proved by the comedy of Shakespeare which complicates the source of embarrassment—the personal resemblance of two masters, by the addition of a pair of servants equally undistinguishable; and most triumphantly overcomes all the difficulty of the double complication carried out to the most extravagant pitch of mistakes and misconception. The reader and still more the spectator, enjoys the perplexities of a well-filled scene while he never falls into perplexity himself."

88. *towards Corinth*:—"Towards," says Hudson, "is one or two syllables, and has the accent on the first or second syllable, indifferently in Shakespeare, according to the needs of his verse. Here it is two syllables, with the accent on the first."

152. *beneficial help*:—"Assistance rendered out of charity or kindness."

155. *if no*:—*No,* which is the reading of the first Folio, was formerly often used for *not.*

Scene II.

97 *et seq.* "Steevens considered that the description of Ephesus in *The Comedy of Errors,*

'They say this town is full of cozenage,' etc.

was derived from Warner's translation, where 'ribalds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, coney-catchers, sycophants, and courtesans,' are found; the *voluptarii, potatores, sycophantæ, palpatores,* and *meretrices* of Plautus. But the 'jugglers,' 'sorcerers,' 'witches,' of Shakespeare are not these. With his exquisite judgement, Shakespeare gave Ephesus more characteristic 'liberties of sin.'" Lloyd remarks that "the description is in accordance with various classical notices of Ephesian practice, but inasmuch as it is still more so with the account in the Acts of the Apostles of the exorcists in that city, Jewish and other, we cannot argue from the passage either in favour of the classical acquirements of Shakespeare, or against his originality if these are denied him. We see at least the Poet's motive for transferring his *Comedy of Errors* to a locality where such errors would most alarm and bewilder, and professors of exorcism like our zealous anatomy Pinch, be within call."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

4. *Luciana*:—A fair reward is by the introduction of this character provided for Antipholus, the traveller—a pleasing scene of love-making, although a little at cross purposes, and the prospect of a wedding at last, the only true benediction to the fortunes of a comedy. Richard Grant White says that in the substitution of Luciana, the sister of Adriana, for the Father of the Latin comedy, we very surely have an indication of Shakespeare's dramatic skill; the expostulations which he puts into the mouth of the young woman are far more convincing and to the purpose than the reproaches which Plautus makes the old man deal out to both husband and wife.

30. *start some other where?*—That is, somewhere else. The sense seems to be, how if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other woman?

32. *though she pause*:—"Meaning, I suppose," says Hudson, "that it is no wonder if patience keeps *quiet when* she has nothing to fret or disturb her."

33. *that have no other cause*:—That is, *no cause* to be otherwise.

41. *fool-begg'd patience,* etc.:—Referring to the old custom of soliciting the guardianship of fools and idiotic persons with a view to their property. The king, being the legal guardian of such persons, might make over the trust to whom he pleased; and relatives or other interested parties would beg the office.

95. *master of my state*:—*State* here means *estate.* This usage was frequent in Shakespeare's day.

98. *Of my defeatures*:—Cotgave has "Un visage desfaict: *Growne very leane, pale, wan, or decayed in feature and colour.*" It occurs again in the last Act; and is also used by the Poet in *Venus and Adonis*:—

> "To mingle beauty with infirmities,
> And pure perfection with impure *defeature.*"

Scene II.

38. *and insconce it too*:—To *insconce* was to *hide,* to protect as with a fort.

62. *Lest it make you choleric*:—Meats overdone in cooking were supposed to induce this condition. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*:—

> "I tell thee, Kate 'twas burnt and dried away;
> And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
> For it engenders *choler,* planteth anger."

82, 83. *there's many a man,* etc.:—The following lines upon Suckling's *Aglaura,* printed in folio, may serve to illustrate this proverbial sentence:—

> "This great voluminous pamphlet may be said
> To be like one that hath more hair than head;
> More excrement than body:—trees which sprout
> With broadest leaves have still the smallest fruit."

84, 85. *hath the wit to lose his hair*:—An allusion to the effects of the so-called French disease, which caused loss of hair.

172. *you are from me exempt*:—Shakespeare uses the word *exempt* in 1 *Henry VI.*, II. iv., in a similar sense:—

> "And, by his treason, stand'st thou not attainted,
> Corrupted, and *exempt* from ancient gentry?"

So in *The Triumph of Honour*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

> "Hard-hearted Dorigen! yield, lest for contempt
> They fix you there a rock whence they're *exempt*."

175. *Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine*:—So Milton's *Paradise Lost*, v. 215: "They led the vine to wed her elm: she, spoused, about him twines her marriageable arms." Thus also in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*: "The female ivy so enrings the barky fingers of the elm." Douce observes that there is something extremely beautiful in making the vine the lawful spouse of the elm, and the *parasite* plants here named its *concubines*. See also Ovid's tale of Vertumnus and Pomona.

179. *idle moss*:—That is, *unfruitful*. So in *Othello*, I. iii.: "Antres vast and deserts *idle*."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

6, 7. *would face me down*, etc.:—The meaning, according to Hudson, is: "Would *convince* me *that* he met me on the mart, and that I beat him."

15. *Marry*:—This interjection is a short way of putting the old form of swearing or affirming by the Virgin Mary. It thus evolved into a common exclamation of the Elizabethan period.

60. *a pair of stocks*:—The stocks were a rude device for the punishment of evil-doers. The device consisted of timbers or boards with holes cut in them. The boards were held between upright posts. The offender's feet were thrust through the holes in the boards and securely fastened.

83. *we'll pluck a crow together*:—To pluck a crow with any one was to quarrel or fight with him; a proverbial phrase.

95. *let us to the Tiger*:—An inn of that name. *Centaur* and *Phœnix*, already mentioned, were likewise inns.

Scene II.

3. *love-springs*:—Shakespeare uses this term again in *Venus and Adonis*: "This canker that eats up Love's tender *spring*." And in the *Rape of Lucrece*: "To dry the old oak's sap and cherish *springs*."

52. By *Love* here is meant Venus, *Queen* of love. In *Venus and Adonis* she says:—

> "Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
> Not gross to *sink*, but *light*, and will aspire."

110 *et seq. Nell, sir;* etc.:—Of course there is a quibble between *a Nell* and *an ell*; referring to an ell Flemish, which is three-quarters of a yard.

166. *guilty to self-wrong*:—So in *The Winter's Tale*: "But as the unthought-on accident is *guilty to* what we wildly do."

184. *So fair an offer'd chain*:—A chain so fairly offered.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

95. *to hire waftage*:—*Hire* is here a dissyllable, and is spelt *hier* in the old copy.

Scene II.

6. *Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?*—The following in *Paradise Lost*, ii., may be read in connection with the idea underlying these words:—

> "As when, to warn proud cities, war appears,
> Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
> To battle in the clouds, before each van
> Prick forth the aëry knights, and couch their spears,
> Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
> From either end of heaven the welkin burns."

7. *denied*, etc.:—So in *Richard III.*:—

> "You may *deny* that you were *not* the cause
> Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment."

27. *Far from her nest the lapwing cries away*:—This proverbial expression is again alluded to in *Measure for Measure,* I. iv. 32.

33. *everlasting garment*:—This characteristic of the buff jerkin is also noted in 1 *Henry IV.*: "And is not a *buff jerkin* a most sweet robe of *durance?*" So also in Davies's *Epigrams*:—

> "Kate, being pleas'd, wish'd that her pleasure could
> Endure as long as a *buff jerkin* would."

38. *lands*:—Shakespeare would have put *lanes* but for the rhyme.

56. *if any hour meet a sergeant*:—*Hour* and *whore* were pronounced alike, or nearly so.

Scene III.

60, 61. *or bespeak a long spoon*:—This proverb, "He who eats with the devil had need of a long spoon," is alluded to again in *The Tempest,* II. ii.

Scene IV.

30. *my long ears*:—Hudson makes this a quibble between *ears* and *years.*

54. *Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!*—This *tremor* was thought to be a sure indication of being possessed by the devil. Caliban, in *The Tempest,* II. ii., says: "Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy *trembling.*"

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

62. *Copy*:—"Copy," says Hudson, "here seems to mean principal topic or theme; that is, the pattern or form after which the conversation was shaped." Steevens has the like explanation. Schmidt suggests, "a law to be followed, a rule to be observed."

81. *at her heels*:—This *her,* referring to *kinsman,* has puzzled the commentators. It was no very unusual thing for such words to be applied to females. Thus in *The Merchant of Venice,* Por-

tia says: "But now I was the *lord* of this fair mansion, *master* of my servants."

138. *important*:—Shakespeare uses this word again in *King Lear*, and in *Much Ado About Nothing*, in the same sense (*importunate*). The Poet gives to Ephesus the custom of *wardship*, so long considered a grievous oppression in England.

192. *bestrid*:—This act of friendship is mentioned by Shakespeare in 1 *Henry IV.*: "Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and *bestride* me, so; 'tis a point of friendship." Again in 2 *Henry VI.*:—

> "Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
> Three times *bestrid him*; thrice I led him off."

346 *et seq. If I dream not*, etc.:—In the old copy this speech of Ægeon, and the subsequent one of the abbess, follow the speech of the Duke. It is evident that they were transposed by mistake.

356. *his morning story*:—The *morning story* is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the first Scene of this play.

Questions on

The Comedy of Errors.

1. What is the date of this play?
2. In what contemporary account is it mentioned?
3. Mention some points of internal evidence that help to establish the date.
4. What Latin author has furnished the basis of this play?
5. In what respects does Shakespeare's play differ?
6. Name the canons of the classic drama that Shakespeare has observed in this play.

ACT FIRST.

7. State the cause of the existing enmity between Ephesus and Syracuse, and tell what legislation has followed, under which Ægeon suffers.
8. How does Ægeon play the part of prologue?
9. Give the parts of his story.
10. Is the first Scene in the key of the rest of the drama?
11. What kind of a play might one reasonably expect from the note here struck?
12. How is the transition made from the sober incidents of the first Scene to the broad comedy of the second?
13. Upon what quest is Antipholus of Syracuse engaged?
14. What is the first misadventure and what misunderstanding does it involve?

ACT SECOND.

15. Contrast the characters of the two sisters as exhibited in the first Scene.
16. What expectations are aroused respecting the part Luciana will play in the comedy?

17. What structural oddities of speech does Dromio of Ephesus affect?

18. What relationship evidently existed between Antipholus of Syracuse and his Dromio?

19. If the Syracusian Dromio shows intellectual qualities differing from the Ephesian, might the masters have been expected to detect the difference and comment on it?

20. What theatrical opportunities does Adriana's long speech (Sc. ii.) afford?

21. In the case of Adriana, has Shakespeare gone outside the absolute demands of farce in embracing an opportunity for characterization?

22. How does the second Act close?

ACT THIRD.

23. Indicate the metrical change in Sc. i.

24. Is its effect humorous?

25. What scene is enacted outside the door of the house of Antipholus of Ephesus?

32. What escape does Antipholus of Syracuse plan?

27. How does Antipholus of Ephesus repay his wife for excluding him from his house?

28. Comment on the mixture of seriousness and drollery in the dialogue (Sc. ii.) between Antipholus of Syracuse and Luciana.

29. Does any other Scene in the play match it in quality? Does the dénouement satisfy the expectations of this Scene?

30. Into what comic plight did Dromio of Syracuse fall at the house of Antipholus of Ephesus?

31. Mention some things in this Scene indicating that this is an early play of Shakespeare's.

32. What escape does Antipholus of Syracuse plan?

33. What mistake is made with the chain?

ACT FOURTH.

34. Indicate the function of the Merchant in accelerating the speed of the complication.

35. When does the *rope* enter as an element of the plot, and what use is made of it in the subsequent action?

36. What difference is precipitated between Angelo and Antipholus of Ephesus?

37. On what second errand is Dromio of Syracuse sent to the house of Antipholus of Ephesus?

38. State the episodic value of the opening dialogue of Sc. ii.

39. Show the complication of misunderstandings presented in the second part of the Scene.

40. Where is the climax of complication involving Antipholus of Syracuse?

41. Mention the various elements that comprise the complication.

42. Mention the various elements that comprise the climax of complications involving Antipholus of Ephesus.

43. State the case from the point of view of the Courtesan.

44. What is the concluding episode of the fourth Scene?

ACT FIFTH.

45. Are the complications presented in the last Act only accessory to those that involve the protagonists, and therefore partake of the nature of resolutions of the plot?

46. What part does the Abbess play in the drama and in the plot?

47. How is the situation with which the play opened recurred to in the last Act?

48. When is the exact moment of solution?

49. Describe Pinch. Of whom is he doubtless a prototype?

50. Comment on his appearance and actions. What was his fate?

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51. Is this play pure farce; or is it mingled with elements of comedy?

52. Swinburne has praised its elegiac qualities. Indicate the parts that may be so described.

53. Contrast the two Antipholuses. Which is the superior in qualities?

54. Do the same for the two Dromios.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Preface.

The Editions. A quarto edition of *Much Ado About Nothing* was published in 1600 with the following title-page:—"*Much Adoe About Nothing as it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants Written by William Shakespeare.* London.' (It had previously been entered on the Stationers' Register, August 23, 1600.) No other edition is known to have been published previous to the publication of the First Folio, 1623; the play was evidently printed from a copy of a Quarto in the possession of the Theatre, or of the original MS., corrected for the purposes of the Stage. (*Cp. Facsimile Quarto Edition,* ed. by Mr. Daniel.) There are many minor variations between the Quarto and the First Folio, but most of them seem due to the printer's carelessness.

Date of Composition. As the play is not mentioned by Meres, in 1598, and was printed in 1600, it may be safely assigned to the year 1599, in support of which date the following points are noteworthy:—(1) Probable allusion in the opening scene to a circumstance attending the campaign of the Earl of Essex in Ireland, during the summer of 1599; (2) the character of "Amorphus, or the one Deformed," in *Cynthia's Revels,* 1600, may be compared with "*the one Deformed, a vile thief this seven year*" (*cp.* III. iii. 133-5, 175, 178); (3) the instructions which Dogberry and Verges give to the night-watch may possibly be intended as a burlesque on *The Statutes of the Streets,* imprinted by Wolfe, in 1595.

Source of Plot. The incident of the interrupted marriage is identical with the story of Adriodante and Ginevra in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso,* Canto v.; this had been translated into English by Beverly in 1565, and by Harrington in 1591. The story was dramatised before 1582, and was rendered into English verse by George Turbervile. Later on it found a place in Spenser's *Fairy Queen,* Book ii. Canto iv. Shakespeare may, however, have derived his story from Belleforest's translation in his *Histoires Tragiques* of Bandello's 22nd Novella. It is noteworthy that about the same time the German Dramatist, Jacob Ayrer, founded his play *Beautiful Phœnicia* upon the same tale, and the English and German plays have certain points of resemblance. Possibly they were both indebted to a lost original (*cp.* Cohn's *Shakespeare in Germany*). Dr. Ward sums up the evidence as follows:—"As the date of Ayrer's piece is not known—it may have been written before or after 1600—and as that of Shakspere's is similarly uncertain, it is impossible to decide as to their relative priority. That, however, Ayrer did not copy from Shakspere seems, as Simrock points out, clear from the names of the characters in his play, which follow Bandello, while Shakspere has changed all the names except those of Don Pedro and old Leonato."

General Characteristics. The mixture of tragedy and comedy in this play is so perfectly blended that it may well be regarded as the culminating point of Shakespeare's second period of activity, the period to which belong *Twelfth Night, As You Like It,* and *The Merry Wives*; the metrical tests actually place it last in this group. Beatrice and Benedick should be compared with their prototypes, Rosaline and Biron, and Dogberry and his comrades should be contrasted with the earlier clowns, in order to understand the advance which this play marks in Shakespeare's career. "Perhaps," says Hazlitt, "the middle point of comedy was never more nicely hit, in

which the ludicrous blends with the tender, and our follies, turning round against themselves, in support of our affections, retain nothing but their humanity."

Later Versions of the Play. Two plays were founded upon *Much Ado About Nothing*—(1) Davenant's *Law against Lovers,* which Pepys saw on Feb. 18th, 1661, and (2) *The Universal Passion,* by Rev. James Miller, 1737.

Duration of Action. For a detailed study of the "time" of the play the reader is referred to Mr. Daniel's "Time-Analysis," *Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 144. He believes that just as the Prince forgets his determination to stay "at least a month" at Messino, so the "just seven-night" to the wedding was also either forgotten or intentionally set aside, and that only four *consecutive* days are actually included in the action of the drama—

1. Act I., and Act II. i. and ii.
2. Act II. iii., and Act III. i.-iii.
3. Act III. iv. and v.; Act IV.; Act V. i. ii., and part of iii.
4. Act V., part of iii., and iv.

Watchman with bill, lantern bell and dog.
(From a woodcut in Decker's *English Villanies,* six severall Times prest to Death by the Printers.)

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Don Pedro, prince of Arragon, comes on a visit to Leonato, governor of Messina, accompanied by Benedick and Claudio, two young noblemen who have been serving with him in the wars. Between Benedick and Beatrice, Leonato's niece, there has been a merry war; so that "they never meet but there 's a skirmish of wit between them." On the occasion of this meeting they are true to their reputations for antagonism. Meanwhile, Claudio is attracted once again by Leonato's daughter, Hero. Don Pedro kindly offers to sue to the lady and her father in the young lord's behalf.

II. A masquerade is given by Leonato in honour of visitors. Don Pedro seizes the opportunity to woo Hero, giving her to think that he is Claudio. Don John, an evil-minded natural brother of the prince, seeks to poison Claudio's mind by telling him that Don Pedro is wooing in his own behalf; and Claudio's spirits droop until the lady is actually promised him by her father. Seeing the small piece of villainy come to naught, Don John plots a much larger one. Benedick, on his part, fares badly at the masquerade. Beatrice flouts him so sadly that he is on the point of forsaking her society henceforth, when their friends, believing them to be well matched, decide upon a ruse to arouse their mutual affections. Benedick is made to overhear that Beatrice is in love with him.

III. Beatrice is informed in the same fashion that Benedick loves her. Their hearts become more tender

towards each other. Don John's evil plans are maturing against Hero and Claudio. He brings Claudio and Don Pedro beneath her window on the night before her wedding-day, and makes them believe that they are witnessing a meeting between her and some secret lover. The artifice is caused by Borachio, a follower of Don John, who addresses a waiting-maid as Hero; but the night is too dark to reveal the deception, and it would probably never have been discovered had not some blundering watchmen, by a happy chance, overheard Borachio telling of the adventure. They seize him and try to inform Leonato; but the latter, busied with the arrangements for the marriage, does not stop to listen to their rambling narrative.

IV. Claudio believes Hero faithless, and repudiates her at the very moment of the nuptials. Hero swoons, and by the advice of a friar it is given out that she is dead. Beatrice will not believe her cousin guilty, and demands of Benedick—who has avowed his love—a proof of his devotion in the shape of the life of Claudio, his friend.

V. Leonato is in the depths of despair and humiliation over the evil report concerning his daughter. He upbraids Claudio and wishes to fight him. Benedick challenges Claudio. The testimony of the watchmen finally comes to light, revealing the plot of Don John and the innocence of Hero. Claudio sues for forgiveness, which the generous Leonato grants, on condition that Claudio wed a niece who is said to be much like Hero, but whose face he is not permitted to see until after the marriage ceremony has been performed. Claudio, who had promised any penance, willingly consents to this. His happiness, therefore, is made perfect when the masked lady proves to be Hero, whom he has been mourning as dead. While Beatrice and Benedick, although they find out the trick that has brought them together, are not sorry for it, but stop their bickerings with a kiss.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Beatrice.

Shakspeare has exhibited in Beatrice a spirited and faithful portrait of the fine lady of his own time. The deportment, language, manners and allusions are those of a particular class in a particular age; but the individual and dramatic character which forms the groundwork is strongly discriminated, and being taken from general nature, belongs to every age. In Beatrice, high intellect and high animal spirits meet, and excite each other like fire and air. In her wit (which is brilliant without being imaginative) there is a touch of insolence, not infrequent in women when the wit predominates over reflection and imagination. In her temper, too, there is a slight infusion of the termagant; and her satirical humour plays with such an unrespective levity over all subjects alike, that it required a profound knowledge of women to bring such a character within the pale of our sympathy. But Beatrice, though wilful, is not wayward; she is volatile, not unfeeling. She has not only an exuberance of wit and gayety, but of heart, and soul, and energy of spirit; and is no more like the fine ladies of modern comedy—whose wit consists in a temporary illusion, or a play upon words, and whose petulance is displayed in a toss of the head, a flirt of the fan, or a flourish of the pocket handkerchief;—than one of our modern dandies is like Sir Philip Sidney:

In Beatrice, Shakspeare has contrived that the poetry of the character shall not only soften, but heighten its comic effect. We are not only inclined to forgive Beatrice all her scornful airs, all her biting jests, all her assumption of superiority; but they amuse and delight us the more, when we find her, with all the headlong simplicity of a child, falling at once into the snare laid for her affections; when we see *her*, who thought a man of God's making not good enough for her, who disdained

to be o'ermastered by " a piece of valiant dust," stooping like the rest of her sex, veiling her proud spirit, and taming her wild heart to the loving hand of him whom she had scorned, flouted, and misused, " past the endurance of a block." And we are yet more completely won by her generous, enthusiastic attachment to her cousin. When the father of Hero believes the tale of her guilt; when Claudio, her lover, without remorse or a lingering doubt, consigns her to shame; when the Friar remains silent, and the generous Benedick himself knows not what to say, Beatrice, confident in her affections, and guided only by the impulses of her own feminine heart, sees through the inconsistency, the impossibility of the charge, and exclaims, without a moment's hesitation,

> O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

. . . A haughty, excitable, and violent temper is another of the characteristics of Beatrice; but there is more of impulse than of passion in her vehemence. In the marriage scene where she has beheld her gentle-spirited cousin—whom she loves the more for those very qualities which are most unlike her own—slandered, deserted, and devoted to public shame, her indignation, and the eagerness with which she hungers and thirsts after revenge, are, like the rest of her character, open, ardent, impetuous, but not deep or implacable. When she bursts into that outrageous speech—

> Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place!

And when she commands her lover, as the first proof of his affection, " to kill Claudio," the very consciousness of the exaggeration,—of the contrast between the real good nature of Beatrice and the fierce tenor of her lan-

guage, keeps alive the comic effect, mingling the ludicrous with the serious. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the point and vivacity of the dialogue, few of the speeches of Beatrice are capable of a general application, or engrave themselves distinctly on the memory; they contain more mirth than matter; and though wit be the predominant feature in the dramatic portrait, Beatrice more charms and dazzles us by what she is than by what she *says*. It is not merely her sparkling repartees and saucy jests, it is the soul of wit, and the spirit of gayety informing the whole character—looking out from her brilliant eyes, and laughing on the full lips that pout with scorn—which we have before us, moving and full of life.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

III.

Beatrice Criticized and Defended.

Mrs. Jameson, in her characters of Shakespeare, concludes with hoping that Beatrice will live happy with Benedick, but I have no such hope; and my final anticipation in reading the play is the certainty that Beatrice will provoke her Benedick to give her much and just conjugal castigation. She is an odious woman. Her own cousin says of her:—

> "Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
> Misprising what they look on; and her wit
> Values itself so highly, that to her
> All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
> Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
> She is so self-endeared."

I once knew such a pair; the lady was a perfect Beatrice; she railed hypocritically at wedlock before her marriage, and with bitter sincerity after it. She and her Benedick now live apart, but with entire reciprocity of

sentiments, each devoutly wishing that the other may soon pass into a better world. Beatrice is not to be compared, but contrasted, with Rosalind, who is equally witty; but the sparkling sayings of Rosalind are like gems upon her head at court, and like dew-drops on her bright hair in the woodland forest.

CAMPBELL: *Introduction to the Play.*

We extract this last criticism, partly in deference to Campbell's general exquisite taste and reverent appreciation of Shakespeare's genius, and partly as an example of the manner in which accidental personal associations influence taste and opinion. The critical poet seems to have unhappily suffered under the caprices or insolence of some accomplished but fantastical female wit, whose resemblance he thinks he recognizes in Beatrice; and then vents the offences of the belle of Edinburgh or London upon her prototype of Messina, or more probably of the court of Queen Elizabeth. Those who, without encountering any such unlucky cause of personal prejudice, have looked long enough upon the rapidly passing generations of wits and beauties in the gay world to have noted their characters as they first appeared, and subsequently developed themselves in after-life, will pronounce a very different judgement. Beatrice's faults are such as ordinarily spring from the consciousness of talent and beauty, accompanied with the high spirits of youth and health, and the play of a lively fancy. Her brilliant intellectual qualities are associated with strong and generous feelings, high confidence in female truth and virtue, warm attachment to her friends, and quick, undisguised indignation at wrong and injustice. There is the rich material, which the experience and the sorrows of maturer life, the affection and the duties of the wife and the mother, can gradually shape into the noblest forms of matronly excellence; and such, we doubt not, was the result shown in the married life of Beatrice.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

IV.

Benedick.

Benedick betrays a lurking partiality for his fascinating enemy; he shows that he has looked upon her with no careless eye when he says,

"There's her cousin [meaning Beatrice], an she were not possessed with a fury, excels her as much in beauty as the first of May does the last of December."

Infinite skill, as well as humour, is shown in making this pair of airy beings the exact counterpart of each other; but of the two portraits, that of Benedick is by far the most pleasing, because the independence and gay indifference of temper, the laughing defiance of love and marriage, the satirical freedom of expression, common to both, are more becoming to the masculine than to the feminine character. Any woman might love such a cavalier as Benedick, and be proud of his affection; his valour, his wit, and his gayety sit so gracefully upon him! and his light scoffs against the power of love are but just sufficient to render more piquant the conquest of this "heretic in despite of beauty." But a man might well be pardoned who should shrink from encountering such a spirit as that of Beatrice, unless, indeed, he had "served an apprenticeship to the taming-school."

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

The wit of Benedick . . . springs more from reflection [than that of Beatrice], and grows with the growth of thought. With all the pungency and nearly all the pleasantry, it lacks the free, spontaneous volubility, of hers. Hence in their skirmishes she always gets the better of him. But he makes ample amends when out of her presence, trundling of jests in whole paragraphs. In short, if his wit be slower, it is also stronger than hers: not so agile in manner, more weighty in matter, it shines

less, but burns more; and as it springs much less out of the occasion, so it will bear repeating much better.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

Benedick's first greeting of Beatrice is as Lady Disdain, and at the masked ball it is his charge against her that she is "disdainful," and disdain is a complaint that scarcely occurs but to a lover; hence it is Hero's charge—

> "No truly, Ursula, she is too *disdainful,*
> I know her spirits are as *coy* and wild
> As haggards of the rock."

He himself betrays himself, when he places his "simple true judgement" of a lady, in opposition to his "custom as professed tyrant to the sex." When Claudio declares his love to Don Pedro, Benedick brings in his own sentiments as to marriage, and turns and engrosses the whole conversation on his proper sentimental idiosyncrasy, with little regard for poor Claudio's suspended communication. After a sharp encounter with the lady, he can still indicate a full appreciation of her beauty, "an she were not possessed with a fury"; and after one still sharper, when she drops a word that is almost unpardonable—"the fool will eat no supper," he advances, for advance it is, one step nearer to self-knowledge in averring, "I would not marry her if——" it matters not what follows, for conditions were indifferent after the thought was once fairly entertained. It is comic and characteristic that the acute, the observant Benedick, never catches a glimpse of the true incitement of the persecution of Beatrice; he supposes a base or bitter disposition—anything rather than the truth that at heart she thoroughly admires him, and would be pleased and flattered to be admired and attended to in turn, and that it is pique and not contemptuousness that arms her tongue. Apparently he has himself, and his self-sufficient parade of superiority to Love—a divinity who will not be insulted with impunity, to thank for his false and uncomfortable position. Beatrice speaks of a

time when they seem to have had more peaceable relations, and he gained a heart of her, though it proved to be with false dice; indifference, however, is almost as dire a crime as treachery in a court of love, especially in the bachelor, and therefore it is that Benedick suffers most by the mutual persecution, and, by the course of his conversation, is justly exposed to far more ridicule than attaches to Beatrice in her recovery, inasmuch as she, though with irregular weapons, was at least vindicating the natural rights of her beauty and attractions.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

V.

Benedick and Beatrice Well Matched.

By her [Beatrice's] side Shakespeare has placed Benedick, a Mercutio redivivus; a youth who is the reverse of amatory, opposed to a maiden who is the reverse of tender. He abhors betrothal and marriage quite as vehemently as she, and is, from the man's point of view, no less scornful of all sentimentality than she, from the woman's; so that he and she, from the first, stand on a warlike footing with each other. In virtue of a profound and masterly psychological observation, Shakespeare presently makes these two suddenly fall in love with each other, over head and ears, for no better reason than that their friends persuade Benedick that Beatrice is secretly pining for love of him, and Beatrice that Benedick is mortally enamoured of her, accompanying this information with high-flown eulogies of both. Their thoughts were already occupied with each other; and now the amatory fancy flames forth in both of them all the more strongly, because it has so long been banked down. And here, where everything was of his own invention and he could move quite freely, Shakespeare has with delicate ingenuity brought the pair together, not by means of empty words, but in a common cause, Beatrice's first advance to Benedick taking place in the form of an

appeal to him for chivalrous intervention in behalf of her innocent cousin.

The reversal in the mutual relations of Benedick and Beatrice is, moreover, highly interesting in so far as it is probably the first instance of anything like careful character-development which we have as yet encountered in any single play of Shakespeare's. In the earlier comedies there was nothing of the kind, and the chronicle-plays afforded no opportunity for it. The characters had simply to be brought into harmony with the given historical events, and in every case Shakespeare held firmly to the character-scheme once laid down. Neither *Richard III.* nor *Henry V.* presents any spiritual history; both kings, in the plays which take their names from them, are one and the same from first to last. Enough has already been said of Henry's change of front with respect to Falstaff in *Henry IV.*; we need only remark further that here the old play of *The Famous Victories* unmistakably pointed the way to Shakespeare. But this melting of all that is hard and frozen in the natures of Benedick and Beatrice is without a parallel in any earlier work, and is quite plainly executed *con amore.* And the real substance of the play lies not in the plot from which it takes its name, but in the relation between these two characters, freely invented by Shakespeare.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VI.

Hero.

It is not every lady—I speak under correction, who, although disposed to be as placable as Hero under grievous insult and injury, would be satisfied with reparation proffered in the exact form, that appears to indicate a promptitude to be consoled, that goes far to cancel the merit of penitence. The veil of Hero would have been thrown down, by some, not to welcome the contrite lover with an

agreeable surprise, but to confound him by the sight of the lost bride, who might claim a right, under the circumstances, to have at least detained his affections; and there must, in fact, be great peculiarity in the love and engagement of the pair, for us to be able to witness the scene, without expecting reproaches on one side, and shame and confusion on the other. The instance of the indignation of Hermione, and the penance she exacts, for a similar outrage, is an extreme contrast, but exhibits the principle of feeling involved. . . .

Hero has to be depicted, and is depicted, of such temper and disposition as will accept this not very complimentary form of reparation, and yet of such susceptibilities as to feel her false accusation acutely, and to interest our esteem and sympathy.

The lady herself is the sweet docile creature, with well-proportioned beauty, intelligence, and disposition for affectionateness, that so frequently accepts her fate from the arrangements of other people, and, with moderate good fortune, may enjoy and confer a temperate happiness in any one of many possible engagements. Benedick's definition of her excellence is all-sufficient. She claims no commendation in excess; yet were she other than she is she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is. Benedick and such as he may not like her, but without art, or invitation, or coquetry, she will be one of the last to go through her teens without a husband, notwithstanding.

It is wonderful how Shakespeare has been able to interest us by the mere attractiveness of simple, affectionate, and cheerful disposition in a female character, with scarcely a touch of passion, and for independent will so nearly a nonentity. When Leonato thinks Don Pedro is the suitor for his daughter, he proposes to "acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true." The theory of the communication appears in a subsequent speech:—"Daughter, remember what I told you; if the prince do

solicit you in that kind, you know your answer"; and Hero by her silence, or probably by the courtesy that gives Beatrice her cue, acquiesces. Beatrice has a theory of filial obedience in these matters, that her cousin does not, or has no occasion at least, to dream of. "Yes, faith, it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, 'As it please you,' but yet, for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'" Clearly, if Beatrice is to be fitted with a husband by any will or choice other than her own, it must be managed by a different and far more artificial process. The limits of the independence that Hero was prepared to assert, are marked by a few dextrous touches, in her not ungraceful repartees with the masked Don Pedro; prepared to be wooed, we suspect she is also prepared to consent, yet to indulge withal in those slighter ceremonious holdings off that are the feminine prerogative in the most absolute surrender—their honours of war.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Claudio.

To Claudio we cannot reconcile ourselves. He allows himself to be convinced, by the clumsiest stratagem, that his young bride, in reality as pure and tender as a flower, is a faithless creature, who deceives him the very day before her marriage. Instead of withdrawing in silence, he prefers, like the blockhead he is, to confront her in the church, before the altar, and in the hearing of every one overwhelm her with coarse speeches and low accusations; and he induces his patron, the Prince Don Pedro, and even the lady's own father, Leonato, to join him in heaping upon the unhappy bride their idiotic accusations. When, by the advice of the priest, her relatives have given her out as dead and the worthy old Leonato has

lied up hill and down dale about her hapless end, Claudio, who now learns too late that he has been duped, is at once taken into favour again. Leonato only demands of him—in accordance with the mediæval fable—that he shall declare himself willing to marry whatever woman he (Leonato) shall assign to him. This he promises, without a word or thought about Hero; whereupon she is placed in his arms. The original spectators, no doubt, found this solution satisfactory; a modern audience is exasperated by it, very much as Nora, in *A Doll's House*, is exasperated on finding that Helmer, after the danger has passed away, regards all that has happened in their souls as though it had never been, merely because the sky is clear again. If ever man was unworthy a woman's love, that man is Claudio. If ever marriage was odious and ill-omened, this is it. The old taleteller's invention has been too much even for Shakespeare's art.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Dogberry.

At first it seems as if Shakspeare intended by the introduction of Dogberry and his ineffective watch merely to interpolate a bit of comic business, by parodying the important phrases and impotent exploits of the suburban constable. But Dogberry's mission extended farther than that, and is intimately woven with delightful unconsciousness on his part into the fortunes of Hero.

Dogberry is not only immortal for that, but his name will never die so long as village communities in either hemisphere elect their guardians of the peace and clothe them in verbose terrors. If the town is unfortunately short of rascals, the officer will fear one in each bush, or extemporize one out of some unbelligerent starveling to show that the majestic instructions of his townsmen have not been wasted on him. This elaborate inefficiency is frequently selected by busy communities, because so few

persons are there clumsy enough to be unemployed. Such a vagrom is easily comprehended. Dogberry has caught up the turns and idioms of sagacious speech, and seems to be blowing them up as life-belts; so he goes bobbing helplessly around in the froth of his talk. 'I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself for the example of others. I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it." He ties his conversation in hopeless knots of absurdity; when pomp takes possession of a vacuous mind, it rattles like the jester's bladder of dried pease. Have not his fellow-citizens invested him? He will then lavish the selectest phrases. I heard a village politician once say with scorn in town meeting, "Mr. Moderator, I know nothing about your technalities." Dogberry is the most original of Malaprops, says to the Prince's order that it shall be suffigance, and tells the watch that salvation were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them. He has furnished mankind with that adroit phrase of conversational escape from compromise, "Comparisons are odorous." Where common men would suspect a person, Dogberry says the person is auspicious. His brain seems to be web-footed, and tumbles over itself in trying to reach swimming water; as when he says, "Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly." This is the precipitancy of a child's reasoning.

His own set do not discover by his malapropisms how futile he is, for their ears are accustomed to this misplacing of terms; which, indeed, is not uncommon among people of stronger native sense. Even the spelling-book and primer are not prophylactic against this failing, which seems to be owing to cerebral inability to keep words from gadding about with each other after they have once entered the mind: a laxness between notions and memory which results in verbal hybridity, as when a man, who was

well informed enough, used to say, when the castors were passed, that he never took condignments with his food; and the Western lawyer said of a man that he could not tell a story without embezzlements. . . .

Dogberry has a pondering look and a fribbling emphasis. He rolls the plump phrases over and over like a quid, but ejects them with a kind of strenuous drivel. He makes pauses, as if discriminating the juiciest reflection, but really settles at random, like a pigeon whose brain has been vivisected; so he concludes that, if a man will not stand when he is bid to, he may go; and that, though a thief ought to be arrested, they that touch pitch will be defiled; and that, on the whole, it is better to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Thus he attains to the merit of genius when it chips the egg and lets loose the struggling chick of the ordinary mind. He voices the perplexity of the watch, and lends to it the color of concession and sagacious compromise. It is exactly what old Verges thought but did not know how to incubate into definite expression. So all the people who sit upon political fences, and find the edge growing inconvenient, welcome the pad which postpones the necessity for a jump to either side.

Dogberry admires and cossets his own authority, but is too timid to enforce it save with poor old Verges, whose mental feebleness is an exact shadow of Dogberry's; and the latter manages to step upon himself in amusing unconsciousness. "An old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were." A good old man, sir; but he will gabble. All men are not alike, alas! So he goes on, dismissing himself, and slamming to the door without observing it.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare*

Most delightful is the contradiction between appearance and reality, between subjective conception and objective reality, as we have it exhibited in the Clown of the piece,

the dutiful constable Dogberry, who considers his position so very important and maintains it so zealously, but who is always uttering contradictory maxims and precepts; who is so presumptuous and yet so modest; who looks at things with so correct an eye and yet pronounces such foolish judgements; talks so much and yet says so little, in fact, perpetually contradicts himself, giving orders for what he advises to be left undone, entreating to be registered an ass, and yet is the very one to discover the *nothing* which is the cause of the *much ado.* He is the chief representative of that view of life upon which the whole is based, inasmuch as its comic power is exhibited most strongly and most directly in him. For this contrast, which, in accordance with its nature, usually appears divided between its two poles, is, so to say, individualised in him, that is, united in the one individual and fully reflected in his inconsistent and ever contradictory doings and resolves, thoughts and sayings. Dogberry personifies, if we may say so, the spirit and meaning of the whole, and, therefore, plays essentially the same part as the Fool in *Twelfth Night,* Touchstone in *As You Like It,* Launce in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* and the majority of the clowns in Shakspeare's comedies. Besides this, he is also an important character in so far as it is he who discovers the rascally trick of Don John and his accomplice which gives rise to the whole complication; in fact, the comic caprice of accident delights in employing the most comic of all characters, the clowns *par excellence,* to bring to light that which it was indeed easy enough to discover, which, however, the sense of the sensible personages did not perceive. At all events our point of view gives an easy and simple explanation as to why Shakspeare conferred the difficult task of unravelling the entangled knot upon such a peculiarly foolish fellow as Dogberry, and why he made him the clown of the piece and conceived his character in this and in no other light.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

IX.

Don John.

In the person of Don John, the poet has depicted mere unmixed evil, and has disdained to supply a motive for his vile action in any single injury received, or desire unsatisfied. Don John is one of the sour, envious natures which suck poison from all sources, because they suffer from the perpetual sense of being unvalued and despised. He is, for the moment, constrained by the forbearance with which his victorious brother has treated him, but "if he had his mouth he would bite." And he does bite, like the cur and coward he is, and makes himself scarce when his villainy is about to be discovered. He is an ill-conditioned, base, and tiresome scoundrel; and, although he conscientiously does evil for evil's sake, we miss in him all the defiant and brilliantly sinister qualities which appear later on in Iago and in Edmund. There is little to object to in Don John's repulsive scoundrelism; at most we may say that it is a strange motive-power for a comedy.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

X.

General.

The interest in the plot is always in fact on account of the characters, not *vice versa,* as in almost all other writers; the plot is a mere canvas and no more. Hence arises the true justification of the same stratagem being used in regard to Benedick and Beatrice—the vanity in each being alike. Take away from the *Much Ado About Nothing* all that which is not indispensable to the plot, either as having little to do with it, or, at best, like Dogberry and his comrades, forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action—

take away Benedick, Beatrice, Dogberry, and the reaction of the former on the character of Here—and what will remain? In other writers the main agent of the plot is always the prominent character; in Shakespeare it is so, or is not so, as the character is in itself calculated, or not calculated, to form the plot. Don John is the mainspring of the plot of this play; but he is merely shown and then withdrawn.

COLERIDGE.

When we turn to the old stories upon which Shakespeare based his plays, we get, perhaps, a deeper impression of his essential originality than we should were the plots wholly his own, whatever might be their merits as plots. We are brought, in this way, to a deeper sense of the workings of the inner spirit which subjected all its appropriations to its own creative purpose. We see that the work grew from what the workman had within himself, and not merely from following what others had done before him. We see that the old story has been less worked into, than employed as the scaffolding of, his dramatic structure. . . .

The life and the main interest of *Much Ado About Nothing* are due to characters which, so far as we know, were entirely original with Shakespeare, namely, Benedick and Beatrice, Dogberry and Verges. The other characters have prototypes in the original story, which is found under various forms, the earliest being the tale of Ariodante and Ginevra, in the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto.

CORSON: *An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare.*

[*Much Ado About Nothing*] is brilliant, spirited, charged with vivacity, and sparkling with wit; it is a masterpiece of keen characterization, of flashing conversation, of striking contrasts of type, and of intellectual energy, playing freely and buoyantly against a background of exquisite beauty. The dramatist was now

completely emancipated from his earlier teachers, and had secured entire command of his own genius and of the resources of comedy as a literary form. In this splendid creation of his happiest mood in his most fortunate years, the prophecy of sustained and flashing interchange of wit in Lyly's court plays is amply fulfilled, and the promise of individual power of characterization clearly discerned in Biron and Rosaline is perfectly realized in Benedict and Beatrice; while Dogberry and Verges mark the perfection of Shakespeare's skill in drawing blundering clowns. In this play the blending of the tragic and humorous or comic is so happily accomplished that the two contrasting elements flow together in a vital and exquisite harmony of experience, full of tenderness, loyalty, audacity, and brilliancy; the most comprehensive contrast of character is secured in Hero and Claudio, Benedict and Beatrice, as chief actors in the drama, with Dogberry and Verges as centres of interest in the minor or subsidiary plot. Hazlitt declares with reference to this play that perhaps "the middle point of comedy was never more nicely hit, in which the ludicrous blends with the tender, and our follies, turning round against themselves in support of our affections, retain nothing but their humanity." In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Shakespeare drew with a free hand the large and rather coarse qualities of English middle-class life; in *Much Ado About Nothing* he presented a study of life in the highest stage of the social order, touched at all points with distinction of insight, characterization, and taste. The gayety and brilliancy of the great world as contrasted with the little world of rural and provincial society are expressed with a confidence and consistency which indicate that the poet must have known something of the court circle and of the accomplished women who moved in it.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

Much Ado About Nothing.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DON PEDRO, *prince of Arragon.*
DON JOHN, *his bastard brother.*
CLAUDIO, *a young lord of Florence.*
BENEDICK, *a young lord of Padua.*
LEONATO, *governor of Messina.*
ANTONIO, *his brother.*
BALTHASAR, *attendant on Don Pedro.*
CONRADE, } *followers of Don John.*
BORACHIO, }
FRIAR FRANCIS.
DOGBERRY, *a constable.*
VERGES, *a headborough.*
A SEXTON.
A BOY.

HERO, *daughter to Leonato.*
BEATRICE, *niece to Leonato.*
MARGARET, } *gentlewomen attending on Hero.*
URSULA, }

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, etc.

SCENE, *Messina.*

Much Ado About Nothing.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that

joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no? 30

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he 's returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing. 40

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he 'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach. 50

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Bene- 60 dick and her: they never meet but there 's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every 70 month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is 't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a 80 voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the

taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend. 90

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio, Benedick, and Balthasar.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave. 100

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady; 110 for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? 120 Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark 130 at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your 140 tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend

Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but 150 prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [*To Don John*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio.* 160

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgement. 170

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she 's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her? 180

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there 's her cousin, an she were 190 not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is 't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt 200 needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio; I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who? now that is your Grace's part. Mark how short his answer is;—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter. 210

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise. 220

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake. 230

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat 240

winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid. 250

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try: 260
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad. 270

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you— 280

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good. 290

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she 's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love: 300
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,

All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.
D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story? 311
Claud. How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.
D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night: 320
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I 'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato and Antonio, meeting.

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin,
your son? hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news, that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Enter attendants.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou sayest thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour. 10

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest. 20

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in 30

my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. 40
Who comes here?

Enter Borachio.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio? 50

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: 60
I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord. 70

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what 's to be done?

Bora. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A hall in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and others.

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling. 10

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and

money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she 's too curst. 20

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns'; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather 30 lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his 40 apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here 's no place for you maids': so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter

for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [*To Hero*] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father. 50

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please you.' But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred. 60

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad 70

legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink a-pace into his grave. 80

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room. [*All put on their masks.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar, Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away. 90

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Drawing her aside.*

Balth. Well, I would you did like me. 100

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!
Balth. Amen.
Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk. 110
Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.
Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.
Ant. At a word, I am not.
Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.
Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.
Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here 's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.
Ant. At a word, I am not. 120
Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there 's an end.
Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?
Bene. No, you shall pardon me.
Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?
Bene. Not now.
Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales':—well, 130 this was Signior Benedick that said so.
Bene. What 's he?
Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.
Bene. Not I, believe me.
Beat. Did he never make you laugh?
Bene. I pray you, what is he?
Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible

slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me. 140

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I 'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do; he 'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there 's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music.*] We must follow the leaders. 150

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing. 160

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love; he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry 170
her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so; the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch, 180
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's 190
chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that 's spoken like an honest drovier; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you 'll beat the post. 200

Claud. If it will not be, I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. 210 Well, I 'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where 's the count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, 220 as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What 's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet

in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Re-enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, and Leonato.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a 270 hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies; rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I 280 gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you 290
sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I 'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed 300
in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, 310
as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin. 320

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every

one to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt; I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady? 330

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your Grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your Grace pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I 340 born. Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your Grace's pardon. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of un- 350 happiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church? 360

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the 370 Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help 380 my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how

to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, 390 Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me. 10

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage? 20

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue? 30

D. John. Only to despite them I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as, —in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: 40 offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent,—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown. 50

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Leonato's orchard.

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Boy!

Enter Boy.

Boy. Signior?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier;

and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet,—just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I 'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in 30 one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that 's certain; wise, or I 'll none; virtuous, or I 'll never cheapen her; fair, or I 'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?
Claud. Yes, my good lord. How still the evening is, 40
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!
D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?
Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We 'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter Balthasar with Music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we 'll hear that song again.
Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.
D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency

To put a strange face on his own perfection.
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more. 50

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes;
There 's not a note of mine that 's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crochets that he speaks:
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [*Air.*

Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is 60
it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls
out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my
money, when all 's done.

THE SONG.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe 70
Into Hey nonny, nonny.
Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift. 80

Bene. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for tomorrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. 90

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exit Balthasar.*] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever 100 to abhor.

Bene. Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection; it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never coun-

terfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it. 110

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick. 120

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that 's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?' 130

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she 'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet? 140

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her; 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!' 150

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would make but a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She 's an excellent sweet lady; and, out 160 of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed all other respects, and 170 made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not; and she will die, ere she make her love known; and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he 'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God! and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Claud. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that 's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready. 210

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that 's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*

Bene. [*Coming forward*] This can be no trick: the 220 conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to 230 mending. They say the lady is fair,—'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous,—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me,—by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I

will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he 240 cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she 's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains. 250

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner'; there 's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks 260 than you took pains to thank me'; that 's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Leonato's orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride 10
Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I 'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick 20
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter Beatrice, behind.

Now begin;

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture. 30
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

[*Approaching the bower.*

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggerds of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it; 40
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice; 50
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her

All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured, 60
But she would spell him backward; if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth. 70

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit!
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling. 80

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

Hero. No, rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I 'll devise some honest slanders

To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong!
She cannot be so much without true judgement,—
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have,—as to refuse 90
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam? 100

Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in:
I 'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She 's limed, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*

Beat. [*Coming forward*] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu! 110
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;

For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.
Claud. I 'll bring you thither, my lord, if you 'll vouchsafe me.
D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.
Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.
Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.
Claud. I hope he be in love.
D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there 's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love; if he be sad, he wants money.
Bene. I have the toothache.
D. Pedro. Draw it.
Bene. Hang it!
Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love. 30

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there 40 is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that? 50

Claud. That 's as much as to say, the sweet youth 's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now

crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude he is in love. 60

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Perdo. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. 70

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you. 80

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What 's the matter?

D. John. [*To Claudio*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know. 90

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage,—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what 's the matter? 100

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. 110 Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess

not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly. 120

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned! 130

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges with the Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable? 10

First Watch. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacole. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Sec. Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Sec. Watch. How if a' will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-

houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for. 50

Watch. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company. 60

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child crying in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us? 70

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge:—you, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that I think a' cannot. 80

Dog. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night. Come, neighbour. 90

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu: be vigitant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What, Conrade!

Watch. [*Aside*] Peace! stir not. 100

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close. 110

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, 120 or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool 's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch [*Aside*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name. 130

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No: 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window,

sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod- 140
piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand 150
times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did de- 160
ceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

First Watch. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand! 170

Sec. Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

First Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

Sec. Watch. You 'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,— 180

First Watch. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we 'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Hero's apartment.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit.*

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I 'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth 's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin 's a fool, and thou art another: 10 I 'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown 's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth 's but a night-gown in respect of yours,—cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't. 20

Hero. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband': an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I 'll offend nobody: is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes. 30

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune? 40

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap 's into 'Light o' love'; that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I 'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you 'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho! 50

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there 's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume. 60

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there 's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm. 70

Hero. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by 'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; 80 nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps? 90

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows. 10

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship. 20

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dog. Yea, an 't were a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it. 30

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see. Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour! 40

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship. 50

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I 'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examine these men. 60

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you;

here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, and attendants.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

Hero. I do. 10

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do! 20

Bene. How now! interjections? Why, then, some
be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness. 30
There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She 's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none: 40
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin: 50
No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals 60
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother? 70
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name 80
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night 90
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been, 100
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I 'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
[*Hero swoons.*

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down? 110

D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think. Help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not? 120

Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one? 130
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirched thus and mired with infamy,
I might have said, 'No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much

That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her,—why, she, O, she is fallen 140
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow. 150

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions 160
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,

If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here 170
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant, 180
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies. 190

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,

Ability in means and choice of friends, 200
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do? 210

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost, 220
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul, 230

Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accused her,
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy: 240
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief, 250
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.*

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged. 260

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin. 270

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee. 280

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world. 290

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We 'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy? 300

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying! 310

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only 320 turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.
Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.
Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero? 330
Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.
Bene. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared?
Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.
Sex. Which be the malefactors?
Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.
Verg. Nay, that 's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.
Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.
Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend? 10
Bora. Borachio.
Dog. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?
Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Benedick Goes to Challenge Claudio.

Dog. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

Con. } Yea, sir, we hope.
Bora. }

Dog. Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sex. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that 's the eftest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

First Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down, Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else?

Sec. Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by mass, that it is. 50

Sex. What else, fellow?

First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen 60 away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God 's my life, where 's the sexton? let him write down, the prince's officer, coxcomb. 70 Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet

forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a 80 house-holder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.
Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience; 10
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,

In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem'! when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men 20
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give perceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure 30
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too. 40

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.
Claud. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you, my lords,—
D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.
Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord:
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.
D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man. 50
Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag 60
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors;
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept, 70
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!

Claud. My villany?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I 'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed: 80
But that 's no matter; let him kill one first;
Win me and wear me; let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me:
Sir boy, I 'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue: 90
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antiquely, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—
Ant. Come, 'tis no matter: 100
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.
D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.
Leon. My lord, my lord,—
D. Pedro. I will not hear you.
Leon. No? Come, brother; away! I will be heard.
Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.
[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*
D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Enter Benedick.

Claud. Now, signior, what news? 111
Bene. Good day, my lord.
D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.
Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.
D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.
Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I 120 came to seek you both.
Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?
Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?
D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?
Claud. Never any did so, though very many have

been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. 130 Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: 140 I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. [*Aside to Claudio*] You are a villain; I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you. 150

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast, a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit

the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: 160
'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit': 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit': 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise': 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues': 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there 's a double tongue; there 's two tongues.' Thus did she, 170
an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when 180
he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man'?

Benc. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must 190
discontinue your company: your brother the

bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and till then peace be with him. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I 'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee.

Claud. Most sincerely. 200

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dog. Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you 210 must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified 220

unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what 's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there 's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what 's your offence? 230

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments: how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain. 240

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood? 250

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?
Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.
D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery:
And fled he is upon this villany.
Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.
Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time
our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the 260
matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify,
when time and place shall serve, that I am an
ass.
Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato,
and the sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?
Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.
Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?
Bora. Yea, even I alone. 270
Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds:
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
Claud. I know not how to pray your patience;
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not 280
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I:
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he 'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb, 290
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that 's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose 300
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white 310

and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains. 320

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There 's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God re- 330 store you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I 'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. [*To the Watch*] Bring you these fellows on.
We 'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt, severally.*

Scene II.

Leonato's garden.

Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs? 10

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in 20 the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Exit Margaret.*

[*Sings*] The god of love,
That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Benc. O, stay but till then!

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge;

and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me? 60

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love,—a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates. 70

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there 's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps. 80

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question: why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill. 90
Bene. And how do you?
Beat. Very ill too.
Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder 's old coil at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the 100 author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?
Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?
Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and three or four with tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?
A Lord. It is, my lord.
Claud. [*Reading out of a scroll.*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb. 10
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered, 20
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go. 31

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula, Friar Francis, and Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, 10
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.
[*Exeunt Ladies.*
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them. 20
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince: but what 's your will?
Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:

But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage: 30
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, and two or three others.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I 'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother; here 's the friar ready.
[*Exit Antonio.*
D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what 's the matter. 40
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
Tush, fear not, man; we 'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat 50
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.
Claud. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

Re-enter Antonio, with the Ladies masked.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then she 's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand: before this holy friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife: 60
[*Unmasking.*
And when you loved, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero!
Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defiled; but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify:
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I 'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime let wonder seem familiar, 70
And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?
Beat. [*Unmasking*] I answer to that name. What is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.
Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio
Have been deceived; they swore you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.
Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula
Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me. 80

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
Claud. And I 'll be sworn upon 't that he loves her;
For here 's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.
Hero. And here 's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick. 90
Bene. A miracle! here 's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.
Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*
D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?
Bene. I 'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. 100 Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin. 110

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends: let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward. 120

Bene. First, of my word; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers. [*Dance. Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abused, deceived; V. ii. 100.
Accordant, favourable; I. ii. 13.
Adam; alluding to the outlaw Adam Bell, famous as an archer (*cp.* Percy's Reliques); I. i. 259.
Advertisement, moral instruction; V. i. 32.
Afeard, afraid; II. iii. 153.
Affect, love; I. i. 296.
Affection, desire; II. ii. 6.
After, afterwards; I. i. 326.
Agate; an allusion to the little figures cut in agates, often worn in rings; a symbol of smallness; III. i. 65.
Aim; "a. better at me," form a better opinion of me; III. ii. 95.
Alliance; "Good Lord for al." *i.e.* "Heaven send me a husband," or "Good Lord, how many alliances are forming!"; II. i. 321.
Alms; "an alms" = a charity; II. iii. 159.
Ancientry, old fashioned manners; II. i. 77.
Angel, a gold coin (with pun upon *noble* and *angel,* both coins); II. iii. 35.
Answer; "to your a.," *i.e.* "to answer for your conduct"; V. i. 231.
Antique, antic, buffoon; III. i. 63.
Antiquely, fantastically; V. i. 96.
Apes; a reference to the old superstition that old maids had to lead apes in hell; II. i. 40.
Appear itself, appear as a reality; I. ii. 20.
Apprehension; "professed ap.," *i.e.* "set up for a wit"; III. iv. 65.
Approved, tried, proved; II. i. 384; IV. i. 45.
Argument, subject (for satire); I. i. 256; proof; II. iii. 235.
At a word = in a word; II. i. 114.
Ate, goddess of Fury and Mischief; II. i. 257.

Baldrick, belt; I. i. 242.
Bear in hand, keep in (false) hope; IV. i. 303.
Bear-ward (Quartos, Folios, read berrord; other eds., bear-herd), bear-leader; II. i. 40. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Beaten; "b. with brains," *i.e.* mocked; V. iv. 102.
Bel; "God Bel's priests" alludes to some representation in stained glass of the story of *Bel and the Dragon*; III. iii. 138.

From a copper-plate illustrating London Cries of the time of James I.

Below stairs; "shall I always keep below stairs," an expression of doubtful meaning; probably = "in the servant's room"; hence "remain unmarried"; V. ii. 10.

Bent, tension, straining (properly an expression of archery); II. iii. 224; disposition; IV. i. 187.

Bills; "set up his bills," *i.e.* "posted his challenge, like a fencing-master"; I. i. 37.

Bills, pikes carried by watchmen; III. iii. 43.

Bills, used quibblingly for (1) bonds, and (2) watchmen's halberds; III. iii. 184.

Bird-bolt, a short arrow with a broad flat end, used to kill birds without piercing; I. i. 40.

Black, dark-complexioned; III. i. 63.

Blazon, explanation; II. i. 298.

Block, wooden model for shaping hats; I. i. 75.

Blood, temperament; I. iii. 28; passion; II. i. 181.

Bloods, young fellows; III. iii. 145.

Boarded, accosted; II. i. 144.

Books; "not in your books," *i.e.* "not in your good books"; I. i. 77.

Borrows; "b. money in God's name," *i.e.* "begs it"; V. i. 315.

Bottle, a small wooden barrel; I. i. 257.

Brave, becoming, fitting; V. iv. 128.

Break, broach the subject; I. i. 309, 326.

Breathing = breathing-space; II. i. 367.

Bring, accompany; III. ii. 3.

Bucklers; "I give thee the b.," *i.e.* "I yield thee the victory"; V. ii. 17.

By, concerning; V. i. 309.

Candle-wasters, those who burn the midnight oil, bookworms; V. i. 18.

Canker, canker-rose; I. iii. 27.

Capon, used as a term of contempt (? a pun, according to some = "a fool's cap on"); V. i. 155.

Carduus; "C. Benedictus," the holy-thistle; a plant supposed to cure all diseases, including the plague; III. iv. 70.

Care killed a cat, an old proverbial expression; V. i. 132.

Career; "in the c.," *i.e.* "in tilting, as at a tournament"; V. i. 135.

Carpet-mongers, carpet-knights; V. ii. 32.

Carriage, bearing, deportment; I. iii. 29.

Carry, carry out; II. iii. 215.

Carving, modelling, fashioning; II. iii. 18.

Censured, judged; II. iii. 225.

Charge, burden; I. i. 101; commission, office; III. iii. 7.

Cheapen, bid for; II. iii. 33.

Cinque-pace, a lively kind of dance; II. i. 74, 79. (*Cp.* accompanying specimens.)

stir, "the devil to pay"; V. ii. 98.

Coldly, quietly; III. ii. 128.

Commodity, any kind of merchandise; III. iii. 183.

Company, companionship; V. i. 191.

Comprehended, blunder for "apprehended"; III. v. 49.

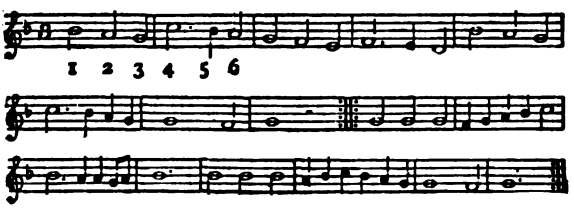
Conceit, conception; II. i. 300.

Conditions, qualities; III. ii. 65.

Confirmed, unmoved; V. iv. 17.

Consummate, consummated; III. ii. 1.

Contemptible, contemptuous; II. iii. 181.



From Naylor's Shakespeare and Music.

Circumstances; "c. shortened," *i.e.* "to omit details"; III. ii. 101.

Civet, a perfume made from the civet-cat; III. ii. 49.

Civil, used quibblingly, with a play upon "civil" and "Seville"; II. i. 296.

Claw, flatter; I. iii. 18.

Cog, to deceive, especially by smooth lies; V. i. 95.

Coil; confusion, III. iii. 97; old coil = much ado, great

Controlment, constraint; I. iii. 20.

Conveyance; "impossible c.," incredible dexterity; II. i. 246.

Count Comfect, i.e. "Count Sugarplum," with probably a play upon *conte* or *compte,* a fictitious story; IV. i. 316.

Counties, counts; IV. i. 315.

County, count; II. i. 189, 359.

Courtesies, mere forms of courtesy; IV. i. 320.

Courtesy = curtsey; II. i. 53.
Cousins, kinsmen, enrolled among the dependants of great families, little more than attendants; I. ii. 23.
Cross; "broke c.," *i.e.* "broke athwart the opponent's body" (an expression taken from tilting); V. i. 139.
Cuckold with horns; II. i. 43.

From Taylor the Water-Poet's tract "The World runnes on Wheeles ..." (1623).

Cunning, clever; V. i. 232.
Curst, shrewish; II. i. 20, 21, etc.

Daff, put off; V. i. 78.
Daffed, put aside; II. iii. 170.
Dangerous, threatening; V. i. 97.
Deadly, mortally; V. i. 177.
Dear happiness, a precious piece of good fortune; I. i. 127.
Decerns = a blunder for "concerns"; III. v. 3.
Defend, forbid; II. i. 94.
Defiled (the reading of the Quartos, omitted in the Folio), defiled by slander; V. iv. 63.
Deprave, practise detraction; V. i. 95.
Difference, used technically; "heraldic differences" distinguish the bearers of the same coat armour, and demonstrate their nearness to the representative of the family; I. i. 67.
Discover, reveal; III. ii. 92.
Discovered, revealed; I. ii. 11.
Division, order, arrangement; V. i. 227.
Doctor, a learned person; V. i. 204.
Don Worm (Conscience was formerly represented under the symbol of a worm); V. ii. 84.
Dotage, doting love; II. iii. 169, 216.
Double-dealer, one who is unfaithful in love or wedlock; V. iv. 114.
Doublet and hose; "in his d. and h.," *i.e.* "without his cloak"; alluding to the custom of taking off the cloak before fighting a duel; V. i. 202.
Doubt, suspect; V. i. 118.
Draw, draw the bow of a fiddle (according to others, draw the instruments from their cases); V. i. 128.
Drovier = drover; II. i. 195.
Dry hand (a sign of a cold and chaste nature); II. i. 118.
Dumb-show, a pantomime; II. iii. 218.
Dumps, low spirits; II. iii. 73.

Earnest, handsel, part payment; II. i. 39.
Ecstasy, madness; II. iii. 152.
Eftest, quickest (perhaps a blunder for "deftest"); IV. ii. 35.
Embassage, embassy; I. i. 280.
Engaged, pledged; IV. i. 332.
Entertained, employed; I. iii. 58.
Europa, Europe (used quibblingly); V. iv. 45-6.
Even, plain; IV. i. 264.
Every day, immediately, without delay, as the French *incessamment*; perhaps "E. to-morrow" = "every day (after) to-morrow"; III. i. 101.
Excommunication, blunder for "communication"; III. v. 67.
Exhibition; "e. to examine," possibly a blunder for "examination to exhibit"; IV. ii. 5.
Experimental; "e. seal," *i.e.* "the seal of experience"; IV. i. 167.

Faith, fidelity in friendship; I. i. 73; honour, pledge; V. iv. 8.
Fancy, love; III. ii. 31.
Fashion-monging, foppish; V. i. 94.
Fathers herself, is like her father; I. i. 110.
Favour, countenance; II. i. 94.
Fence, skill in fencing; V. i. 75.
Festival terms, not in everyday language; V. ii. 41.
Fetch me in, draw me into a confession; I. i. 223.
Fine, conclusion; I. i. 245.
Fleer, sneer; V. i. 58.
Fleet, company; II. i. 143.
Flight, shooting with the flight, a kind of light and well-feathered arrow; I. i. 38.
Flout; "f. old ends," *i.e.* make fun of old endings of letters; I. i. 288.
Flouting Jack, mocking rascal; I. i. 184.
Foining, thrusting; V. i. 84.
Frame, order, disposition of things; IV. i. 129.
Framed, devised; V. i. 71.
From, away from; "f. all fashions," averse to all fashions, eccentric; III. i. 72.
Full; "you have it full," *i.e.* "you are fully answered"; I. i. 108.
Full, fully; III. i. 45.
Furnish, to dress; III. i. 103.

Girdle; "to turn his girdle," to give a challenge (alluding to the practice of turning the large buckle of the girdle behind one previously to challenging any one); V. i. 142.
God save the Foundation! (the customary phrase employed by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses); V. i. 324.
Go in = join with you in; I. i. 186.
Good den, good evening; III. ii. 79.

Good-year, supposed to be a corruption of *goujère,* a disease; used as a mild imprecation; I. iii. 1.

Go to the world, to marry; II. i. 321.

Grace, favour; I. iii. 22.

Gracious, attractive; IV. i. 108.

Grant; the fairest grant = "the best boon is that which answers the necessities of the case"; I. i. 317.

Great Cham, the Khan of Tartary; II. i. 271.

Guarded, ornamented; I. i. 286.

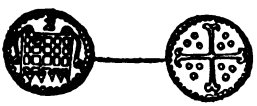
Guards, ornaments; I. i. 287.

Guerdon, recompense; V. iii. 5.

H, i.e. ache; the latter word and the name of the letter were pronounced alike; III. iv. 53.

Haggards, wild, untrained hawks; III. i. 36.

Half-pence, very small pieces; II. iii. 142.



From an engraving by F. W. Fairholt.

Happiness; "outward happiness," *i.e.* "prepossessing appearance"; II. iii. 184.

Hare-finder, one skilled to find the hare; with perhaps a play upon "hair-finder"; I. i. 184.

Head; "to thy head" = "to thy face"; V. i. 62.

Hearken after, inquire into; V. i. 214.

"*Heigh-ho for a hundred,*" the title of an old ballad still extant (*cp.* III. iv. 51, 52); II. i. 323.

Height, highest degree; IV. i. 301.

High-proof, in a high degree; V. i. 123.

Hobby-horses (used as a term of contempt); III. ii. 71.

Hold it up, continue it; II. iii. 124.

Holds; "h. you well," thinks well of you; III. ii. 97.

How, however; III. i. 60.

"*Hundred Merry Tales,*" a popular jest-book of the time (included in Hazlitt's Collection of Shakespeare Jest-Books, 1864); II. i. 130.

Important, importunate; II. i. 71.

Impose me to, impose upon me; V. i. 279.

In, with; II. i. 65.

Incensed, instigated; V. i. 240.

Infinite, infinite stretch, utmost power; II. iii. 105.

In respect of = in comparison with; III. iv. 17.

Intend, pretend; II. ii. 34.

In that, inasmuch as; V. iv. 109.

Invention, mental activity; IV. i. 195.

Inwardness, intimacy; IV. i. 246.

Jacks (used as a term of contempt); V. i. 91.

Just, that is so; II. i. 27.

Kid-fox, young fox; II. iii. 44.
Kind, natural; I. i. 26.
Kindly, natural; IV. i. 74.

Lapwing, a reference to the habit of the female green plover; when disturbed on its nest it runs close to the ground a short distance without uttering any cry, while the male bird keeps flying round the intruder, uttering its peculiar cry very rapidly and loudly, and trying, by every means, to draw him in a contrary direction from the nest; III. i. 24.
Large, "large jests," broad jests; II. iii. 198.
Large, free, licentious; IV. i. 52.
Leap'd, covered; V. iv. 49.
Learn, teach; IV. i. 30.
Lewd, depraved; V. i. 339.
Liberal, licentious; IV. i. 92.
Light o' Love, a popular old dance tune, often referred to; III. iv. 42.
Limed, snared as with bird-lime; III. i. 104.
Liver (used as "heart" for the seat of love); IV. i. 232.
Lock, a love-lock; III. iii. 176.
Lock; "he wears a key in his ear, and a l. hanging by it," a quibbling allusion to the "love-locks" worn at the time, and perhaps to the fashion of wearing roses in the ears; V. i. 316.

From a portrait of Christian IV. of Denmark.

Lodge, the hut occupied by the watchman in a rabbit-warren; II. i. 216.
Low, short; III. i. 65.
Lustihood, vigour; V. i. 76.
Luxurious, lustful; IV. i. 41.

March-chick, chicken hatched in March, denoting precocity; I. iii. 56.
Marl, a kind of clay; II. i. 63.
Match, mate, marry; II. i. 64.
Matter, sense, seriousness; II. i. 335.
Matter; "no such matter," nothing of the kind; II. iii. 217.
May, can; IV. i. 265.
Measure, used quibblingly in double sense in connection with dance; II. i. 72.
Medicinable, medicinal; II. ii. 5.
Meet with, even with; I. i. 45.

Merely, entirely; II. iii. 218.
Metal, material; II. i. 59.
Misgovernment, misconduct; IV. i. 99.
Misprising, despising; III. i. 52.
Misprision, mistake; IV. i. 186.
Misuse, deceive; II. ii. 28.
Misused, abused; II. i. 240.
Moe, more; II. iii. 72.
Monument; "in m." = "in men's memory"; V. ii. 79.
Moral, hidden meaning, like the moral of a fable; III. iv. 75.
Moral, ready to moralise; V. i. 30.
Mortifying, killing; I. iii. 12.
Mountain, a great heap, a huge amount; II. i. 371.
Mountanta, i.e. montanta, a term in fencing, "an upright blow or thrust," applied by Beatrice to Benedick; I. i. 30.

Near, dear to; II. i. 163.
Neighbours; the time of "good n.," *i.e.* "when men were not envious of one another"; V. ii. 77.
New-trothed, newly betrothed; III. i. 38.
Night-gown, dressing gown; III. iv. 17.
Night-raven, the owl or the night-heron; II. iii. 84.
Noncome; "to a n.," probably = to be *non compos mentis*; III. v. 65.
Nothing, pronounced much in the same way as "noting"; hence the pun here on "nothing" and "no-ting"; II. iii. 59.
Nuptial, marriage ceremony; IV. i. 68.

Of, by; I. i. 124.
Off, away from; III. v. 9.
On, of; IV. i. 138.
Only, alone, of all others; I. iii. 40.
Opinioned, a blunder for "pinioned"; IV. ii. 66.
Orchard, garden; I. ii. 9.
Orthography = orthographer, one who uses fine words; II. iii. 21.
Out-facing, facing the matter out with looks; V. i. 94.
Over-borne, overcome; II. iii. 152.

Pack'd, implicated; V. i. 305.
Palabras, i.e. pocas palabras (Spanish) = "few words"; III. v. 18.
Partridge wing (formerly considered the most delicate part of the bird); II. i. 150.
Passing, exceedingly; II. i. 81.
Passion, emotion; V. i. 23.
Pent-house, a porch or shed with sloping roof; III. iii. 107.
Philemon's roof; an allusion to the story of the peasant Philemon and his Baucis, who received Jupiter into their thatched cottage; II. i. 96.

From an engraving of an old timber-house in the market place at Stratford-on-Avon.

Picty, Dogberry's blunder for "impiety"; IV. ii. 78.

Pigmies, a race of dwarfs fabled to dwell beyond Mount Imaus in India; II. i. 272.

This curious fanciful representation is reproduced from MS. Bibl. Reg. 17 c. 38.

Pikes, central spikes screwed into the bucklers or shields, of the 16th century; V. ii. 21.

Pitch; "they that touch pitch," etc., a popular proverb derived from *Ecclesiasticus* xiii. 1; III. iii. 60.

Pleached, interwoven; III. i. 7.

Pleasant, merry; I. i. 36.

Pluck up, rouse thyself; V. i. 205.

Possess, inform; V. i. 287.

Possessed, influenced; III. iii. 159.

Practice, contrivance, plotting; IV. i. 189.

Preceptial; "p. medicine," *i.e.* "the medicine of precepts"; V. i. 24.

Present, represent; III. iii. 78.

Presently, immediately; II. ii. 56.

Press; an allusion to the punishment known as the *peine forte et dure,* which consisted of piling heavy weights on the body; III. i. 76.

Prester John, Presbyter John, a mythical Christian King of

From a MS. (Bibl. Reg. 17 c. 38 of Mandeville of the XVth Cent.)

India, of whose wonders Mandeville tells us much; II. i. 270.

Prized, estimated; III. i. 90.

Prohibit (used amiss by Dogberry); V. i. 333.

Prolong'd, deferred; IV. i. 255.

Proof; "your own p.," *i.e.* "in your own trial of her"; IV. i. 45.

Proper, handsome; II. iii. 183.

Properest, handsomest; V. i. 173.

Propose, conversation; III. i. 12.

Proposing, conversing; III. i. 3.

Push; "made a push at," *i.e.* "defied"; V. i. 38.

Qualify, moderate; V. iv. 67.

Queasy, squeamish; II. i. 389.

Question; "in q.," *i.e.* "under trial, subject to judicial examination"; III. iii. 185.

Question = that 's the question; V. ii. 82.

Question, investigation; V. iv. 6.

Quips, sarcasms; II. iii. 241.

Quirks, shallow conceits; II. iii. 237.

Quit, requite; IV. i. 201.

Rabato, collar, ruff; III. iv. 6.

Rack, stretch, exaggerate; IV. i. 221.

Reasons (punning, according to some commentators, upon "reasons" and "raisins"); V. i. 209.

From a Monument in Ashford Church, Kent.

Recheat, a term of the chase; the call sounded to bring the dogs back; I. i. 240.

Reclusive, secluded; IV. i. 243.

Redemption, a blunder for "perdition"; IV. ii. 56.

Reechy, reeky, dirty; III. iii. 137.

Reformed, Dogberry's blunder for "informed"; V. i. 260.

Remorse, compassion; IV. i. 212.

Render, give back; IV. i. 29.

Reportingly, on mere report; III. i. 116.

Reprove, disprove; II. iii. 233.

Reverence, privilege of age; V. i. 64.

Rheum, tears; V. ii. 83.

Right; "do me right," give me satisfaction; V. i. 147.

Sad, serious; I. i. 183; I. iii. 60; II. i. 348-9.

Sadly, seriously; II. iii. 221.

Salved, palliated; I. i. 315.
Saturn; "born under S.," *i.e.* "of a saturnine or phlegmatic disposition"; I. iii. 11.
Scab, used quibblingly for (1) sore, and (2) a low fellow; III. iii. 104.
Scambling, scrambling; V. i. 94.
Sceming, hypocrisy; IV. i. 56.
Self-endeared, self-loving; III. i. 56.
Sentences, sententious sayings; II. iii. 241.
Seven-night; "a just s.," *i.e.* "exactly a week"; II. i. 364.
Shape of two countries; III. ii. 34.

"I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mynde what rayment I shall were;
For now I will were this, and now I will were that,
Now I will were I cannot tell what."
(From Borde's 'Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge.')

Shaven Hercules, probably alludes to Hercules, shaved to look like a woman, while in the service of Omphale; III. iii. 139.
Shrewd, shrewish; II. i. 19.
Side, long; III. iv. 19.
Sigh; "sigh away Sundays," possibly an allusion to the Puritans' Sabbath; according to others the phrase signifies that a man has no rest at all; I. i. 202.
Slanders, misapplied by Dogberry for "slanderers"; V. i. 219.
Slops, large loose breeches; III. ii. 36.
Smirched, soiled; III. iii. 139.
Smoking, fumigating; I. iii. 59.
So, if; II. i. 88.
Soft you, hold, stop; V. i. 207.
Sort, rank; I. i. 7; I. i. 33.
Sort, turn out; V. iv. 7.
Speed's, i.e. speed us; V. iii. 32.
Spell; "s. him backward," misconstrue him; III. i. 61.
Squarer, quarreller; I. i. 80.
Staff, lance; V. i. 138.
Stale, harlot; IV. i. 65.
Stalk, walk, like a fowler behind a stalking-horse; II. iii. 95.
Start-up, up-start; I. iii. 66.
Stomach, appetite; I. iii. 15.
Stops, the divisions on the finger-board of a lute; III. ii. 59.
Strain, family, lineage; II. i. 384.
Strain; "strain for strain," *i.e.* feeling for feeling; V. i. 12.
Style (used with a quibble on "stile"); V. ii. 6.
Success, the issue; IV. i. 235.

Sufferance, suffering; V. i. 38.
Suffigance, blunder for "sufficient"; III. v. 55.
Sun-burnt, homely, ill-favoured; II. i. 322.
Sure, faithful; I. iii. 69.
Suspect, misapplied for "respect"; IV. ii. 73, 74.
Suspicion (*i.e.* suspicion of having horns under it); I. i. 199.
Swift, ready; III. i. 89.

Taken up, used quibblingly for (1) arrested, and (2) obtained on credit; III. iii. 184.
Tale; "both in a tale," *i.e.* "they both say the same"; IV. ii. 30.
Tax, to censure; I. i. 44.
Teach, to be taught; I. i. 291.
Temper, compound, mix; II. ii. 21.
Temporize, make terms; I. i. 274.
Terminations, terms; II. i. 250.
Thick-pleached, thickly interwoven; I. ii. 9.
Tickling (trisyllabic); III. i. 80.
Tire, head-dress; III. iv. 12.
To, with; II. i. 237.
Tongues; "he hath the t.," *i.e.* "he knows foreign languages"; V. i. 166.
To-night, last night; III. v. 33.
Tooth-picker = tooth-pick; II. i. 268.
Top; "by the top" = by the forelock; I. ii. 14.
Trace, walk; III. i. 16.
Trans-shape, caricature; V. i. 171.
Trial; "to trial of a man," *i.e.* "to combat, man to man"; V. i. 66.
Trow = trow ye, *i.e.* think ye? III. iv. 56.
Truth, genuine proof; II. ii. 48.
Tuition, guardianship; I. i. 281.
Turned Turk = completely changed for the worse; III. iv. 54.
Tyrant, pitiless censor; I. i. 168.

Unconfirmed, inexperienced; III. iii. 119.
Underborne, trimmed, faced; III. iv. 20.
Undergoes, is subject to; V. ii. 57.
Unhappiness, wanton or mischievous tricks; II. i. 351.
Untowardly, unluckily; III. ii. 130.
Up and down, exactly; II. i. 118.
Upon, in consequence of; IV. i. 224.
Use, usury, interest; II. i. 281.
Used; "hath u.," *i.e.* has made a practice of; used equivocally; V. i. 316.
Usurer's chain, an allusion to the gold chains worn by the more wealthy merchants, many of whom were bankers; II. i. 190.

Vagrom, Dogberry's blunder for vagrant; III. iii. 26.

Venice, the city of pleasure-seekers, frequently alluded to as such by Elizabethan writers; I. i. 272.

Weak, foolish; III. i. 54.
Weeds, garments, dress; V. iii. 30.
Windy; "on the w. side of care," *i.e.* "to windward of care" (the metaphor being from two sailing boats racing); II. i. 318.
Wish, desire; III. i. 42.
Wit, wisdom; II. iii. 187.
With = by; II. i. 61; V. iv. 126.
Wits; "five wits," *i.e.* "the five intellectual powers—common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory"; I. i. 64.
Woe, woful tribute; V. iii. 33.
Woo, press; II. iii. 50.
Woodcock, fool; V. i. 157.
Woollen, blankets; II. i. 31.
Wring, writhe; V. i. 28.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 216. The English story of 'Mr. Fox' alluded to here was first written down by Blakeway, who contributed to Malone's Variorum Edition a version of the tale he had heard from an old aunt (*cp.* Jacobs' *English Fairy Tales*).

II. i. 80. '*sink a-pace,*' etc.; Camb. Ed. following Q. '*sink into his grave*'; Folio 1, Folio 2, '*sinkes*'; Capell, '*sink-a-pace*'; so MS. corrector of Collier's Folio.

II. i. 215. '*as melancholy as a lodge in a warren*'; the phrase suggests "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers," Isaiah i. 8.

II. i. 246. '*impossible,*' Theobald, '*impassable.*'

II. ii. 44. Some editors substitute 'Borachio' for 'Claudio' in order to relieve the difficulty here, but, as the Cambridge editors point out, "Hero's supposed offence would not be enhanced by calling one lover by the name of the other. . . . Perhaps the author meant that Borachio should persuade her to play, as children say, at being Hero and Claudio."

II. iii. 38. The Folio reads:—'*Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilson*': the latter was probably the singer who took the part of Balthasar.

III. ii. 27. '*Where is but a humour or a worm*'; toothache was popularly supposed to be caused by a worm at the root of the tooth.

III. iii. It is an interesting fact that 'Dogberry,' the vulgar name of the *dogwood,* was used as a surname as far back as the time of Richard II., and that 'Verges,' a provincial corruption for *ver-juice,* occurs in an ancient MS. (MS. Ashmol. 38) as the name of a usurer, whose epitaph is given:—

> "Here lies father Varges
> Who died to save charges."

III. iii. 89. '*Keep your fellows' counsels and your own.*' It has been pointed out by students of Shakespeare's legal acquirements

that these words still form part of the oath administered by judges' marshal to the grand jurymen at the present day.

III. v. 18. *'Comparisons are odorous.'* An elaborate extension of this joke occurs in the old play of *Sir Gyles Goosecappe* (c. 1603).

III. v. 37. *'When the age is in, the wit is out'*; a blunder for the old proverbial expression, 'when the ale is in, wit is out'—

> "When ale is in, wit is out,
> When ale is out, wit is in,
> The first thou showest out of doubt,
> The last in thee hath not been."
> HEYWOOD'S *Epigrams and Proverbs.*

IV. ii. Nearly all the speeches of Dogberry throughout the Scene are given to the famous comedian 'Kemp,' those of Verges to 'Cowley.' William Kemp and Richard Cowley are among the 'principall actors' enumerated in the First Folio. The retention of the names of the actors "supplies a measure of the editorial care to which the several Folios were submitted." Dogberry's speech is assigned to *'Andrew,'* probably a familiar appellation of Kemp, who, according to the Cambridge Edition, often played the part of 'Merry Andrew.'

IV. ii. 5. *'we have the exhibition to examine.'* Verges' blunder is not quite clear: possibly 'exhibition' is used in the sense of 'allowance' or 'permission,' otherwise he perhaps means 'examination to exhibit.'

From a MS. Pontificale ad usum Ecclesiæ Romanæ et Anglicanæ. XIVth Cent.

V. i. 16. *'Bid sorrow wag, cry "hem"!'* The Quarto and the first and second Folios read, *'And sorrow wagge, crie hem'*; Folio 3, *'And hallow, wag, cry hem'*; Folio 4, *'And hollow wag, cry hem.'* Many emendations have been suggested. Capell's *'bid sorrow wag,'* is now generally adopted. Johnson proposed *'Cry, sorrow wag! and hem.'* ('Sorrow wag,' like 'care away,' was probably a proverbial phrase.) One other suggestion is perhaps noteworthy:—*'And, sorry wag, cry "hem."'*

V. i. 315. '*key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it.*'

V. i. 318. *Lend, for God's sake.*

V. iii. 21. '*Heavily, heavily*'; so reads the Quarto; the Folios, '*Heavenly, heavenly,*' adopted by many editors. The same error, however, of '*heavenly*' for '*heavily*' occurs in the Folio reading of *Hamlet,* II. ii. 309.

"The slayers of the virgin knight are performing a solemn requiem on the body of Hero, and they invoke Midnight and the shades of the dead to assist, until *her* death be *uttered,* that is, proclaimed, published, sorrowfully, sorrowfully" (Halliwell).

V. iv. 123. '*there is no staff more revered than one tipped with horn*'; *i.e.* having a tip of horn, a horn handle; there is, of course, a quibbling allusion in the words to the favourite Elizabethan joke.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

23. *a badge of bitterness*:—In Chapman's version of the 10th Odyssey, a somewhat similar expression occurs: "Our eyes wore the same wet badge of weak humanity." This is an idea which Shakespeare apparently delighted to introduce. It occurs again in *Macbeth*, I. iv.: "My plenteous joys, wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves in drops of sorrow."

54, 55. *stuffed with all honourable virtues*:—Mede in his *Discourses on Scripture*, speaking of Adam, says, "He whom God had *stuffed* with so many excellent qualities." Beatrice starts an idea at the words *stuffed man*, and prudently checks herself in the pursuit of it. A stuffed man appears to have been one of the many cant phrases for a cuckold.

184, 185. *to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder*, etc.:—Do you scoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder; and that Vulcan, a blacksmith, is a good carpenter?

216-218. *Like the old tale*, etc.:—In illustration of this passage, Mr. Blakeway has given his recollections of an old tale, which he thinks may be the one alluded to, very like some that we in our childhood have often lain awake to hear and been kept awake with thinking of after the hearing: "Once upon a time there lived a Mr. Fox, a bachelor, who made it his business to decoy or force young women to his house, that he might have their skeletons to adorn his chambers with. Near

by dwelt a family, the lady Mary and her two brothers, whom Mr. Fox often visited, they, especially the lady, being much pleased with his company. One day, the lady, being left alone and having nothing else to do, thought to amuse herself by calling upon Mr. Fox, as he had often invited her to do. Knocking some time, but finding no one at home, she at length opened and went in. Over the portal was written, *Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.* Going forward, she saw the same over the stairway, and again over the door of the chamber at the head of the stairs. Opening this door, she saw at once what sort of work was carried on there. Retreating hastily, she saw out of the window Mr. Fox coming, holding a sword in one hand, and with the other dragging a young lady by the hair. She had just time to hide herself under the stairs before he entered. As he was going up stairs the young lady caught hold of the banister with her hand, whereon was a rich bracelet; he then cut off her hand, and it fell, bracelet and all, into Mary's lap. She took it, and, as soon as she could, hastened home. A few days after, Mr. Fox came to dine with her and her brothers. As they were entertaining each other with stories, she said she would tell them a strange dream she had lately had. She said, I dreamed, Mr. Fox, that as you had often invited me to your house, I went there one morning. When I came, I knocked, but no one answered; when I opened the door, over the hall was written, *Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.* But, said she, turning to Mr. Fox and smiling, *It is not so, nor it was not so.* Then she went on with the story, repeating this at every turn, till she came to the room full of dead bodies, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale, saying, *It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so*; which he kept repeating at every turn of the dreadful story, till she came to his cutting off the lady's hand; then, upon his saying the same words, she replied, *But it is so, and it was so, and here the hand I have to show*, at the same time producing the hand and bracelet from her lap; whereupon the guests drew their swords, and cut Mr. Fox into a thousand pieces."

236, 237. *but in the force of his will*:—Alluding to the definition of a heretic in the schools.

257. *hang me in a bottle like a cat*:—It seems to have been one of the inhuman sports of the time to enclose a cat in a wooden tub or bottle suspended aloft to be shot at.

261. This line is from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, 1599.

317. *The fairest grant is the necessity*:—Hayley, with great

acuteness, proposed to read, "The fairest grant is *to* necessity"; i.e., *necessitas quod cogit defendit.* The meaning may, however, be, "The fairest or most equitable concession is that which is needful only."

Scene III.

12, 13. *I cannot hide what I am*:—This is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure and too sullen to receive it, often endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty or the dignity of haughty independence.

18. *claw no man in his humour*:—So in Howell's *Letters*: "Here it is not the style to *claw* and compliment with the King." *Claw-back* occurs in the same sense both as a noun and a verb. Thus Camden says of Queen Elizabeth: "When she often used the saying, That most men neglected the setting sun, these *claw-backs* ceased not to beat into her ears—Who will neglect the wholesome beams of the clear sunshine, to behold the pitiful sparkling of the smaller stars?"

40. That is, "for I make nothing else my counsellor."

59. *smoking a musty room*:—The neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors rendered such precautions too often necessary. In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*: "The smoke of juniper is in great request with us at Oxford to *sweeten* our chambers."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

94, 95. *God defend the lute,* etc.:—That is, God forbid that your face should be like your mask.

130. *'Hundred Merry Tales'*:—This was the term for a *jest-book* in Shakespeare's time, from a popular collection of that name, about which the commentators were much puzzled, until a large fragment was discovered in 1815, by the Rev. J. Conybeare, Professor of Poetry in Oxford. It was printed by Rastell, and therefore must have been published previous to 1533. Another collection of the same kind, called *Tales and Quicke Answeres,* printed by Berthelette, and of nearly equal antiquity, was

also reprinted at the same time; and it is remarkable that this collection is cited by Sir John Harrington under the title of *The Hundred Merry Tales.* It continued for a long period to be the popular name for collections of this sort.

209, 210. *puts the world,* etc.:—That is, who takes upon herself to personate the world, and so fancies that the world thinks just as she does. In nearly all modern editions, *the base, though bitter, disposition* (lines 208, 209) is changed to *the base, the bitter disposition*; probably because the editors could not discover the relation between *base* and *bitter,* nor divine that *though* here means *since* or *because,* as often in Shakespeare.

215, 216. *a lodge in a warren*:—A similar image of loneliness occurs in *Measure for Measure*: "At the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana."

257, 258. *Ate in good apparel*:—Upon this passage Warburton remarks, and Collier endorses him, that "the ancient poets and painters represent the *Furies in rags.*" Ate, however, was not a Fury, but the daughter of Jupiter, and goddess of mischief and discord.

269, 270. *bring you,* etc.:—How difficult this had been, may be guessed from Butler's account of that distinguished John:—

> "While like the mighty Prester John,
> Whose person none dares look upon,
> But is preserv'd in close disguise
> From being made cheap to vulgar eyes."

Scene II.

44. *term me Claudio*:—So in all the old copies. Theobald thought it should read *Borachio* instead of Claudio; whereas the expression, *term me,* infers that a false name is to be agreed upon between the speaker and Margaret. Both Claudio and the Prince might well be persuaded that Hero received a clandestine lover, whom she *called* Claudio, in order to deceive her attendants, should any be within hearing; and this they would of course deem an aggravation of her offence. It is hardly worth the while to add, that *they* would be in no danger of supposing the man, whom Margaret *termed* Claudio, to be Claudio in fact.

Scene III.

[*Enter Benedick.*] In the original, both Quarto and Folio, the stage direction here is, "Enter Benedick alone"; in all modern editions till Collier's it is, "Enter Benedick and a Boy." The original is probably right, the design being that Benedick shall be seen pacing to and fro, ruminating and digesting the matter of his forthcoming soliloquy. In this state his mind gets so deep in philosophy that he wants a book to feed the appetite which passing events have awakened. Of course the boy comes when called for.

18, 19. *carving . . . doublet*:—This folly is the theme of all comic satire. In Barnabe Riche's *Faults and Nothing but Faults,* 1606, "the fashionmonger that spends his time in the contemplation of suites" is said to have "a sad and heavy countenance," because his tailor "hath cut his new sute after the olde stampe of some stale fashion that is at the least of a whole fortnight's standing."

36, 37. *her hair,* etc.:—Disguises of false hair and of dyed hair were quite common, especially among the ladies, in Shakespeare's time; scarce any of them being so richly dowered with other gifts as to be content with the hair which it had pleased Nature to bestow. The Poet has several passages going to show that this custom was not much in favour with him; as in *Love's Labour's Lost,* IV. iii., where Biron "mourns that painting and usurping hair should ravish doters with a false aspect." That in this as in other things Shakespeare's mind went with Nature, further appears from his making so sensible a fellow as Benedick talk that way.

60-62. A similar tribute to the power of music occurs in *Twelfth Night,* II. iii. 59, 60, where it is spoken of as able to "draw three souls out of one weaver."

95. *stalk on*:—An allusion to the *stalking-horse,* whereby the fowler anciently screened himself from the sight of the game. It is thus described in John Gee's *New Shreds of the Old Snare*: "Methinks I behold the cunning fowler, such as I have known in the fen-countries and elsewhere, that do shoot at woodcocks, snipes, and wild fowl, by sneaking behind a painted cloth which they carry before them, having pictured on it the shape of a horse; which while the silly fowl gazeth on, it is knocked down with hail-shot, and so put into the fowler's budget."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

61. *spell him backward*:—That is, *misinterpret* him. An allusion to the practice of witches in uttering prayers. In like sort, we often say of a man who refuses to take things in their plain natural meaning, as if he were on the lookout for some cheat, "He reads everything backwards."

76. *press me to death*:—The allusion is to an ancient punishment inflicted on those who refused to plead to an indictment. If they continued silent, they were pressed to death by heavy weights laid on the stomach.

107. *What fire is in mine ears?*—Alluding to the proverbial saying, which is as old as Pliny's time, "That when our *ears do glow and tingle,* some there be that in our absence do talke of us."

113. *Taming,* etc.:—This image is taken from falconry. She has been charged with being as wild as *haggards of the rock*; she therefore says that, wild as her heart is, she will *tame* it *to the hand.*

Scene II.

11. *hangman*:—That is, executioner, slayer of hearts.

21. *the toothache*:—So in *The False One,* by Fletcher:—

> "O, this sounds mangily,
> Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth!
> You had best be troubled with the *tooth-ache* too,
> *For lovers ever are.*"

24, 25. *hang it first, and draw it afterwards*:—Apparently a quibbling allusion to the old custom of "hanging, drawing, and quartering."

34, 35. *two countries at once*:—So in *The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London,* by Dekker, 1606: "For an Englishman's sute is like a traitor's body that hath beene hanged, drawne, and quartered, and is set up in several places: his codpiece, in Denmarke; the collar of his dublet and the belly, in France; the wing and narrow sleeve, in Italy; the short waste hangs over a botcher's stall in Utrich; his huge sloppes speak Spanish; Polonia gives him the bootes," etc.

58. *a lute-string*:—*Love-songs,* in Shakespeare's time, were sung to the lute. So in 1 *Henry IV.,* I. ii. 81: "*A lover's lute.*"

67. *buried with her face upwards*:—That is, in her lover's arms. So in *The Winter's Tale,* IV. iv. 129-132:—

> *Flo.* What, like a corse?
> *Per.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
> Not like a corse; or if, not to be *buried*
> But quick and in mine arms.

Scene III.

[*Dogberry and Verges*] The first of these worthies is named from the *dogberry,* a shrub that grows in every county in England. *Verges* is the provincial pronunciation of *verjuice.*

7. *give them their charge*:—To *charge* his fellows seems to have been a regular part of the duty of the constable of the watch. So in *A New Trick to Cheat the Devil,* 1639: "My watch is set—*charge given*—and all at peace."

176. *a' wears a lock*:—A lock of hair, called "a love-lock," was often worn by the gay young gallants of Shakespeare's time. This ornament and invitation to love was cherished with great care by the owners, being brought before and tied with a riband. Prynne, the great Puritan hero, spit some of his bile against this fashion, in a book on *The Unloveliness of Love-locks.*

183, 184. *We are like to prove,* etc.:—We have the same conceit in 2 *Henry VI.,* IV. vii. 129, 130: "My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and *take up commodities* upon our *bills?*"

Scene IV.

19. *down sleeves*:—That is, with pearls set along down the sleeves. *Side sleeves* are long, full sleeves. *Side* is from the Anglo-Saxon *sid,* long, ample. Peele, in his *Old Wives' Tale,* has "*side* slops," for long trousers. So likewise, in Jonson's play, *The New Inn,* V. i.:—

> "He belly'd for it, had his velvet sleeves,
> And his branch'd cassock, a *side* sweeping gown,
> All his formalities, a good cramm'd divine."

Our word *side,* in its ordinary use, has reference to the *length* of the thing to which it is applied.

53. *For the letter,* etc.:—*For* here means *because of.* Heywood has an epigram which elucidates the identity in pronunciation between the word *ache* and the letter *H*:—

> "H is worst among letters in the cross-row,
> For if thou find him either in thine elbow,
> In thine arm or leg, in any degree;
> In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee;
> Into what place soever H may pike him,
> Wherever thou find him *ache* thou shalt not like him."

70, 71. *Carduus Benedictus*:—The following is from Cogan's *Haven of Health,* 1595: "This herb, for the singular virtue it hath, is worthily named *Benedictus,* or *Omnimorbia,* that is, a salve for every sore, not known to the physicians of old time, but lately revealed by the special providence of Almighty God."

Scene V.

1 *et seq. What would you,* etc.:—"Under ordinary conditions," says Herford, "the discovery must follow at once, Hero would be vindicated before the marriage, and the whole scheme of the drama would dissolve. It was necessary that the discovery should be foreseen when that otherwise too harrowing scene takes place, but that it should not be actually made. This double result is secured by the admirable creations of Dogberry and Verges. Even Coleridge could regard them as somewhat irrelevant figures 'forced into the service' of the plot, 'when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action.' But the gist of the invention lies just in their being 'ingeniously absurd' in the particular way in which they are. Nothing but their delicious irrelevance prevents the truth from reaching Leonato in time; but—'neighbours, you are tedious,' and he hands over the 'two ascipious persons' who hold his daughter's fate in their hands to the constable's leisurely 'excommunication.' The very figure of Dogberry is reassuring; evil cannot be rampant in a city which he and his 'most quiet watchmen' sufficiently protect, nor the story finally disastrous to which he contributes a link. It is a part of the irony, grave but not yet bitter, which underlies the play, that in this community of brilliantly accomplished men and women, it is not by dint of wit but through the blind channels of accident and unreason that the discovery makes its way.

'What your wisdoms,' as Borachio says, 'could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light.'"

21. *the poor duke's officers*:—This stroke of pleasantry, arising from the transposition of the epithet *poor*, occurs in *Measure for Measure*. Elbow says, "If it please your honour, I am the *poor Duke's* constable."

38. *a world to see*:—This was a common apostrophe of admiration, equivalent to *it is wonderful*, or *it is admirable*. Baret in his *Alvearie*, 1580, explains "*It is a world to heare*" by "It is a thing worthie the hearing, *audire est operæ pretium*." In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* we have "Is it not *a world* to consider?"

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

11-13. *If either of you know*, etc.:—This is borrowed from the marriage ceremony, which (with a few changes in phraseology) is the same as was used in Shakespeare's time.

21, 22. *some be of laughing*, etc.:—Benedick is in a grammatical state of mind, and here quotes from his accidence.

68. *True! O God!*—Hero's words are in reply to the speech of Don John.

74. *kindly*:—*Kind* is often used in Shakespeare for *nature*, *kindly* for *natural*. So in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, i. 66: "This do, and do it *kindly*, gentle sirs." So likewise in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*:—

> "The earth shall sooner leave her *kindly* skill
> To bring forth fruit, and make eternall dearth,
> Than I leave you, my life, yborne of heavenly birth."

123. *The story*, etc.:—That is, the story which her *blushes* discovered to be true.

250, 251. Of this passage Johnson says: "This is one of Shakespeare's subtle observations upon life. Men, overpowered with distress, eagerly listen to the first offers of relief, close with every scheme, and believe every promise. He that has no longer any confidence in himself is glad to repose his trust in any other that will undertake to guide him."

293. *I am gone, though I am here*:—That is, though my person stay with you, my heart is gone from you.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

1 *et seq.* "I step aside for a moment," says Lloyd, "to remark the comic value of the character of Antonio, so often doomed to be neglected and left out. Leonato, at the commencement of the fifth Act, is immersed in grief for the disgrace of his child, but the spectator already knows that this grief will speedily be allayed by the publication of her innocence, and the additional knowledge that he is bound to exaggerate consciously the expression of his grief by the pretence of her death, still farther checks the spontaneousness of our compassion. Sympathy is balked and puzzled, and would rebel in affront, but that the Poet furnishes a fair excuse for the laugh which incongruity invites, by the grotesque comicality of the indignation of Antonio. With like humanity, in the scene where the sleeping Juliet is mourned by her parents as dead, a vent for our importunate sense of absurdity is supplied in the ludicrously exaggerated wailings of the nurse. In the present instance there is great comic truth in the interchange of position by the brothers in the course of the Scene. At the commencement Antonio ministers as best he may in the character of moralist and philosopher to the excitement of his brother, and at the conclusion it is he himself who has to be held back and soothed by Leonato, in a violent outburst of passionate abuse."

18. *candle-wasters*:—The following passage occurs in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels,* III. ii.: "Heart, was there ever so prosperous an invention thus unluckily perverted and spoiled by a whoreson *book-worm, a candle-waster*?" Leonato's whole speech is aimed at those comforters who moralize by the book against our natural emotions; who would have us drown our troubles in a cup of bookish philosophy.

102. *wake your patience*:—That is, rouse, stir up, convert your patience into anger, by remaining longer in your presence.

128, 129. *bid thee draw,* etc.:—"I will bid thee draw thy sword, as we bid the minstrels draw the bows of their fiddles, merely to please us."

139. *broke cross*:—It was held very disgraceful for a tilter to have his spear broken across the body of his adversary, instead of by a push of the point. Thus, in *As You Like It,* III. iv. 42-44: "As a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose."

142. *to turn his girdle*:—Thus Sir Ralph Winwood in a letter to Cecil: "I said, what I spake was not to make him angry. He replied, If I were angry, I might turn the buckle of my girdle behind me." The phrase came from the practice of wrestlers, and is thus explained by Holt White: "Large belts were worn with the buckle before, but for wrestling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind was therefore a challenge."

157. A *woodcock* was a common term for a foolish fellow; that savoury bird being supposed to have no brains. Claudio alludes to the stratagem whereby Benedick has been made to fall in love. Thus Sir William Cecil, in a letter to Secretary Maitland, referring to an attempted escape of some French hostages: "I went to lay some lime-twigs for certain *woodcocks*, which I have taken." The proverbial simplicity of the woodcock is often celebrated by Shakespeare.

228, 229. *one meaning well suited*:—That is, *one meaning put into many different dresses*; the prince having asked the same question in four modes of speech.

290. It was the custom to attach, upon or near the tombs of celebrated persons, a written inscription, either in prose or verse, generally in praise of the deceased.

296. *she alone is heir to both of us*:—It would seem that Antonio's son, mentioned in I. ii., must have died since the play began.

Scene II.

77. *the time of good neighbours*:—That is, when men were not envious, but every one gave another his due.

Scene III.

3. *Done to death*:—This phrase occurs frequently in writers of Shakespeare's time: it appears to be derived from the French phrase, *faire mourir*.

13. *thy virgin knight*:—*Knight* was a common poetical appellation of virgins in Shakespeare's time; probably in allusion to their being the votarists of Diana, whose chosen pastime was in knightly sports. So in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, V. i.:—

> "O, sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
> Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,

Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy *female knights*
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe."

Scene IV.

43. *the savage bull*:—Still alluding to the passage quoted from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy,* in the first Scene of the play.

123, 124. *no staff more reverend,* etc.:—This passage refers to the staves or walking-sticks used by elderly persons, which were often *tipped with horn.* Chaucer's *Sompnour* describes one of his friars as having a "scrippe and *tipped staff*"; and he adds that "His felaw had *a staf tipped with horn.*"

Questions on

Much Ado About Nothing.

1. Mention some facts that help to establish the date of the play. From what Italian sources may some of the incidents have been derived?

ACT FIRST.

2. How is it shown in the first Scene that the play will deal with love as a warfare?
3. What unconscious confession does Beatrice make in her inquiries of the messenger concerning Benedick?
4. Was Benedick loved by women? How does one find it out?
5. How is his speech on the subject answered by Beatrice?
6. What may be assumed as the previous relations of Benedick and Beatrice accounting for their attitudes in the opening Scene?
7. Describe the way Claudio introduces the subject of his love for Hero to Benedick and to Don Pedro.
8. What arrangement is made between Don Pedro and Claudio to further the latter's suit?
9. Concerning Hero's love affair, what blunder is made by Antonio, and how does he support his case?
10. Don John gives what account of himself in the third Scene? Why is his character so definitely drawn thus early in the play?
11. What third version of the Hero intrigue do we gain from Borachio?
12. What lines of action are laid down in the first Act that prove the title of *Much Ado*?

ACT SECOND.

13. What is the dramatic purpose of the dialogue preceding the entrance of the revelers?

14. Show how it is made apparent that Hero is one ruled by her father. Compare her with Ophelia.

15. What is the character of the scene that follows the dialogue?

16. Indicate the import of the conversation between Hero and Don Pedro; between Ursula and Antonio.

17. What impression of Margaret is derived from her interview with Balthasar?

18. Did Beatrice recognize her *vis-à-vis* in the masked scene?

19. Explain the triple misconstruction in the scene between Don John and Claudio.

20. What important point in the plot is marked by the soliloquy of Claudio?

21. Comment on the spirit of Benedick's reply to Claudio, Sc. i. 195.

22. Your estimate of Claudio as he has so far revealed himself.

23. State the various misunderstandings of the love affair of Claudio and Hero. What single character is following the thread of it with a clear apprehension of the real facts?

24. Cite from *Hamlet* an expression similar to Benedick's (line 251) *she would infect to the north star.*

25. Explain the dramatic significance of the moment when Beatrice says (line 308) *Speak, count, 'tis your cue.*

26. Where in the play do the words of Beatrice to Hero (line 313) rebound upon herself?

27. Characterize the traits of Beatrice, displayed in the closing parts of the first Scene.

28. What scheme is proposed and agreed to at the close of this Scene?

29. Detail the plot laid to put a blight upon Hero. Who devised it?

30. Compare the intellectual qualities of Don John and of Iago.

31. Explain the change of attitude of Benedick as shown in the two soliloquies in Sc. iii. How does the device by which Benedick comes to a knowledge of Beatrice's regard for him ally itself with other devices of the rising action? Who is the author of this stratagem?

32. At the close of the Scene, how do Beatrice and Benedick exemplify the characters that have been attributed to them? What saves Benedick from a fatuousness similar to that of Malvolio?

ACT THIRD.

33. Compare the stratagem as wrought by the men on Benedick with that worked by Hero and Ursula on Beatrice. What traits natural to each sex are displayed? What touch of irony in Hero's words?

34. Compare Beatrice's soliloquy after the practised stratagem with Benedick's. Indicate the comic element of the situation. What indications have we that the stratagem, as concerns Benedick, has been effectual?

35. What temper of mind do you find in Claudio upon the eve of the revelations concerning Hero?

36. Contrast the manner of Claudio and of Don Pedro upon hearing the revelations of Don John.

37. What is the humorous effect of Sc. iii? Indicate its dramatic purpose.

38. Mention some traits possessed in common by Dogberry and Shallow (*Merry Wives*).

39. What part in the action do the watchmen play?

40. On what ground were Borachio and Conrade apprehended? What is there essentially comic in this Scene?

41. Account for the mood of Beatrice in Sc. iv. How does Margaret's wit compare with that of Beatrice?

42. On what purpose bent did Dogberry and Verges (Sc. v.) visit the house of Leonato?

43. How does Sc. v. suggest a way by which the tragic consequences of the fourth Act might have been averted?

44. Yet is not the development of the plot at this point absolutely convincing? Is there an effect here of a postponed climax?

ACT FOURTH.

45. Comment on the art with which Shakespeare has made the conduct of Claudio at the altar tolerable from an artistic point of view.

46. What earlier situations are only sketched or reported that might have been brought into the action?

47. What causes Hero finally to swoon?

48. Who among the company believe in her innocence?

49. By what art does Shakespeare bring Benedick and Beatrice to the point of mutual avowal of love?

50. Comment on the difference between art and nature. using as a basis the long speech that Leonato delivers over the lifeless body of Hero.

51. What expedient is employed to gain time for proving the innocence of Hero?

52. Compare the Friar of this play with that in *Romeo and Juliet.*

53. What two things demand that the scene of vindication follow closely upon the scene of accusation?

54. State the problem that the resolution of the plot has to deal with.

ACT FIFTH.

55. What impression do the lamentations of Leonato make upon you?

56. Show how the case of Leonato suggests materials of tragic grief, and yet in actuality falls short of displaying it.

57. Describe the quarrel between Leonato and Claudio.

58. What is the bearing of Claudio in the encounter with Benedick?

59. In the banter of Claudio and Don Pedro, what echo is there of an earlier scene? Is this a dramatic expedient?

60. Where else in the last Act do you find use of such an expedient?

61. What art consistent with comedy makes Borachio untie the knot?

62. Define Dogberry's position in relation to the resolution of the plot.

63. Comment on Borachio's justification of Margaret (lines 307-309).

64. Define the episodic purpose of Sc. iii.

65. Outline the last Scene of the play.

66. Do the repentance of Claudio and Don Pedro, and the forgiveness of Leonato satisfactorily account for the change in the natural conclusion of the story?

67. Account for the happy ending.

68. Has Claudio proved worthy of the great gift that is bestowed upon him?

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69. Comment upon the structural perfection of this play.

70. What about its adaptability to stage representation?

71. Comment upon its wit. How does it compare, for instance, with that of *Measure for Measure*?

72. What change in the tone of social intercourse do we observe between Shakespeare's era and our own?

73. Wherein resides the great charm of Beatrice? What are her splendid womanly qualities?

74. Critics have disagreed as to the probable happy marriage. What is your prophecy?

75. Do you think highly of Benedick? Had he a chivalrous nature? Had he been penetrating, would he not have seen the real drift of Beatrice's persecutions?

76. To what things was Claudio's nature especially sensitive? What were his limitations?

77. Where does Beatrice point out his gravest misdemeanor?

78. Is there any dramatic purpose in creating Hero as one lacking in positive qualities?

79. Estimate the character of Don Pedro; of Borachio; of Margaret.

80. Show the fitness of the title, *Much Ado About Nothing*.

81. How does the drama differ from the novel in respect to the degree in which mystery may be employed to shroud the true course of events?

82. While dealing with a harrowing episode like the plot against Hero, how does Shakespeare all along convey the feeling that things will come out well?

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Preface.

The Editions. *As You Like It* was published for the first time in the First Folio; a Quarto edition was contemplated many years previously, but for some cause or other was 'staied,' and the play is mentioned among others in 1623, when Jaggard and Blount obtained permission to print the First Folio, as 'not formerly entered to other men.' The text of the play in the four Folios is substantially the same, though the Second Folio corrects a few typographical and other errors in the first edition.

As You Like It was in all probability produced under circumstances necessitating great haste on the part of the author, and many evidences of this rapidity of composition exist in the text of the play, *e.g.* (i.) in Act I. Sc. ii. line 284, Le Beau makes Celia '*the taller,*' which statement seems to contradict Rosalind's description of herself in the next Scene (I. iii. 117), '*because that I am more than common tall*': (ii.) again, in the first Act the second son of Sir Rowland de Boys is referred to as 'Jaques,' a name subsequently transferred to another and more important character; wherefore when he appears in the last Act he is styled in the Folio merely '*second brother*' (iii.) '*old* Frederick, your father' (I. ii. 87) seems to refer to the banished duke ('Duke *senior*'), for to Rosalind, and not to Celia, the words '*thy father's love,* etc., are assigned in the Folio; either the ascription is incorrect, or 'Frederick' is an error for some other name, perhaps for 'Ferdinand,' as has been suggested; attention should also be called to certain slight inaccuracies, *e.g.* '*Juno's* swans' (*vide* Glossary); finally, the part of Hymen in the last

scene of the play is on the whole unsatisfactory, and is possibly by another hand.

Date of Composition. (i.) *As You Like It* may safely be assigned to the year 1599, for while the play is not mentioned in Meres' *Palladis Tamia,* 1598, it quotes a line from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander,* which was printed for the first time in that year—five years after the Poet's death—and at once became popular.* The quotation is introduced by a touching tribute on Shakespeare's part to the most distinguished of his predecessors:—

* Two editions of *Hero and Leander* appeared in 1598. The first edition contained only Marlowe's portion of the poem; the second gave the whole poem, "*Hero and Leander: Begun by Christopher Marloe and finished by George Chapman...Ut Nectar, Ingenium.*" The line quoted by Shakespeare occurs in the first sestiad (l. 176):—

> *'Where both deliberate, the love is slight:*
> *Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?'*

There are many quotations from the poem in contemporary literature after 1598; they often help us to fix the date of the composition in which they appear; *e.g.* the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus* must have been acted at Cambridge not earlier than Christmas, 1598, for it contains the line '*Learning and Poverty must always kiss,*' also taken from the first sestiad of the poem. No evidence has as yet been discovered tending to show that *Hero and Leander* circulated while still in MS.

It is at times difficult to resist the temptation of comparing the meeting of Marlowe's lovers and Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. The passage in Marlowe immediately follows the line quoted in *As You Like It*; *cp.*:—

> *'He kneel'd; but unto her devoutly prayed:*
> *Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said,*
> *"Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him"* . . .
> *These lovers parled by the touch of hands.'*

Cp. Romeo and Juliet's first meeting, where Romeo ('the pilgrim') comes to 'the holy shrine' of Juliet: 'palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss,' etc. (Act. I. v. 102). If in this case there is any doubt at all, it must be Marlowe's.

"Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight."—(III. v. 82, 83.)

(ii.) In the Stationers' Registers there is a rough memorandum dated August 4, without any year, seemingly under the head of 'my lord chamberlens menns plaies,' to the effect that *As You Like It,* together with *Henry the Fifth, Every Man In His Humour,* and *Much Ado About Nothing,* are 'to be staied.' This entry may be assigned to the year 1600, for later on, in the same month of that year the three latter plays were entered again; moreover the previous entry bears the date May 27, 1600.

The Sources. The plot of *As You Like It* was in all probability* directly derived from a famous novel by Shakespeare's contemporary, Thomas Lodge, entitled, "*Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie; found after his death in his cell at Silexedra; bequeathed to Philautus' sons nursed up with their father in England; fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.*" The first edition of the book appeared in 1590, and many editions were published before the end of the century (*cp. Shakespeare's Library*, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, Vol. II., where the 1592 edition of the novel is reprinted).

Lodge's *Rosalynde* is in great part founded upon the old '*Tale of Gamelyn,*' formerly erroneously attributed to Chaucer as 'the Cook's Tale,' but evidently it was the Poet's intention to work up the old ballad into 'the Yeoman's Tale'; none of the black-letter editions of Chaucer contains the Tale, which was not printed till 1721; Lodge must therefore have read it in manuscript;† (*cp. The Tale*

* Some have supposed that there was an older drama intermediate between *As You Like It* and Lodge's *Rosalynde*; there is absolutely no evidence to support such a supposition.

† Harleian MS. 7334 is possibly the first MS. that includes Gamelyn; it is quite clear in the MS. that the scribe did not intend it to be taken for the Cook's Tale (*cp.* Ward's Catalogue of British Museum Romances, Vol. I. p. 508).

of Gamelyn, ed. by Prof. Skeat, Oxford, 1884). The story of Gamelyn the Outlaw, the prototype of Orlando, belongs to the Robin Hood cycle of ballads, and the hero often appears in these under the form of '*Gandeleyn,*' '*Gamwell*'; Shakespeare himself gives us a hint of this ultimate origin of his story:—*They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England*" (I. i. 120-2).*

The '*Tale of Gamelyn*' tells how 'Sire Johan of Boundys' leaves his possessions to three sons of Johan, Ote, and Gamelyn; the eldest neglects the youngest, who endures his ill-treatment for sixteen years. One day he shows his prowess, and wins prizes at a wrestling match; he invites all the spectators home. The brothers quarrel after the guests have gone, and Johan has Gamelyn chained as a madman. Adam the Spencer, his father's old retainer, releases him, and they escape together to the woods; Gamelyn becomes king of the outlaws. Johan, as sheriff of the county, gets possession of Gamelyn again; Ote, the second brother, bails him out; he returns in time to save his bail; finally he condemns Johan to the gallows.

There is no element of love in the ballad; at the end it is merely stated that Gamelyn wedded 'a wyf bothe good and feyr.' This perhaps suggested to Lodge a second plot—viz., the story of the exiled King of France, Gerismond; of his daughter Rosalynd's love for the young wrestler; of her departure (disguised as a page called

* '*Arden*' has taken the place of 'Sherwood'; but this is due to Lodge, who localises the story; the *Tale of Gamelyn,* however, gives no place at all. The mere phrase '*a many merry men*' suggests a reminiscence of Robin Hood ballads on Shakespeare's part. 'Robin Hood plays' were not uncommon at the end of the sixteenth century, *e.g. George-A-Green, Downfall and Death of Robert, Earl of Huntington,* etc. To the abiding charm of Robin Hood and Maid Marian we owe the latest of pastoral plays, Tennyson's *Foresters.*

'Ganimede') with Alinda (who changes her name to Aliena) from the Court of the usurper King Torismond; and of the story of Montanus, the lover of Phœbe. The old knight is named by Lodge 'Sir John of Bordeaux,' and the sons are Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader. Adam Spencer is retained from the old Tale.* The scene is Bordeaux and the Forest of Ardennes. A noteworthy point is the attempt made by a band of robbers to seize Aliena; she is rescued by Rosader and Saladine: this gives some motive for her ready acceptance of the elder brother's suit; the omission of this saving incident by Shakespeare produces the only unsatisfactory element in the whole play. "Nor can it well be worth any man's while," writes Mr. Swinburne,† "to say or to hear for the thousandth time that *As You Like It* would be one of those works which prove, as Landor said long since, the falsehood of the stale axiom that no work of man can be perfect, were it not for that one unlucky slip of the brush which has left so ugly a little smear on one corner of the canvas as the betrothal of Oliver to Celia; though with all reverence for a great name and a noble memory, I can hardly think that matters were much mended in George Sand's adaptation of the play‡ by the transference of her hand to Jaques."

* This is an old tradition preserved by Oldys and Capell that Shakespeare himself took the part of Old Adam. The former narrates that a younger brother of the Poet recalled in his old age that he had once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, "*Wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song.*" [*N.B.*—Shakespeare's brothers predeceased him.]

† A Study of Shakespeare, p. 151.

‡ Mr. Swinburne alludes to George Sand's *Comme Il Vous Plaira*; an analysis of which is to be found in the Variorum *As You Like It*, edited by H. H. Furness.

Shakespeare has varied the names of the three sons; of the rightful and usurping kings (*Duke Senior* and *Frederick*); *Alinda* becomes *Celia, Montanus* is changed to *Sylvius*. In the novel Alinda and Rosalind go on their travels as lady and page; in the play as sister and brother. The characters of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey, have no prototypes in the original story. Various estimates have been formed of Lodge's *Rosalynde*; some critics speak of it as 'one of the dullest and dreariest of all the obscure literary performances that have come down to us from past ages,' others regard it with enthusiasm as 'informed with a bright poetical spirit, and possessing a pastoral charm which may occasionally be compared with the best parts of Sidney's *Arcadia*.' Certainly in many places the elaborate euphuistic prose serves as a quaint frame-work for some dainty '*Sonetto*,' '*Eglog*,' or '*Song*'; the xvith lyric in the "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" may at least vindicate the novel from the attacks of its too harsh critics.

All the world 's a stage. (i.) It is an interesting point that the original of these words, "*Totus mundus agit histrionem*," was inscribed over the entrance to the Globe Theatre; as the theatre was probably opened at the end of 1599, the play containing the elaboration of the idea may have been among the first plays produced there. According to a doubtful tradition the motto called forth epigrams from Jonson and Shakespeare. Oldys has preserved for us the following lines:—

JONSON.— *"If, but stage actors, all the world displays,*
Where shall we find spectators of their plays?"

SHAKESPEARE.—*"Little or much, of what we see, we do;*
We're all both actors and spectators too." *

* The authenticity of the epigrams may be put down as very slight. It is noteworthy that they are preserved "in the same collection of items which Oldys had gathered for a life of Shakespeare, from which we get the anecdote about Old Adam"—the tradition that Shakespeare himself acted the part.

The motto is said to be derived from one of the fragments of Petronius, where the words are "quor fere *totus mundus exerceat histrioniam.*"* The idea, however, was common in Elizabethan literature, *e.g.* "*Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage, whereon many play their parts*" (from the old play of *Damon and Pythias*); Shakespeare had himself already used the idea in *The Merchant of Venice* (I. i.):—"*I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano; A stage where every man must play a part.*"

(ii.) It should be noted that Jaques' moralising is but an enlargement of the text given out to him by the Duke:—

> '*Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:*
> *This wide and universal theatre*
> *Presents more woeful pageants than the scene*
> *Wherein we play in.*'

Now 'this wide and universal theatre' reminds one strongly of a famous book which Shakespeare may very well have known, viz. Boissard's *Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ* (published at Metz, 1596), the opening chapter of which is embellished with a remarkable emblem (here reproduced) representing a huge pageant of universal misery, headed with the lines:—

> '*Vita Humana est tanquam*
> *Theatrum omnium miseriarum*';

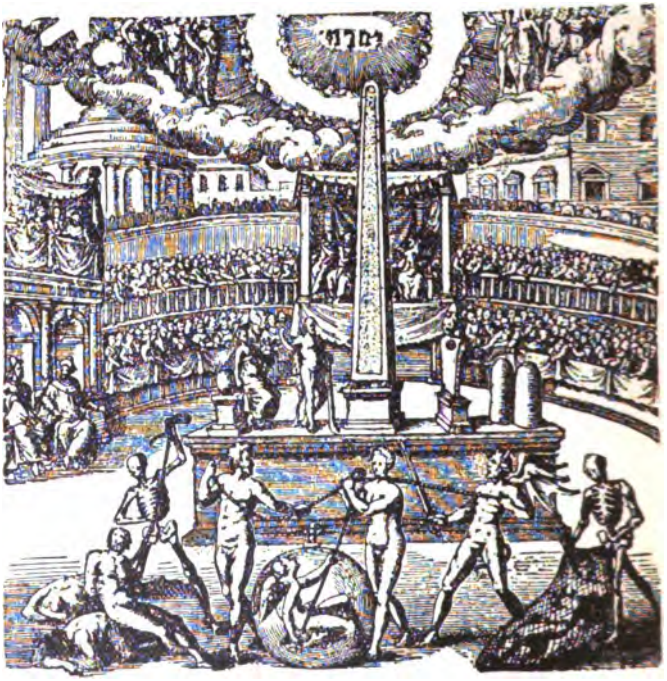
beneath the picture are words to the same effect:—

> '*Vita hominis tanquam circus vel grande theatrum.*' †

(iii.) The division of the life of man into fourteen, ten, or seven periods is found in Hebrew, Greek, and Roman literature (*cp. Archæologia,* Vol. xxxv. 167-189; Löw's *Die Lebensalter in der Jüdischen Literatur; cp.* also Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors,* iv. 12). In the fifteenth

* The reading is variously given as *histrionem* and *histrioniam.*
† *Cp. Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers,* by H. Green, 1870.

century the representation of the 'seven ages was a common theme in literature and art; *e.g.* (i.) in *Arnold's Chronicle,* a famous book of the period, there is a chapter entitled 'the vij ages of man living in the world'; (ii.) a block-print in the British Museum gives seven figures '*Infans,*' '*Pueritia,*' '*Adolescentia,*' '*Juventus,*' '*Virili-*



tas,' '*Senectus,*' '*Decrepitas,*' which practically, in several cases, illustrate the words of Jaques; (iii.) the allegorical mosaics on the pavement of the Cathedral at Siena picture forth the same seven acts of life's drama.

There should be somewhere a Moral Play based on

Jaques' theme of life's progress: it might perhaps be said that the spirit of the dying Drama of Allegory lived on in the person of 'Monsieur Melancholy'; he may well be likened to the Presenter of some old 'Enterlude of Youth, Manhood, and Age'; Romantic Comedy was not for him; '*Everyman*,' '*Lusty Juventus*,' '*Mundus et Infans*,' and such like endless moralisings on the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, were more to his taste.

The Scene of Action. The locality of the play is '*the Forest of Arden*,' *i.e.* 'Ardennes,' in the north-east of France, 'between the Meuse and Moselle,' but Shakespeare could hardly help thinking of his own Warwickshire Arden, and there can be little doubt that his contemporaries took it in the same way. There is a beautiful description of this English Forest in Drayton's *Polyolbion* (Song xiii.), where the poet apostrophises Warwickshire as his own '*native country which so brave spirits hast bred*.' The whole passage, as Mr. Furness admirably points out, probably serves to show 'the deep impression on him which his friend Shakespeare's *As You Like It* had made.' Elsewhere Drayton refers to '*Sweet Arden's Nightingales*,' *e.g.* in his *Matilda* and in the *Idea*:—

> "*Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing*
> *Amongst the dainty dew-impearled flowers.*"

The Title of the Play. The title *As You Like It* was evidently suggested by a passage in Lodge's 'Address to the Gentlemen Readers':—'To be brief, gentlemen, room for a soldier and a sailor, that gives you the fruits of his labours that he wrote in the ocean, where every line was wet with the surge, and every humorous passion counterchecked with a storm. *If you like it* so; and yet I will be yours in duty, if you be mine in favour.' It was formerly believed (by Tieck and others) that the title alluded to the concluding lines of Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*:—

> "*I'll only speak what I have heard him say,*
> *'By—'tis good, and if you like 't you may.'*"

But Shakespeare's play must have preceded Jonson's dramatic satire, which was first acted in 1600.

Duration of Action. The time of the play, according to Mr. Daniel's *Analysis* (*Trans. of New Shakespere Soc.*, 1877-79), may be taken as ten days represented on the stage, with necessary intervals:—

Day 1, Act I. i. *Day* 2, Act I. ii. and iii., and Act II. i. [Act II. iii.]. *Day* 3, Act II. ii. [Act III. i.]; an interval of a few days; the journey to Arden. *Day* 4, Act II. iv. *Day* 5, Act II. v., vi. and vii.; an interval of a few days. *Day* 6, Act III. ii.; an interval. *Day* 7, Act III. iii. *Day* 8, Act III. iv. and v.; Act IV. i., ii. and iii.; and Act V. i. *Day* 9, Act V. ii. and iii. *Day* 10, Act V. iv. The scenes in brackets are out of their actual order. "The author seems to have gone back to resume these threads of the story which were dropped while other parts of the plot were in hand."

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. A Duke of France, being dispossessed of his dominions by his younger brother, Frederick, retires to the neighbouring forest of Arden with a few of his faithful followers. His daughter Rosalind remains at her usurping uncle's court as companion for her beloved cousin, Celia. The two maidens witness a wrestling-match between the Duke's wrestler and Orlando, an unknown youth, in which the latter comes off victorious. Duke Frederick is pleased with the young man's prowess and is disposed to show him favour until he discovers Orlando to be the son of one of the banished Duke's friends. But Rosalind is delighted to hear of this connection, since she has become favourably disposed towards Orlando.

The people are so fond of Rosalind because of her many accomplishments and for the sake of her father that Duke Frederick in alarm banishes her also from the court. For love of her, Celia accompanies her cousin into exile.

II. Rosalind assumes male attire and takes Celia to the Forest of Arden, where they purchase a country-place and reside as brother and sister. To the same wood comes Orlando, who has been forced to flee from home to escape the evil designs of his elder brother, Oliver, and joins the company of the banished Duke.

III. Rosalind is at first dismayed when she learns of the presence of Orlando in the forest, since she is dressed as a man. But presently her inventiveness leads her to

make use of her disguise to test his affection for her, which had been aroused at the same time with her own for him on the day of the wrestling-match, and is now venting itself in sighs and in verses fastened at random on the trees. The lover is invited to visit the supposed youth and talk to him in the same manner that he would have talked to Rosalind. Orlando is glad to avail himself of this privilege, partly as an outlet to his pent-up sentiment, partly because Rosalind, even in man's garments, exerts a subtle fascination over him.

IV. Orlando has the good fortune to rescue his brother Oliver from a serpent and a lioness, though becoming slightly wounded in an encounter with the beast. On finding him asleep, Orlando, remembering the wrongs he had endured at Oliver's hands, had been tempted to leave him to his fate, "but kindness, nobler ever than revenge," made him give aid. The two brothers are tenderly reconciled, and Oliver goes to acquaint Rosalind with Orlando's injury. Rosalind is not enough of a man to resist swooning at the tidings.

V. Oliver and Celia no sooner see each other than they fall desperately in love and resolve upon speedy marriage. Rosalind, who is satisfied with the strength of Orlando's devotion, promises him that the wedding ceremony shall include him also, and that she will find means to bring his lady-love hither. She seeks out the banished Duke, her father, and obtains his consent, and thereupon appears before them in her proper attire, to the great delight of Orlando and the Duke. The wedding, instead of being a double is a quadruple event, since it includes besides these two couples, a shepherd and his lass (who had foolishly been attracted by Rosalind in her male attire), and Touchstone, the court clown, who had followed the two maidens to the forest and there become enamoured of a country wench. The wedding-party is made all the happier by the tidings that the usurping Duke Frederick, while on his way to the forest with a large army for the purpose of exterminating the exiles

had met an aged hermit who had converted him "both from his enterprise and from the world." Struck with remorse, he restores the dukedom to his banished brother and seeks the life of a recluse, leaving the rightful Duke and his followers free to resume their former rank.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Rosalind.

I come now to Rosalind, whom I should have ranked before Beatrice, inasmuch as the greater degree of her sex's softness and sensibility, united with equal wit and intellect, give her the superiority as a woman; but that, as a dramatic character, she is inferior in force. The portrait is one of infinitely more delicacy and variety, but of less strength and depth. It is easy to seize on the prominent features in the mind of Beatrice, but extremely difficult to catch and fix the more fanciful graces of Rosalind. She is like a compound of essences, so volatile in their nature, and so exquisitely blended, that on any attempt to analyze them, they seem to escape us. To what else shall we compare her, all-enchanting as she is?—to the silvery summer clouds which, even while we gaze on them, shift their hues and forms dissolving into air, and light, and rainbow showers?—to the May-morning, flush with opening blossoms and roseate dews, and "charm of earliest birds"?—to some wild and beautiful melody, such as some shepherd boy might "pipe to Amarillis in the shade"?—to a mountain streamlet, now smooth as a mirror in which the skies may glass themselves, and anon leaping and sparkling in the sunshine—or rather to the very sunshine itself? for so her genial spirit touches into life and beauty whatever it shines on!

But this impression, though produced by the complete development of the character, and in the end possessing the whole fancy, is not immediate. The first introduction

of Rosalind is less striking than interesting; we see her a dependant, almost a captive, in the house of her usurping uncle; her genial spirits are subdued by her situation, and the remembrance of her banished father; her playfulness is under a temporary eclipse.

I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry!

is an adjuration which Rosalind needed not when once at liberty, and sporting "under the greenwood tree." The sensibility and even pensiveness of her demeanour in the first instance render her archness and gayety afterwards more graceful and more fascinating.

Though Rosalind is a princess, she is a princess of Arcady; and notwithstanding the charming effect produced by her first scenes, we scarcely ever think of her with a reference to them, or associate her with a court, and the artificial appendages of her rank. . . .

Everything about Rosalind breathes of "youth and youth's sweet prime." She is fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze that plays among them. She is as witty, as voluble, as sprightly as Beatrice; but in a style altogether distinct. In both, the wit is equally unconscious; but in Beatrice it plays about us like the lightning, dazzling but also alarming; while the wit of Rosalind bubbles up and sparkles like the living fountain, refreshing all around. Her volubility is like the bird's song; it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses. She has as much tenderness as mirth, and in her most petulant raillery there is a touch of softness—"By this hand, it will not hurt a fly!"

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

III.

Rosalind in Doublet and Hose.

Rosalind's wit is gaiety without a sting; the gleam in it is of "that sweet radiance" which Oehlenschläger at-

tributed to Freia; her sportive nature masks the depth of her love. Beatrice can be brought to love because she is a woman, and stands in no respect apart from her sex; but she is not of an amatory nature. Rosalind is seized with a passion for Orlando the instant she sets eyes on him. From the moment of Beatrice's first appearance she is defiant and combative, in the highest of spirits. We are introduced to Rosalind as a poor bird with a drooping wing; her father is banished, she is bereft of her birthright, and is living on sufferance as companion to the usurper's daughter, being, indeed, half a prisoner in the palace, where till lately she reigned as princess. It is not until she has donned the doublet and hose, appears in the likeness of a page, and wanders at her own sweet will in the open air and the greenwood, that she recovers her radiant humour, and roguish merriment flows from her lips like the trilling of a bird.

Nor is the man she loves, like Benedick, an overweening gallant with a sharp tongue and an unabashed bearing. This youth, though brave as a hero and strong as an athlete, is a child in inexperience, and so bashful in the presence of the woman who instantly captivates him, that it is she who is the first to betray her sympathy for him, and has even to take the chain from her own neck and hang it around his before he can so much as muster up courage to hope for her love. So, too, we find him passing his time in hanging poems to her upon the trees, and carving the name of Rosalind in their bark. She amuses herself, in her page's attire, by making herself his confidant, and pretending, as it were in jest, to be his Rosalind. She cannot bring herself to confess her passion, although she can think and talk (to Celia) of no one but him, and although his delay of a few minutes in keeping tryst with her sets her beside herself with impatience. She is as sensitive as she is intelligent, in this differing from Portia, to whom, in other respects, she bears some resemblance, though she lacks her persuasive eloquence, and is, on the whole, more tender, more vir-

ginal. She faints when Oliver, to excuse Orlando's delay, brings her a handkerchief stained with his blood; yet has sufficient self-mastery to say with a smile the moment she recovers, "I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited." She is quite at her ease in her male attire, like Viola and Imogen after her. The fact that female parts were played by youths had, of course, something to do with the frequency of these disguises.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IV.

Jaques.

Jaques characterizes the use of the word "melancholy" as applied to himself, when he says: "It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness." He has also gained his experience at the expense of having tried various vices of high life, as the Duke hints: "For thou thyself hast been a libertine." So the arsenic eaters of the Styrian Alps take the natural poison in small successive doses which give them a bloated aspect of florid health, but they so affect the action of the heart that it stops quite suddenly.

The famous speech beginning with, "All the world's a stage," is purely cynical, and assumes the futility of the parts which the necessity of living compels us to play. It might be spoken by one who believes that our little life is rounded by a sleep whose pure oblivion swallows up our striving.

When Jaques calls for more singing, and is told that it will make him melancholy, he replies, "I thank it: I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs." We may infer that he sucks music with the notion

of the weasel, who probably regards eggs as being laid on purpose for his sucking. There is nothing more ferrety than your cynic, to whom all objects are game for observation. When he hears that Duke Frederick, the usurper, has restored the kingdom and "put on a religious life," he goes to find him for the purpose of critical inspection; for "out of these convertites there is much matter to be heard and learned." So Jaques surmising that every hole leads to a rat does not leave one unexplored. In the matter of music Jaques only cares for his sad reverie, not for the names of the songs. He will thank nobody. "When a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks." So, sing, if you choose to: the song tracks me to that rat behind the arras. . . .

Jaques reserves his last and cruelest thrust for Touchstone, to whom he predicts a marriage victualled for two months, and wrangling ever after; which is hard on the wise fool, who has taken up with Audrey as if to show the under side of court manners and the comparative cheapness of mere breeding. This ought to have endeared him to the heart of the cynic.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare.*

Jaques died, we know not how or when or where; but he came to life again a century later, and appeared in the world as an English clergyman. We need stand in no doubt as to his character, for we all know him under his later name of Lawrence Sterne. Mr. Yorick made a mistake about his family tree; he came not out of the play of *Hamlet,* but out of *As You Like It.* In Arden he wept and moralized over the wounded deer; and at Namport his tears and sentiment gushed forth for the dead donkey. Jaques knows no bonds that unite him to any living thing. He lives upon novel, curious, and delicate sensations. He seeks the delicious *imprévu* so loved and studiously sought for by that perfected French egoist, Henri Beyle. "A fool! a fool! I met a fool i' the for-

est!"—and in the delight of coming upon this exquisite surprise, Jaques laughs like chanticleer,

"Sans intermission
An hour by his dial."

His whole life is unsubstantial and unreal, a curiosity of dainty mockery. To him "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players"; to him sentiment stands in place of passion; an æsthetic, amateurish experience of various modes of life stands in place of practical wisdom, and words in place of deeds.

"He fatigues me," wrote our earnest and sensitive Thackeray of the Jaques of English literature, "with his perpetual disquiet and his uneasy appeals to my risible or sentimental faculties. He is always looking in my face, watching his effect, uncertain whether I think him an impostor or not; posture-making, coaxing, and imploring me. 'See what sensibility I have—own now that I 'm very clever—do cry now, you can't resist this.'" Yes; for Jaques was at his best in the Forest of Arden, and was a little spoiled by preaching weekly sermons, and by writing so long a caprice as his "Tristram Shandy."

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

V.

Morbid Humour of Jaques.

The whole character of Jaques is one not easy to define, and one which leaves the most strangely opposite impressions upon different readers. He is a general favourite with audiences in the theatre. Actors, so far as I have observed, seem to form an exalted opinion of him; and it must be difficult for them to do otherwise when they have to speak in his character the most famous of quotations that compares all the world to a stage. On the other hand, Jaques is certainly not a favourite with the personages in the story: he is least liked by the best of them,

and the poet himself takes pains to except him from the happy ending which crowns the careers of the rest. The epithet 'philosophical' has stuck to Jaques, and there is good reason for it. We find him everywhere showing, not only seriousness of bent, but also that deep eye to the lessons of life underlying the outward appearances of things which is traditionally associated with wisdom. Yet in the scenes of the play his seriousness is not treated with much respect, and his wisdom by no means gives him the victory when he has to encounter much more unpretentious personages. Interpretation must find some view of him which will be consistent with all this; and we get a hint as to the direction in which we are to look for such a view in the play itself, where the Duke, in answer to Jaques' longing for the Fool's licence of universal satire, says that by such satire he would do—

> Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
> For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
> As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
> And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
> That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
> Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

The hypothesis which will make the whole character clear, so far as it can be summed up in a single phrase, might be expressed as the *morbid humour of melancholy.*

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

VI.

Frederick.

That Duke Frederick is not constitutionally cruel, is indicated in his endeavour to stay the wrestling, "in pity of the challenger's youth," first by personal dissuasion of Orlando, then by suggesting to the princesses to use their influence, while he stands considerately aside, and then by restricting the encounter to one fall; and thus, tyrant as

he is, he is in sympathy with the assembled crowd, who so deeply compassionate the bereaved father. Again, he is better than his class in his care of the gasping and disabled prizer—"How dost thou, Charles?" and "bear him away." Ambition and avarice control his better nature, which regains its elasticity, however, when he is brought under the genial influences of a clearer air and an altered scene. Certain it is that such a change has a healthy moral, as well as physical influence; it is one of the rescuing energies of nature, and if in actual nature it has not always the permanent vigour that is desirable, and loses its force when we return again into the circle of old local influences and associations, the more delightful is it for a time to revel in a fiction which exhibits one of the most beautiful resources of nature, operating with a vitality that brings aid to faltering virtue and corrects the flaws of fortune, and turns the odds of the great combat of life to the side of the excellent and the admirable.

In the meantime the usurper pays the penalties of a falsely assumed position; his very lords characterize him justly when they speak in an undertone, and warn away from the range of his passion those whom he is fitfully incensed against. His very daughter disowns the ill-bought advancement he would provide for her, and slips from his side to accompany in peril and privation a victim of his jealousy. Thus in every form of loyalty, compassion, duty, and affection, whether spirited, tender, sentimental, or grotesque, the better spirits fly by natural attraction to a more congenial centre, and in all happy companionship.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Phebe.

Phebe is quite an Arcadian coquette; she is a piece of pastoral poetry. Audrey is only rustic. A very amusing

effect is produced by the contrast between the frank and free bearing of the two princesses in disguise, and the scornful airs of the real shepherdess. In the speeches of Phebe, and in the dialogue between her and Sylvius, Shakspeare has anticipated all the beauties of the Italian pastoral, and surpassed Tasso and Guarini. We find two among the most poetical passages of the play appropriated to Phebe: the taunting speech to Sylvius, and the description of Rosalind in her page's costume—which last is finer than the portrait of Bathyllus in Anacreon.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

The dissatisfied may solace themselves with the coquettishness of Phebe, and take note at the same time of the course and the end of it. Phebe, in her pride or indifference, groups with the old inhospitable carlot of whom we catch a glimpse, the moral anti-types of the glistening serpent and the hungering beast of prey. These are the tyrants of the woodland, as Duke Frederick of the court. The old carlot vanishes, but Phebe, like Frederick and like Oliver, is reclaimed by the touch of natural affection, by that knowing "what 'tis to pity and be pitied," that enforcement of gentleness, that is indicated over and over again throughout the play, as the germ and promise of recovered humanity, the purifier no less of the vices and vile passions than of the foibles of the heart.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Touchstone.

Touchstone, though he nowhere strikes so deep a chord within us as the poor Fool in *Lear,* is the most entertaining of Shakespeare's privileged characters. Richly indeed does his grave logical nonsense moralize the scenes wherein he moves. It is curious to observe how the Poet

takes care to let us know from the first, that beneath the affectations of his calling some precious sentiments have been kept alive; that far within the fool there is laid up a secret reserve of the man, ready to leap forth and combine with better influences as soon as the incrustations of art are thawed and broken up. Used to a life cut off from human sympathies; stripped of the common responsibilities of the social state; living for no end but to make aristocratic idlers laugh; one, therefore, whom nobody respects enough to resent or be angry at anything he says; —of course his habit is to speak all for effect, nothing for truth: instead of yielding or being passive to the natural force and virtue of things, his vocation is to wrest and transshape them out of their true scope. Thus a strange wilfulness and whimsicality has wrought itself into the substance of his mind. Yet his nature is not so "subdued to what it works in," but that, amidst the scenes and inspirations of the forest, the fool quickly slides into the man; the supervenings of the place so running into and athwart what he brings with him, that his character comes to be as dappled and motley as his dress. Even in the new passion which here takes him there is a touch of his old wilfulness: when he falls in love, as he really does, nothing seems to inspire and draw him more than the unloveliness of the object; thus approving that even so much of nature as survives in him is not content to run in natural channels.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IX.

Celia.

Celia . . . rather yields to Rosalind, than is eclipsed by her. She is as full of sweetness, kindness, and intelligence, quite as susceptible, and almost as witty, though she makes less display of wit. She is described as less fair and less gifted; yet the attempt to excite in

her mind a jealousy of her lovelier friend, by placing them in comparison—

> Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name;
> And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
> When she is gone—

fails to awaken in the generous heart of Celia any other feeling than an increased tenderness and sympathy for her cousin. To Celia, Shakespeare has given some of the most striking and animated parts of the dialogue; and in particular, that exquisite description of the friendship between her and Rosalind—

> If she be a traitor,
> Why, so am I; we have still slept together,
> Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,
> And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
> Still we were coupled and inseparable.

The feeling of interest and admiration thus excited for Celia at the first, follows her through the whole play. We listen to her as to one who has made herself worthy of our love; and her silence expresses more than eloquence.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

X.

Orlando.

Orlando is the nearest approach in Shakespeare to the fresh young knight of chivalry, or to such a figure as Chaucer's Squier, steeped in the romance of the woods and of love. He has lost both the rustic simplicity of Rosader and his rustic violence. He neither loses his senses under the spell of Rosalind's beauty, nor brings a posse of roysterers to batter his brother's door. His character, like his name, is caught from the traditions of a high-bred and courtly valour, heightened by the peculiarly Shakespearean trait that it springs rather from race than from training, for his brother has neglected their father's

charge—to bring him up in 'all gentleman-like qualities.' His father's spirit triumphs over his 'peasant' training, as it does in Arviragus and Guiderius and Perdita, though the psychological subtlety shown in tracing the conflict of birth and breeding in *The Winter's Tale* is wholly wanting in the earlier creation. In keeping with the fine *cortesia* communicated to the figure of Orlando, the whole plot has been lifted into a blither atmosphere. Tragic harms still loom on the horizon, but they rouse no foreboding, and approach only to disperse. Their contrivers, Oliver and Frederick, are from the first less grave offenders than their prototypes, and they repent on yet slighter provocation. Even Charles the wrestler is stunned, not slain.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

XI.

The Forest of Arden.

The Forest of Arden is their stage, and with its fresh and free atmosphere, its mysterious chiaroscuro, its idylic scenery for huntsmen and shepherds, is, at the same time, the fitting scene for the realisation of a mode and conception of life such as is here described. It is a life such as not only must please the dramatic personages themselves, but would please every one, were such a life only possible; it is the poetical reflex of a life *as you like it*, light and smooth in its flow, unencumbered by serious tasks, free from the fetters of definite objects, and from intentions difficult to realise; an amusing play of caprice, of imagination, and of wavering sensations and feelings. A life like this, however, is possible only in the Forest of Arden, in the midst of similar scenery, under similar circumstances and conditions, and with similar companions and surroundings. At court, in more complicated relations, in a state of impure feelings and selfish endeavours,

it would lose its poetical halo, its innocence and gaiety, and become untruth, hypocrisy, injustice and violence, as is proved by the reigning Duke, his courtiers and Oliver de Boys.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

Shakspere, when he wrote this idyllic play, was himself in his Forest of Arden. He had ended one great ambition—the historical plays—and not yet commenced his tragedies. It was a resting-place. He sends his imagination into the woods to find repose. Instead of the court and camps of England, and the embattled plains of France, here was this woodland scene, where the palm-tree, the lioness, and the serpent are to be found, possessed of a flora and a fauna that flourish in spite of physical geographers. There is an open-air feeling throughout the play. The dialogue, as has been observed, catches freedom and freshness from the atmosphere. "Never is the scene within-doors, except when something discordant is introduced to heighten as it were the harmony." After the trumpet-tones of *Henry V.* comes the sweet pastoral strain, so bright, so tender. Must it not all be in keeping? Shakspere was not trying to control his melancholy. When he needed to do that, Shakspere confronted his melancholy very passionately, and looked it full in the face. Here he needed refreshment, a sunlight tempered by forest-boughs, a breeze upon his forehead, a stream murmuring in his ears.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

XII.

Various Points of View.

The poet, in conceiving this fine work, first generated a lofty ideal. His aim was to set forth the power of patience as the panacea for earth's ills and the injustice of

fortune, and self-command as the condition without which the power would be inoperative. Neither this power nor its condition can be easily illustrated in the life of courts; but the sylvan life such as the banished Duke and his companions live in Arden, is favourable to both. In the contrast between the two states of life lies the charm of the play, and the reconciliation of these formal opposites is the fulfilment of its ideal.

HERAUD: *Shakspere, His Inner Life as Intimated in his Works.*

The sweet and sportive temper of Shakspeare, though it never deserted him, gave way to advancing years, and to the mastering force of serious thought. What he read we know but very imperfectly; yet, in the last years of this century, when five and thirty summers had ripened his genius, it seems that he must have transfused much of the wisdom of past ages into his own all-combining mind. In several of the historical plays, in *The Merchant of Venice,* and especially in *As You Like It,* the philosophic eye, turned inward on the mysteries of human nature, is more and more characteristic; and we might apply to the last comedy the bold figure that Coleridge has less appropriately employed as to the early poems, that "the creative power and the intellectual energy wrestle as in a war-embrace." In no other play, at least, do we find the bright imagination and fascinating grace of Shakspeare's youth so mingled with the thoughtfulness of his maturer age. . . .

Few comedies of Shakspeare are more generally pleasing, and its manifold improbabilities do not much affect us in perusal. The brave, injured Orlando, the sprightly but modest Rosalind, the faithful Adam, the reflecting Jaques, the serene and magnanimous Duke, interest us by turns, though the play is not so well managed as to condense our sympathy, and direct it to the conclusion.

HALLAM: *Introduction to the Literature of Europe.*

The woodland world of Arden, in which sonnets are affixed to ancient trees, and lovers, courtiers, and moralists live at ease, has much in common with the pastoral backgrounds of Spenser and Lodge; but its artificiality is redeemed by its freshness of spirit, its out-of-door freedom, and its enchanting society. Rosalind and Orlando are the successors of a long line of pastoral lovers, but they, alone among their kind, really live. In Rosalind purity, passion, and freedom are harmonized in one of the most enchanting women in literature. In her speech love finds a new language, which is continually saved from extravagance by its vivacity and humour. In Audrey and Corin the passion of Orlando and Rosalind is gently parodied; in Touchstone the melancholy humour of Jaques is set out in more effective relief. There are threatenings of tragedy in the beginning of the play, but they are dissolved in an air in which purity and truth and health serve to resolve the baser designs of men into harmless fantasies.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

As You Like It.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DUKE, *living in banishment.*
FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions.*
AMIENS, JAQUES, } *lords attending on the banished Duke.*
LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*
CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick.*
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.*
ADAM, DENNIS, } *servants to Oliver.*
TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar.*
CORIN, SILVIUS, } *shepherds.*
WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*
A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished Duke.*
CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*
PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Lords, pages, and attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

As You Like It.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Orchard of Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion: bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the 10 stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place 20 of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines

my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. 30

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, 40 that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were 50 there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as

much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis! 90

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what 's the new news at the new court? 100

Cha. There 's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father? 110

Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin,

so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there 120 they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against 130 me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own 140 search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I

had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I 'll tell thee, Charles:—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural broth- 150 er: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this 160 day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I 'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I 'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, 170 hates nothing more than he. Yet he 's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know

him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I 'll go about. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Lawn before the Duke's palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster:

therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again. 30

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly. 40

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit. 50

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither,

but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you. 60

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught; now I 'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom. 70

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest? 80

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him: enough! speak no more of him; you 'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau. 90

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter Le Beau.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau; what 's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you? 100

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling. 110

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence. 120

Ros. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping. 130

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin? 140

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness. 150

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to 160 him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I 'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the 170 strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your

eyes, or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward. 180

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so; I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty. 190

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you! 200

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat

him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded
him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not
have mocked me before: but come your ways. 210

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong
fellow by the leg. [*They wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell
who should down. [*Shout. Charles is thrown.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well
breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles? 220

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young
man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir
Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man
else:
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this
deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house. 230
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.
[*Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.*

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that call-
ing,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties, 240
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fair you well, fair gentleman. 250

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference. 260
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this; 270
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners:
But yet, indeed, the taller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece, 280
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
[*Exit Le Beau.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother: 290
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

A room in the palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father? 10

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him. 20

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall

into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father loved his father dearly. 30

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste 40
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn 50
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:

Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there 's enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your Highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord; 60
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What 's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her; 70
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips: 81
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine. 90
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us; 100
And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I 'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I 'll put myself in poor and mean attire 110
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We 'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have 120
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I 'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel? 130

Cel. He 'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let 's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords, like foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference: as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors 10
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
I would not change it.
Ami. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 20
Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads

Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along 30
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool, 40
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:' then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends; 50
''Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company:' anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,

'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we 60
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what 's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he 's full of matter.

First Lord. I 'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman, 10
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard

Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke. F. Send to his brother: fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I 'll make him find him: do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail 20
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Before Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who 's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men 10
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what 's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!

Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son, 20
Of him I was about to call his father,—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here. 30

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse 40
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo 50
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I 'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will swear but for promotion, 60
And having that do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we 'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We 'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. 70
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!
Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.
Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.
Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further. 10
Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you: for I think you have no money in your purse.
Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.
Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.
Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and 20
an old in solemn talk.
Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.
Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!
Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.
Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
As sure I think did never man love so,—
How many actions most ridiculous 30
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not broke from company 40
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had 50 milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.
Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of my own wit
till I break my shins against it. 60
Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.
Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.
Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.
Touch. Holla, you clown!
Ros. Peace, fool: he 's not thy kinsman.
Cor. Who calls?
Touch. Your betters, sir.
Cor. Else are they very wretched.
Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all. 70
Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succour.
Cor. Fair sir, I pity her
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition 80
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing

That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing. 90
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be 99
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Forest.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.
Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques. 10

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you 'em stanzos?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing? 20

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I 'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I 'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you. 30

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats, 40
And pleased with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I 'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I 'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass 50
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me.

Ami. What 's that 'ducdame'?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I 'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I 'll 60 rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I 'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene VI.

The forest.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further; O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in

thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here 10 be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I 'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

The forest.

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and Lords like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.
First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.
Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.
Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company? 10
What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:'
And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd 40
With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly, 50
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, 60
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride, 70
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost, 80
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of? 90
Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I 100
must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible, 110
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days, 120
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step 130
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,

I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!
[*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players: 140
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard, 150
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide 160
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. 170

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude. 179

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, &c. 190

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand, 199
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands, 10

Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your Highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The forest.

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I 'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. [*Exit.* 10

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect

it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour 20 well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no 30 wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason. 40

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute

not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that 50
courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard. 60

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worm's-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd. 70

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I 'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring 80
the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to

get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother. 90

Enter Rosalind, with a paper, reading.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I 'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: 100 it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.

They that reap must sheaf and bind; 110
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I 'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it 120 with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you 'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that 's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. [*Reads*] Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I 'll hang on every tree, 130
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write, 140
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part, 150
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried 'Have patience, good 160 people'!

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear. 170

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember. 180

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter. 190

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, 200

tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly. 210

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant. 220

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How 230 parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's

size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the 240 propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well 250 becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here? 260

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith,
I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake,
I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God buy you: let 's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks. 270

Orl. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not 280 been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults. 290

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I 'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love. 300

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*

Ros. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there 's no clock in the forest. 310

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I 'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal. 320

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily

because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal. 330

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves. 340

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister: here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling. 350

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women? 360

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon haw- 370 thorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not 380 prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and 390 every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as

loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired? 400

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much. 410

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as 420

boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love 430 to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me. 440

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I 'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house! 10

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and 20 what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey 30 a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns?—even so:—poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful. 70

Jaq. Proceed, proceed: I 'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call 't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would 80 be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were 90 better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver, 100
Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey*

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour. 10

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him. 20

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they 30 are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and 40 breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,

Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him? 50

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I 'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: 10
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee: 20
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible 30
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? 40
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain? 50
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets: 60
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He 's fallen in love with your foulness and she 'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I 'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me? 70

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:

Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.*

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might, 81
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly? 90

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I 'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace, 100
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then

A scatter'd smile, and that I 'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well; 110
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he 's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
He 'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he 's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip, 120
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black; 130
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that 's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I 'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. I 'll write it straight;
The matter 's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The forest.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.
Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.
Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.
Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.
Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.
Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.
Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which 10
is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness 20

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Good-day and happiness, dear Rosalind! 30

Jaq. Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another 40 trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I 'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind. 50

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he come slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What 's that?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes 60 armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind? 70

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty and there begins new matter. 80

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. 90

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned 100 nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me. 110

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou? 120

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this 130 Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there 's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a 140 woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Or-

lando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a 150
Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more newfangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise. 160

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that. 170

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again. 180

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will 190 think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu.

[*Exit Orlando.*

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love- 200 prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I 'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I 'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come. 210

Cel. And I 'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The forest.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

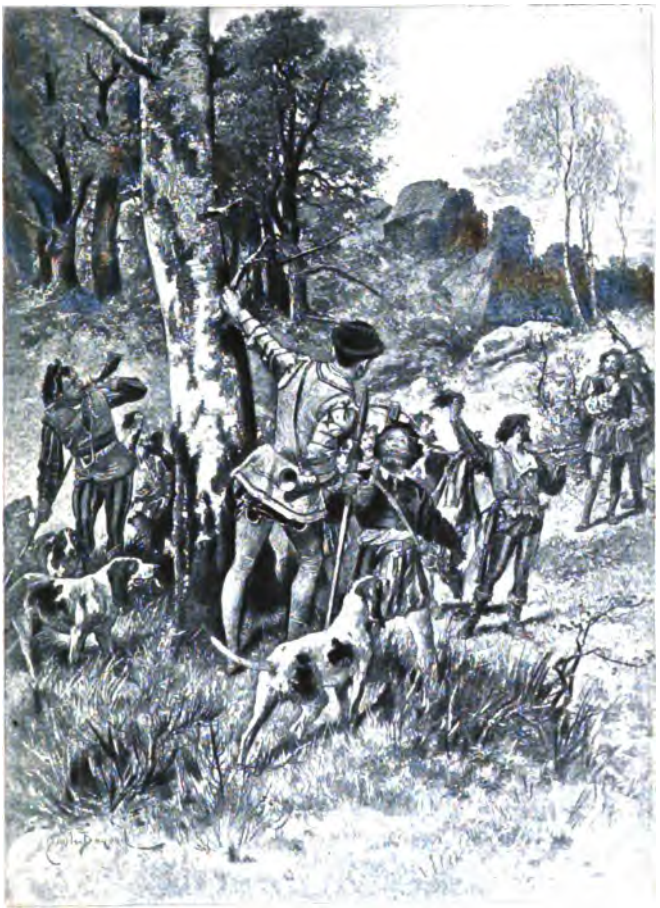
Jaq. Let 's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough. 10

SONG.

For. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home:
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*



Deer Hunting in the Forest of Arden

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?
and here much Orlando!
Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain,
he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone
forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it, 10
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.
Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od 's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,

This is a letter of your own device. 20

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that 's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers. 30

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.
[*Reads*] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, 40
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads*]
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear such railing?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne 50
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chide me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take 60
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I 'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame 70 snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit Silvius.*

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream 80
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There 's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for? 90

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am; what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again 100
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd 110

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man 120
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother.
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion, 130
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was 't you he rescued?

Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two 140
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind. 150
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede! 160

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We 'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great 170
testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.
Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.
Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.
Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.
Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back 180
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.
Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.
Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.
Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.
Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.
Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by 10

my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter William.

Will. Good even, Audrey.
Aud. God ye good even, William.
Will. And good even to you, sir.
Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?
Will. Five and twenty, sir. 20
Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?
Will. William, sir.
Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?
Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.
Touch. 'Thank God'; a good answer. Art rich?
Will. Faith, sir, so so.
Touch. 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?
Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit. 30
Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?
Will. I do, sir.
Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned? 40
Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The forest.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke and all 's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher? 30

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame:' for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in 40 these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, 50 by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman

of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch 60 I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what 70 straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; 80 and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears · 90
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And I for Ganymede.
Orl. And I for Rosalind.
Ros. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.
Orl. And I for Rosalind.
Ros. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy, 100
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.
Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.
Ros. And so am I for no woman.
Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? 110
Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Ros. Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?'
Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.
Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I 'll be married to-morrow: 120

[*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I 'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I 'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I. 130

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle. 10

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
  In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding: 20
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
  In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
  In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time, 30
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
  In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and 40 God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The forest.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?
Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?
Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.
Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her.
Orl. That would I, were I of all the kingdoms king. 10
Ros. You say, you 'll marry me, if I be willing?
Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phe. So is the bargain.
Ros. You say, that you 'll have Phebe, if she will?
Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter:
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: 20
Keep your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.
[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 30
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the 40 motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up? 50

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster. 60

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say, I lie: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct. 70 80

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted. 90

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may 100 avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so'; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool. 110

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together

Good Duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his 120
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.
To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I 'll have no father, if you be not he:
I 'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she: 130

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here 's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord: 140
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured: 150
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day 160
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again 170
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.
Duke S. Welcome, young man;

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune, 180
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites 190
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To Duke S.*] You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
[*To Orl.*] You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:
[*To Oli.*] You to your land, and love, and great allies:
[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:
[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay. 200

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I 'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they 'll end, in true delights.
[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, there- 10
fore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I 'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked 20
me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abused, deceived; III. v. 80.
Accord, consent; V. iv. 139.
Address'd, prepared; V. iv. 162.
All at once, all in a breath; III. v. 36.
Allottery, allotment, allotted share; I. i. 75.
All points = at all points; I. iii. 115.
Amaze, confuse; I. ii. 107.
An, if; IV. i. 31.
Anatomize, expose; I. i. 161.
Answered, satisfied; II. vii. 99.
Antique, ancient, old; II. i. 31; II. iii. 57.
Any, any one; I. ii. 140.
Argument, reason; I. ii. 281.
Arm's end, arm's length; II. vi. 10.
As, to wit, namely; II. i. 6.
Assay'd, attempted; I. iii. 128.
Atalanta's better part; variously interpreted as referring to Atalanta's "swiftness," "beauty," "spiritual part"; probably the reference is to her beautiful form; III. ii. 150.
Atomies, motes in a sunbeam; III. ii. 240.
Atone together, are at one; V. iv. 116.

Bandy, contend; V. i. 59.
Banquet, dessert, including wine; II. v. 62.
Bar, forbid; V. iv. 131; "bars me," *i.e.* excludes me from, I. i. 20.
Batlet = little bat, used by laundresses; II. iv. 49.
Beholding, beholden; IV. i. 60.
Bestows himself, carries himself; IV. iii. 87.
Better, greater; III. i. 2.
Blood, affection, II. iii. 37; passion, V. iv. 59.
Boar spear; "unlike the ordinary spear it appears to have

From an ivory comb (XVth Cent.) in the collection of Lord Londesborough. (The illustration exhibits the peculiar use of the weapon, which was never thrown, and other characteristics of mediæval hunting scenes.

been seldom thrown, but the rush made by the animal on the hunter was met by a direct opposition of the weapon on his part" (Halliwell); I. iii. 117.

Bob, rap, slap; II. vii. 55.

Bonnet, hat; III. ii. 389.

Bottom; "neighbour b.," the neighbouring dell; IV. iii. 79.

Bounds, boundaries, range of pasture; II. iv. 83.

Bow, yoke; III. iii. 78.

Bravery, finery; II. vii. 80.

Breathed; "well breathed," in full display of my strength; I. ii. 218.

Breather, living being; III. ii. 289.

Breed, train up, educate; I. i. 4.

Brief, in brief; IV. iii. 151.

Broke, broken; II. iv. 40.

Broken music; "some instruments such as viols, violins, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which, when played together, formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result is no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music'" (Chappell); I. ii. 140.

Brutish, animal nature; II. vii. 66.

Buckles in, surrounds; III. ii. 135.

Bugle, a tube-shaped bead of black glass; III. v. 47.

Burden; the "burden" of a song was the base, foot, or under-song; III. ii. 255.

Bush; "Good wine needs no b."; alluding to the bush of ivy which was usually hung out at Vintners' doors; Epil. 3.

From an illuminated MS. (XIVth Cent.) in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow.

Butchery, slaughter-house; II. iii. 27.

Calling, appellation; I. ii. 235.

Capable, sensible, receivable; III. v. 23.

Capon lined, alluding to the customary gifts expected by Elizabethan magistrates, "capon justices," as they were occasionally called; II. vii. 154.

Capricious, used with a play upon its original sense; Ital. *capricioso,* fantastical, goatish; *capra,* a goat; III. iii. 8.
Carlot, little churl, rustic; III. v. 108.
Cast, cast off; III. iv. 15.
Censure, criticism; IV. i. 7.
Change, reversal of fortune; I. iii. 101.
Chanticleer, the cock; II. vii. 30.
Character, write; III. ii. 6.
Cheerly, cheerily; II. vi. 14.
Chopt, chapped; II. iv. 50.
Chroniclers (Folio 1 "chronoclers"), perhaps used for the "jurymen," but the spelling of Folio 1 suggests "coroners" for "chroniclers"; IV. i. 104.
Churlish, miserly; II. iv. 80.
Cicatrice, a mere mark (not the scar of a wound); III. v. 23.
City-woman, citizen's wife; II. vii. 75.
Civil; "c. sayings," sober, grave maxims, perhaps "polite"; III. ii. 131.
Civility, politeness; II. vii. 96.
Clap into't, to begin a song briskly; V. iii. 11.
Clubs, the weapon used by the London prentices, for the preservation of the public peace, or for the purposes of riot; V. ii. 45.
Cods, strictly the husks containing the peas; perhaps here used for "peas"; II. iv. 53.
Colour, nature, kind; I. ii. 99, 100.
Combine, bind; V. iv. 156.
Come off, get off; I. ii. 30.
Comfort, take comfort; II. vi. 5.
Commandment, command; II. vii. 109.
Compact, made up, composed; II. vii. 5.
Complexion; "good my c.," perhaps little more than the similar exclamation "goodness me!" or "good heart!" possibly, however, Rosalind appeals to her complexion not to betray her; III. ii. 199.
Conceit, imagination; II. vi. 8; mental capacity; V. ii. 59.
Condition, mood; I. ii. 266.
Conduct, leadership; V. iv. 163.
Conned, learnt by heart; III. ii. 289.
Constant, accustomed, ordinary; III. v. 123.
Contents; "if truth holds true c.," *i.e.* "if there be truth in truth"; V. iv. 136.
Contriver, plotter; I. i. 150.
Conversed, associated; V. ii. 66.
Convertites, converts; V. iv. 190.
Cony, rabbit; III. ii. 348.
Cope, engage with; II. i. 67.
Copulatives, those desiring to be united in marriage; V. iv. 58.
Cote; "*cavenne de bergier;* a shepherd's cote; a little cottage or cabin made of turfs, straw, boughs, or leaves" (Cotgrave); II. iv. 83.

Could, would gladly; I. ii. 249.

Countenance; "his countenance" probably = "his entertainment of me, the style of living which he allows me"; I. i. 19.

Counter, worthless wager; originally pieces of false money used as a means of reckoning; II. vii. 63.

Courtship, court life; III. ii. 355.

Device, aims, ambitions; I. i. 173.

Dial, an instrument for measuring time in which the hours were marked; a small portable sun-dial; II. vii. 20.

Disable, undervalue; IV. i. 34.

Disabled, disparaged; V. iv. 79.

Dishonest, immodest; V. iii. 4.

Dislike = express dislike of; V. iv. 72.

Counter or Jetton.
From an engraving in Knight's *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

Cousin, niece; I. iii. 41.

Cover, set the table; II. v. 30.

Cross; used equivocally in the sense of (1) misfortune, and (2) money; the ancient penny had a double cross with a crest stamped on, so that it might easily be broken into four pieces; II. iv. 12.

Crow, laugh heartily; II. vii. 30.

Curtle-axe, a cutlass, a short sword; I. iii. 116.

Damnable, worthy of condemnation; V. ii. 68.

Defied, disliked; Epil. 21.

Desperate, bold, daring, forbidden; V. iv. 32.

From Petra-Sancta de Symbolis Heroicis (1634). (This portable time-indicator is interesting because of the magnet by which the owner might "ascertain the proper position by means of the shadow cast from a line which opens with the top.")

Disputable, fond of disputing; II. v. 34.

Diverted, diverted from its natural course; II. iii. 37.
Dog-apes, baboons; II. v. 25.
Dole, grief; I. ii. 130.
Ducdame; burden of Jaques' song, variously interpreted by editors, *e.g.* "*duc ad me,*" "*huc ad me*"; probably, however, the word is an ancient refrain, of Celtic origin; Halliwell notes that *dusadam-me-me* occurs in a MS. of *Piers Plowman,* where ordinary texts read *How, trolly, lolly* (C. ix. 123); it is probably a survival of some old British game like "*Tom Tidler,*" and is said to mean in Gælic "this land is mine"; according to others it is a Welsh phrase equivalent to "come to me." Judging by all the evidence on the subject the Gælic interpretation seems to be most plausible; *n.b.* l. 61, "to call fools into a circle"; II. v. 54.
Dulcet diseases (? an error for "dulcet discourses") perhaps "sweet mortifications," alluding to such proverbial sayings as "fool's bolt is soon shot," etc.; V. iv. 67.

East, eastern; III. ii. 91.
Eat, eaten; II. vii. 88.
Effigies, likeness; II. vii. 193.
Enchantingly, as if under a spell; I. i. 173.
Engage, pledge; V. iv. 172.
Entame, bring into a state of tameness; III. v. 48.
Entreated, persuaded; I. ii. 150.
Erring, wandering; III. ii. 133.
Estate, bequeath, settle; V. ii. 13.
Ethiope, black as an Ethiopian; IV. iii. 35.
Exempt, remote; II. i. 15.
Expediently, expeditiously; III. i. 18.
Extent, seizure; III. i. 17.
Extermined, exterminated; III. v. 89.

Fair, beauty; III. ii. 98.
Falls, lets fall; III. v. 5.
Fancy, love; III. v. 29.
Fancy-monger, love-monger; III. ii. 373.
Fantasy, fancy; II. iv. 31.
Favour, aspect; IV. iii. 87; countenance; V. iv. 27.
Feature, shape, form; used perhaps equivocally, but with what particular force is not known; "feature" may have been used occasionally in the sense of "verse-making" (*cp.* Note); III. iii. 3.
Feed, pasturage; II. iv. 83.
Feeder, servant ("*factor*" and "*fedary*" have been suggested); II. iv. 99.
Feelingly, by making itself felt; II. i. 11.
Fells, woolly skins; III. ii. 55.
Fleet, make to fly; I. i. 123.
Flout, mock at, jeer at; I. ii. 46.
Fond, foolish; II. iii. 7.

For, for want of; II. iv. 75; II. vi. 2; because; III. ii. 129; as regards; IV. iii. 139.
Forked heads, i.e. "fork-heads," which Ascham describes in his *Toxophilus* as being "arrows having two points stretching forward"; II. i. 24.
Formal, having due regard to dignity; II. vii. 155.
Free, not guilty; II. vii. 85.
Freestone-colour'd, dark coloured, of the colour of Bath-brick; IV. iii. 25.
Furnished, apparelled; Epilogue 10.

Gargantua's mouth; alluding to "the large-throated" giant of Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims, with their pilgrims' staves, in a salad; though there was no English translation of Rabelais in Shakespeare's time, yet several chap-book histories of Gargantua were published; III. ii. 233.
Gentility, gentleness of birth; I. i. 22.
Gesture, bearing; V. ii. 69.
Glances, hits; II. vii. 57.
God buy you = "God be with you"; hence, "good-bye"; III. ii. 268.
God 'ild you = "God yield (reward you"; III. iii. 74.
God ye good even = God give you good even (often represented by some such form as "Godgigoden"); V. i. 15.
Golden world, golden age; I. i. 124.
Goths (evidently pronounced very much like "goats," hence Touchstone's joke); the Getæ (or Goths) among whom Ovid lived in banishment; III. iii. 9.
Grace, gain honour; I. i. 154.
Grace me, get me credit, good repute, V. ii. 64.
Gracious, looked upon with favour; I. ii. 189.
Graff, graft; III. ii. 120.
Gravelled, stranded, at a standstill; IV. i. 73.

Harm, misfortunes; III. ii. 78.
Have with you, come along; I. ii. 258.
Having, possession; III. ii. 387.
He = man; III. ii. 403.
Headed, grown to a head; II. vii. 67.
Heart, affection, love; I. i. 174.
Here much, used ironically, in a negative sense, as in the modern phrase "much I care!" IV. iii. 2.
Him = he whom; I. i. 45.
Hinds, serfs, servants; I. i. 20.
Holla; "cry holla to"; restrain; III. ii. 252.
Holy, sacramental; III. iv. 14.
Honest, virtuous; I. ii. 39.
Hooping; "out of all hooping," beyond the bounds of wondering; III. ii. 198.
Humorous, full of whims, capricious; I. ii. 268; II. iii. 8; fanciful; IV. i. 20.

Hurtling, din, tumult; IV. iii. 132.
Hyen, hyena; IV. i. 157.

From an ornamented post in Wenden Church, Essex.

Ill-favoured, ugly in face, bad looking; V. iv. 60.
Ill-favouredly, ugly; I. ii. 40.
Impressure, impression; III. v. 23.
Incision; "God make in., *i.e.* "give thee a better understanding"; a reference perhaps to the cure by bloodletting; it was said of a very silly person that he ought to be cut for the simples; III. ii. 73.
Incontinent, immediately; V. ii. 42.
Inquisition, search, inquiry; II. ii. 20.
Insinuate with, ingratiate myself with; Epil. 9.
Insomuch = in as much as; V. ii. 61.
Intendment, intention; I. i. 139.
Invectively, bitterly, with invective; II. i. 58.
Irish rat; Irish witches were said to be able to rime either man or beast to death; berimed rats are frequently alluded to in Elizabethan writers; III. ii. 182.
Irks, grieves; II. i. 22.

Jars, discordant sounds; II. vii. 5.
Judas's; "browner than J."; he was usually represented in ancient painting or tapestry with red hair and beard; III. iv. 8.
Juno's swans, probably an error for Venus, represented as swan-drawn in Ovid (*Meta.* x. 708); I. iii. 74.
Just, just so; III. ii. 274.
Justly, exactly; I. ii. 246.

Kind, nature; IV. iii. 59.
Kindle, enkindle, incite; I. i. 178.
Kindled, brought forth; used technically for the littering of rabbits; III. ii. 349.
Knol'd, chimed; II. vii. 114.

Lack, do without; IV. i. 182.
Learn, teach; I. ii. 6.
Leave, permission; I. i. 108; I. ii. 156.
Leer, countenance; IV. i. 66.
Lief, gladly; I. i. 151; III. ii. 263.
Limn'd, drawn; II. vii. 194.
Lined, drawn; III. ii. 95.
Lively = life-like; V. iv. 27.
Loose, let loose; III. v. 103.
Lover, mistress; III. iv. 42.

Make = make fast, shut; IV. i. 162.

Manage, training or breaking in of a horse; I. i. 13.
Mannish, male; I. iii. 120.
Matter, sound sense; II. i. 68; sense, meaning; V. iii. 35.
Measure, a court dance; V. iv. 45.
Meed, reward; II. iii. 58.
Memory, memorial; II. iii. 3.
Might, may; I. ii. 182.
Mines, undermines; I. i. 21.
Misprised, despised, thought nothing of; I. i. 176; I. ii. 181.
Mockable, liable to ridicule; III. ii. 49.
Mocks, mockeries; III. v. 33.
Modern, commonplace, ordinary; II. vii. 156; IV. i. 7.
Moe, more; III. ii. 271.
Moonish, variable, fickle; III. ii. 421.
Moral, probably an adjective, moralising; II. vii. 29.
Moralize, discourse, expound; II. i. 44.
Mortal; "mortal in folly"; a quibble of doubtful meaning; perhaps = "excessive, very," *i.e.* "extremely foolish" (?= likely to succumb to folly); II. iv. 57.
Motley, the parti-coloured dress of domestic fools or jesters; II. vii. 34; (used adjectively), II. vii. 13; fool, III. iii. 77.
Mutton, sheep; III. ii. 57.

Napkin, handkerchief; IV. iii. 94.
Natural, idiot; I. ii. 50.
Nature; "of such a nature," whose special duty it is; III. i. 16.
Nature's sale-work = ready-made goods; III. v. 43.
Naught; "be n. awhile," a proverbial expression equivalent to "a mischief on you"; I. i. 37.
Needless, not needing; II. i. 46.
New-fangled, fond of what is new; IV. i. 152.
Nice, trifling; IV. i. 15.
Nurture, good manners, breeding; II. vii. 97.

Observance, attention, III. ii. 242; reverence, respect, V. ii. 102, 104 (the repetition is probably due to the compositor; "endurance," "obedience," "deservance," have been suggested for line 104).
Occasion; "her husband's o." = an opportunity for getting the better of her husband; IV. i. 178.
Of; "searching of" = a-searching of, II. iv. 44; "complain of," *i.e.* of the want of; III. ii. 31; by; III. ii, 352; III. iii. 91.
Offer'st fairly, dost contribute largely; V. iv. 173.
Oliver; 'O sweet O.," the fragment of an old ballad; III. iii. 99.

Painted cloth, canvas painted with figures, mottoes, or moral sentences, used for

hangings for rooms; III. ii. 283.

This representation of a meeting between Death and a fop is a copy of a painting formerly preserved in the Hungerford Chapel, Salisbury Cathedral. The dialogue between the characters is painted on the labels over their heads.

Pantaloon, a standing character in the old Italian comedy; he wore slippers, spectacles, and a pouch, and was invariably represented as an old dotard; taken typically for a Venetian; St. Pantaleon was the patron saint of Venice; II. vii. 158.

Parcels, detail; III. v. 125.

Pard, leopard; II. vii. 150.

Parlous perilous; III. ii. 45.

From Calot's series of plates illustrating the Italian comedy.

Passing, surpassing, exceedingly; III. v. 138.

Pathetical, probably "affection-moving," perhaps used with the force of "pitiful"; IV. i. 196.

Payment, punishment; I. i. 165.

Peascod, literally the husk or pod which contains the peas, used for the plant itself; "our ancestors were frequently accustomed in their love affairs to employ the devination of a peascod, and if the good omen of the peas remaining in the husk were preserved, they presented it to the lady of their choice"; II. iv. 52.

Peevish, wayward, saucy; III. v. 110.

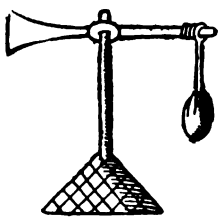
Perpend, reflect; III. ii. 68.

Petitionary, imploring; III. ii. 194.

Phœnix; "as rare as p."; the phœnix, according to Seneca, was born once only in 500 years; IV. iii. 17.

Place = dwelling-place; II. iii. 27.
Places, topics, subjects; II. viii. 40.
Point-device, i.e. at point device, trim, faultless; III. ii. 393.
Poke, pocket; II. vii. 20.
Poor; "p. a thousand crowns," the adjective precedes the article for the sake of emphasis, and probably also because of the substantival force of the whole expression "a thousand crowns"; I. i. 2.
Portugal; "bay of P.," still used by sailors to denote that portion of the sea off the coast of P. from Oporto to the headland of "Cintra"; IV. i. 213.
Practice, plot, scheme; I. i. 155.
Practices, plots, schemes; II. iii. 26.
Present, being present; III. i. 4.
Presentation, representation; V. iv. 112.
Presently, immediately; II. vi. 11.
Prevents, anticipates; IV. i. 61.
Priser, prize-fighter; II. iii. 8.
Private, particular, individual; II. vii. 7.
Prodigal; "what p. portion have I spent," *i.e.* "what portion have I prodigally spent"; I. i. 40.
Profit, proficiency; I. i. 7.
Prologues; "the only p.," *i.e.* "only the p."; V. iii. 13.
Proper, handsome; I. ii. 120.
Properer, more handsome; III. v. 51.
Puisny, unskilled, inferior; III. iv. 42.
Pulpiter (Spedding's emendation for "Jupiter," the reading of the Folios); III. ii. 158.
Purchase, acquire; III. ii. 351.
Purgation, vindication; I. iii. 52; proof, test; V. iv. 45.
Purlieus, the grounds on the borders of the forest; IV. iii. 77.
Pythagoras' time, an allusion to that philosopher's doctrine of the transmigration of souls; III. ii. 182.

Quail, slacken; II. ii. 20.
Question, conversation; III. iv. 34.
Quintain, a figure set up for tilting at in country games, generally in the likeness of a Turk or Saracen, bearing a shield upon his left arm, and brandishing a club with his right, which moved round and struck a severe blow if the horseman made a bad



From Stow's *Survey of London* (1603).

aim; I. ii. 253. The illustration shows a rudimentary form of the more elaborate Quintain.

Quintessence, the extract of a thing, containing its virtues in a small quantity; originally, in mediæval philosophy, the fifth essence, or spirit, or soul of the world, which consisted not of the four elements, but was a certain fifth, a thing above or beside them; III. ii. 142.

Quip, a smart saying; V. iv. 78.

Quit, acquit; III. i. 11.

Quotidian, a fever, the paroxysms of which return every day, expressly mentioned in old writers as a symptom of love; III. ii. 374.

Ragged, rough, untuneful; II. v. 14.

Rank, row, line; IV. iii. 80; "butter-women's rank" ["rate," "rack," "rant(at)," "canter," have been proposed] = file, order, jog-trot; III. ii. 101.

Rankness, presumption; I. i, 90.

Rascal, technical term for lean deer; III. iii. 57.

Raw, ignorant, inexperienced; III. ii. 74.

Reason, talk, converse; I. ii. 54.

Recks, cares; II. iv. 81.

Recountments, things recounted, narrations; IV. iii. 141.

Recover'd, restored; IV. iii. 151.

Religious, belonging to some religious order; III. ii. 353.

Remembrance, memory; I. i. 66.

Remorse, compassion; I. iii. 69.

Removed, remote; III. ii. 351.

Render, describe; IV. iii. 123.

Resolve, solve; III. ii. 240.

Reverence; "his reverence," the respect due to him; I. i. 53.

Right, downright; III. ii. 101; true; III. ii. 123.

Ripe, grown up; IV. iii. 88.

Roundly, without delay; V. iii. 11.

Roynish, rude, uncouth; II. ii. 8.

Sad, serious; III. ii. 151.

Sad brow, serious face; III. ii. 221.

Satchel; II. vii. 145; *cp.* the following illustration:—

From an allegorical picture of learning and its rewards (1589), in the Strasburg Library.

Saws, maxims; II. vii. 156.

School, (probably) university; I. i. 6.

Scrip, shepherd's pouch; III. ii. 166.

Seeks (used instead of the singular); V. i. 65.
Seeming, seemly; V. iv. 71.
Se'nnight = seven-night, a week; III. ii. 325.
Sententious, pithy; V. iv. 65.
Shadow, shady place; IV. i. 222.
Shall, must; I. i. 133.
She, woman; III. ii. 10.
Sheaf, gather into sheaves; III. ii. 110.
Should be, came to be, was said to be; III. ii. 177.
Shouldst = wouldst; I. ii. 229.
Show, appear; I. iii. 80.
Shrewd, evil, harsh; V. iv. 179.
Simples, herbs used in medicine; IV. i. 17.
Sir, a title bestowed on the inferior clergy, hence Sir Oliver Mar-text, the country curate; probably a translation of "Dominus," still applied to "Bachelors" at the University; III. iii. 42.
Smirch, besmear, darken; I. iii. 111.
Smother; "from the smoke into the s."; thick suffocating smoke; I. ii. 289.
Snake, used as a term of scorn; IV. iii. 71.
So, if, provided that; I. ii. 11.
Sorts, kinds, classes; I. i. 173.
South-sea of discovery, a voyage of discovery over a wide and unknown ocean; the whole phrase is taken by some to mean that a minute's delay will bring so many questions that to answer them all will be like a voyage of discovery. Perhaps the reference is to Rosalind's discovery of her secret, of the truth about herself; III. ii. 202.
Speed, patron; I. ii. 211.
Spleen, passion; IV. i. 211.
Squandering, random; II. vii. 57.
Stagger, hesitate; III. iii. 48.
Stalking horse; "a horse, either real or fictitious, by which the fowler anciently sheltered himself from the sight of the game"; V. iv. 111.

From a MS. *de la Chasse des bestes sauvages* (XVth Cent.), preserved at Paris.

Stay, wait for; III. ii. 216.
Sticks, strikes, stabs; I. ii. 244.
Still, continually; I. ii. 228.
Still music, i.e. soft, low, gentle music; V. iv. 113-114.
Straight = straightway, immediately; III. v. 136.
Successfully, likely to succeed; I. ii. 153.
Suddenly, quickly, speedily; II. ii. 19.

Suit, used quibblingly (1) petition, (2) dress; II. vii. 44.
Suits = favours (with a play upon "suit," "livery"); I. ii. 248.
Sun; "to live i' the s.," *i.e.* to live in open-air freedom; II. v. 41.
Sure, firmly joined; V. iv. 141.
Swashing, swaggering; I. iii. 119.
Swift, keen of wit; V. iv. 65.

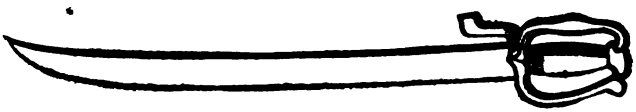
Ta'en up, made up; V. iv. 50.
Taxation, censure, satire; I. ii. 84.
Tempered, composed, blended; I. ii. 14.
Thatched house, alluding to the story of Baucis and Philemon; III. iii. 11.
That that = that which; V. iv. 62.
Thought, melancholy; or perhaps "moody reflection"; IV. i. 211.
Thrasonical, boastful (from Thrase the boaster, in the Eunuchus of Terence); V. ii. 34.
Thrice-crowned Queen, ruling in heaven, earth, and the under-world, as Luna, Diana, and Hecate; III. ii. 2.
Thrifty; "the th. hire I saved," *i.e.* "that which by my thrift I saved out of the hire"; II. iii. 39.
To, as to; II. iii. 7.
Touches, characteristics; III. ii. 155.
Toward, at hand; V. iv. 35.
Toy, bagatelle, trifling affair; III. iii. 75.
Traverse, crossways; III. iv. 41.
Trow you, know you; III. ii. 184.
Turn'd into, brought into; IV. iii. 23.

Umber, brown pigment, brought from Umbria; I. iii. 111.
Uncouth, unknown, strange; II. vi. 6.
Unexpressive, inexpressive, unable to be expressed; III. ii. 10.
Unkind, unnatural; II. vii. 175.
Unquestionable, unwilling to be conversed with; III. ii. 384.
Unto, in addition to; I. ii. 240.
Untuneable (Theobald and other editors "untimeable," *cp.* the page's reply), out of tune, perhaps also "out of time"; V. iii. 36.
Up; "kill them up"; used as an intensive particle; II. i. 62.

Velvet, delicate ("velvet is the technical term for the outer covering of the horns of a stag in the early stages of its growth); II. i. 50.
Vengeance, mischief; IV. iii. 48.
Villain, bondman, serf; with play upon the other sense; I. i. 58.
Voice; "in my voice," *i.e.* as far as my vote is concerned; II. iv. 87.

Ware, aware; II. iv. 58; cautious; II. iv. 59.
Warp, turn, change the aspect of, twist out of shape; II. vii. 187.
Ways; "come your ways" = come on; I. ii. 210.
Weak evils, evils which cause weakness; II. vii. 132.
Wear, fashion; II. vii. 34.
Wearing, wearying; II. iv. 38.
Week, an indefinite period of time, perhaps = "in the week," *cp.* the phrase "too late in the day"; II. iii. 74.
Wherein went he, how was he dressed? III. ii. 229.
Where you are = what you mean; V. ii. 32.
Wit, whither wilt; an exclamation of somewhat obscure meaning, used evidently when any one was either talking nonsense or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him; IV. i. 167; *cp.* "Wit! whither wander you"; I. ii. 57.
Woeful, expressive of woe; II. vii. 148.
Woman of the world, ie. married; V. iii. 4.
Working, endeavour; I. ii. 204.
Wrath, passion, ardour; V. ii. 44.
Wrestler (trisyllabic); II. ii. 13.

You = for you; II. v. 32.
Young, inexperienced; I. i. 55.



A XVIIth Cent. Curtle-Axe (see I. iii. 116).

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. The pronunciation of '*Jaques*' is still somewhat doubtful, though the metrical test makes it certain that it is always a dissyllable in Shakespeare: there is evidence that the name was well known in England, and ordinarily pronounced as a monosyllable; hence Harrington's *Metamorphosis of A-jax* (1596). The name of the character was probably rendered '*Jakës*': the modern stage practice is in favor of '*Jaq-wes*.'

I. i. 1. '*it was upon this fashion: bequeathed*,' etc. The Folio does not place a stop at '*fashion*,' but makes '*bequeathed*' a past participle; the words '*charged*' . . . '*on his blessing*' presuppose '*he*' or '*my father*'; the nominative may, however, be easily supplied from the context, or possibly, but doubtfully, '*a*' (='*he*') has been omitted before '*charged*.' There is very much to be said in favour of the Folio reading; a slight confusion of two constructions seems to have produced the difficulty. Warburton, Hanmer, and Capell proposed to insert '*my father*' before '*bequeathed*.' Others punctuate in the same way as in the present text, but read '*he bequeathed*' or '*my father bequeathed*'; the Cambridge editors hold that the subject of the sentence is intentionally omitted.

I. ii. 32. '*mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel*': *cp.* '*Fortune is painted with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation*,' *Henry V.*, III. vi. 35. '*Good-housewife*,' as Harness puts it, 'seems applied to Fortune merely as a jesting appellation.'

I. ii. 82. The Folio prefixes '*Rosalind*' to the speech: Theobald first proposed to change to '*Celia*,' and he has been followed by most editors. Capell suggested '*Fernandine*' for '*Frederick*' in the previous speech. Shakespeare does not give us the name of Rosalind's father; he is generally referred to as '*Duke Senior*': Celia's father is mentioned as '*Frederick*' in two other places

From the English translation (Cott. MS., XVth Cent.) of William de Deguilleville's *Pilgrimage of Human Life.*

(l. 236 of this Scene, and V. iv. 160). One has, however, a shrewd suspicion that Touchstone is referring to the exiled king as '*old* Frederick,' and that Rosalind speaks the words, '*my father's love is enough to honour him:*' the expression is so much in harmony with her subsequent utterance, ll. 237-240:—

'My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul.'

And again, in the next scene, l. 30:—

'The Duke my father loved his father dearly.'

I. ii. 209. '*You mean*'; Theobald proposed '*An' you mean,*' and the Cambridge editors suggest that '*and*' for '*an*' (= *if*) may be the right reading, omitted by the printer, who mistook it for part of the stage-direction '*Orl. and*' for '*Orland.*'

I. ii. 274. '*the taller*'; but Rosalind is later on described as '*more than common tall,*' and Celia as '*the woman low, and browner than her brother*': probably '*taller*' is a slip of Shakespeare's pen: '*shorter,*' '*smaller,*' '*lesser,*' '*lower,*' have been variously proposed; of these '*lesser*' strikes one perhaps as most Shakespearian.

I. iii. 101. '*charge*'; Folio 1, which is followed by Cambridge editors, '*change*'; '*charge,*' *i.e.* 'burden,' the reading of Folios 2 and 3, seems to be the true reading.

I. iii. 127. There has been much discussion of the scansion of this line; several critics, in their anxiety to save Shakespeare from the serious charge of using a false quantity, proposes to accent '*Aliena*' on the penultimate, but for all that it seems most likely that the line is to be read—

'*No lóng|er Cél|ya búť| Alí|ena.*'

II. i. 5. '*Here feel we but*'; Theobald first conjectured '*but*' for '*not*' of the Folios, and his emendation has been accepted by many scholars, though violently opposed by others. Most of the discussions turn on '*the penalty of Adam,*' which ordinarily suggests toil—'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread'—but in this passage Shakespeare makes the penalty to be "the season's difference," *cp. Paradise Lost*, x. 678, 9:—

'*Else had the spring Perpetual smiled on earth with vernant flowers.*'

II. i. 13-14. '*like the toad, ugly and venomous,*' etc. A favourite Euphuistic conceit, *e.g.* '*The foule toade hath a faire stone in his head.*' Euphues, p. 53 (ed. Arber), based on an actual belief in toad-stones. The origin of the belief is traced back to Pliny's description of a stone as 'of the colour of a frog.'

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.'
From an early edition (c.1495?) of the *Ortus Sanitatis.*

II. iii. 12. '*No more do yours:*' a somewhat loose construction, but one easily understood, the force of the previous sentence being 'to some kind of men their graces serve them not as friends.'

II. iii. 71. '*seventeen*'; Rowe's emendation for '*seaventie*' of the Folios.

II. iv. 1. '*weary*'; Theobald's emendation for '*merry*' of the Folios, and generally adopted; some scholars are in favour of the Folio reading, and put it down to Rosalind's assumed merriment; her subsequent confession as to her weariness must then be taken as an aside.

II. iv. 52. '*from whom.*' *i.e.* from the peascod: similarly '*her*' in the next line: he was wooing the peascod instead of his mistress.

II. v. 3. '*turn,*' so the Folios: Pope substituted '*tune*'; but the

change is unnecessary; according to Steevens '*to turn a tune* or *note*' is still a current phrase among vulgar musicians.

II. v. 61. '*I' ll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.*' According to Johnson, '*the first-born of Egypt*' was a proverbial expression for high-born persons, but it has not been found elsewhere. Nares suggests that perhaps Jaques is only intended to say that, if he cannot sleep, he will, like other discontented persons, rail against his betters. There is no doubt some subtler meaning in the words, and the following is possibly worthy of consideration:—Jaques says if he cannot sleep he 'll rail again all first-borns, for it is the question of birthright which has caused him 'leave his wealth and ease,' merely as he had previously put it 'to please a stubborn will'; this idea has perhaps suggested Pharaoh's stubbornness, and by some such association 'all first-borns' became 'all the first-born of Egypt'; or, by mere association, the meaningless tag 'of Egypt' is added by Jaques to round off the phrase, and to give it some sort of colour.

II. vii. 19. Touchstone of course alludes to the common saying 'Fortune favours fools,' *cp. Every man out of his humour,* I. i.:

> '*Sogliardo.* Why, who am I, sir?
> *Macilente.* One of those that fortune favours.
> *Carlo.* [*Aside*] The periphrasis of a fool.'

II. vii. 34, 36. '*A worthy fool*' . . . '*O worthy fool*': the '*A*' and '*O*' should probably change places, according to an anonymous conjecture noted in the Cambridge Edition.

II. vii. 55. '*Not to seem*'; the words '*not to*' were first added by Theobald: the Folios read '*seem*'; Collier, following his MS. corrections, proposed '*but to seem*'; the meaning is the same in both cases. Mr. Furness follows Ingleby in maintaining the correctness of the text, and paraphrases thus:—"He who is hit the hardest by me must laugh the hardest, and that he must do so is plain; because if he is a wise man he must seem foolishly senseless of the bob by laughing it off. Unless he does this, viz., shows his insensibility by laughing it off, any chance hit of the fool will expose every nerve and fibre of his folly."

II. vii. 73. '*the weary very means,*' the reading of the Folios (Folios 1 and 2, '*wearie*'; Folios 3, 4, '*weary*'). Pope proposed '*very very*'; Collier (MS.) '*the very means of wear*'; Staunton '*weary-very,*' or '*very-weary.*' Others maintain the correctness of the original reading, and explain, 'until that its very means, being weary or exhausted, do ebb.' A very plausible emendation

was suggested by Singer, viz., '*wearer's*' for '*weary,*' and it has been adopted by several editors: *cp. Henry VIII.*, I. i. 83-5:—

> '*O, many*
> *Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em*
> *For this great journey.*'

II. vii. 178. '*Because thou art not seen,*' *i.e.* "as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence" (Johnson): several unnecessary emendations have been proposed, *e.g.* '*Thou causest not that teen*' (Hammer); '*Because thou art foreseen*' (Staunton), etc.

II. vii. 189. '*As friend remember'd not,*' *i.e.* 'as forgotten friendship.' or 'as what an unremembered friend feels': *cp.* '*benefits forgot,*' *supra.*

III. ii. 116. '*the very false gallop,*' *cp.* Nashe's *Four Letters Confuted,* "I would trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged verses, but that if I should retort his rime dogrell aright, I must make my verses (as he does his) run hobling like a Brewer's Cart upon the stones, and observe no length in their feet."

III. ii. 158. '*pulpiter*'; Spedding's suggestion for '*Jupiter*' of the Folios.

III. ii. 431. '*living,*' *i.e.* lasting, permanent; the antithesis seems to require '*loving,*' which has been substituted by some editors: it is noteworthy that in some half-dozen instances in Shakespeare '*live*' has been printed for 'love,' but it is questionable whether any change is justifiable here.

III. iii. 5, 6. '*Your features! . . . what features?*' Farmer's conjecture, '*feature! . . .* what's feature?' seems singularly plausible; *c.p.* l. 17, '*I do not know what "poetical" is.*'

III. iii. 79. '*her,*' so Folios 1, 2; '*his,*' Folios 3, 4: the female bird was the falcon; the male was called 'tercel' or 'tassel.'

III. iv. 44. '*noble goose:*' Hanmer substituted '*nose-quilled*' for '*noble,*' which is, of course, used ironically.

III. v. 7. '*dies and lives,*' *i.e.* 'lives and dies,' *i.e.* 'subsists from the cradle to the grave'; the inversion of the words seems to have been an old idiom: *cp.* '*Romaunt of the Rose,*' v. 579:—

> '*With sorwe they both die and live,*
> *That unto Richesse her hertis yive.*'

Other passages in later literature might be adduced where the exigencies of metre do not exist.

IV. i. 155. '*like Diana in the fountain.*' Stow mentions in his *Survey of London* (1603) that there was set up in 1596 on the east side of the cross in Cheapside "a curiously wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the same an alabaster image of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her naked breast." It is very doubtful whether Shakespeare is referring to this particular 'Diana,' as some have supposed.

IV. ii. 13. The words '*Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burden,*' are printed as one line in the Folios. Theobald was the first to rearrange, as in the text. Knight, Collier, Dyce, and others take the whole to be a stage-direction. Knight first called attention to the fact that possibly the original music for this song is to be found in John Hilton's '*Catch that Catch Can; or, a Choice Collection of Catches, Rounds,*' etc., 1652 (printed Furness, p. 230, 231).

IV. iii. 76. '*fair ones*'; Mr. Wright suggests that perhaps we should read 'fair *one,*' and Mr. Furness assents to the view that 'Shakespeare seems to have forgotten that Celia was apparently the only woman present.' But surely it is noteworthy that Oliver a few lines lower down gives the description:—'*The boy is fair,*' etc.

IV. iii. 88. '*Like a ripe sister: the woman low*'; the pause at the woman low cæsura takes the place of a syllable.

IV. iii. 102. '*Chewing the food,*' usually quoted as 'chewing the cud,' a correction of the line first suggested by Scott (*cp.* Introduction to *Quentin Durward*).

V. ii. 21. '*fair sister*'; Oliver addresses 'Ganymede' thus for he is Orlando's counterfeit Rosalind (*cp.* IV. iii. 93). Some interpreters of Shakespeare are of opinion that Oliver knows the whole secret of the situation.

V. ii. 77. '*which I tender dearly*'; probably an allusion to the Act "against Conjuracons, Inchantments, and Witchecraftes," passed under Elizabeth, which enacted that all persons using witchcraft, etc., whereby death ensued, should be put to death without benefit of clergy, etc.

V. iii. 16. Chappell printed the music of the song from a MS., now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century (*cp.* Furness, pp. 262, 263). In the Folios the last stanza is made the second. Mr. Rolfe is of opinion that Shakespeare contemplated a trio between the Pages and Touchstone.

V. iv. 4. '*As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.*'

A large number of unnecessary emendations have been proposed for this plausible reading of the Folios; *e.g.* '*fear, they hope, and know they fear*'; '*fear their hope and hope their fear*'; '*fear their hope and know their fear,*' etc. The last of these gives the meaning of the line as it stands in the text.

V. iv. 93. '*we quarrel in print, by the book*'; Shakespeare probably refers to "*Vincentio Saviolo his Practise. In two Bookes. The first intreating the use of the Rapier and Dagger. The second, of Honor and honorable Quarrels*"; printed in 1594.

V. iv. 94. '*books for good manners,*' *e.g.* "*A lytle Booke of Good Maners for Chyldren with interpritation into the vulgare Englysshe tongue by R. Whittinton, Poet Laureat*"; printed at London in 1554 (*cp.* Dr. Furnivall's *Book of Norture of John Russell,* etc., published by the *Early English Text Society,* 1868). *Cp. Hamlet,* v. ii. 149, '*he* (*i.e. Laertes*) *is the card or calendar of gentry,*' a probable allusion to the title of some such 'book of manners.'

V. iv. 120. '*her hand with his*'; the first and second Folios '*his hand*'; corrected to '*her*' in the second and third Folios.

V. iv. 154. '*Even daughter, welcome*'; Theobald proposed '*daughter-welcome,*' *i.e.* 'welcome as a daughter.' Folios 1, 2, 3, read '*daughter welcome*'; Folio 4, '*daughter, welcome.*' The sense is clear whichever reading is adopted, though the rhythm seems in favour of the reading in the text: 'O my dear niece,' says the Duke, 'nay, daughter, welcome to me in no less degree than daughter.'

Epilogue, 18. '*If I were a woman*'; the part of Rosalind was of course originally taken by a boy-actor; women's parts were not taken by women till after the Restoration.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

54, 55. *What, boy!* etc.:—Upon this passage Coleridge remarks: "There is a beauty here. The word *boy* naturally provokes and awakens in Orlando the sense of his manly powers; and with the retort of *elder* brother, he grasps him with firm hands, and makes him feel he is no boy."

58 *et seq. I am no villain,* etc.:—"The tale of Gamelyn," says Lloyd, "was written for an audience that sympathized highly with manly or rather muscular prowess, and was glad to find their favoured champion with a plausible excuse for exerting a heaviness of hand that even in the excused cases is not unfrequently mere brutality. To such an audience it was a preparation for enjoyment for heirs and elder brothers, justices, sheriffs, and jurors, abbots, and grey friars to be fairly placed so far in the wrong as to justify—so they thought, any outrage from younger brothers and outlaws. The spirit of Gamelyn rises like that of Orlando against the ill-treatment from his brother in contravention of his father's will, and we trace Orlando in his reply to an insult:—

'Then saide to him Gamelyn
  The childe that was ying,
Christ his cursè mote he havin
  That clepeth me gadling (vagabond).
I am no worse gadling than thee
  Pardee ne no worse wight,
But born I was of a lady
  And gotten of a knight.'"

121. *Robin Hood*:—This prince of outlaws and "most gentle theefe" lived in the time of Richard I., and had his chief residence in Sherwood forest, Nottinghamshire. Wordsworth aptly styles him "the English ballad-singer's joy"; and in Percy's *Reliques* is an old ballad entitled *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne,* showing how his praises were wont to be sung. Of his mode of life one of the best accounts is contained in the twenty-sixth song of Drayton's *Polyolbion.* His life and character are also well set forth in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd,* as they likewise are in Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe.*

124. *the golden world*:—Of this fabled golden age—an ancient and very general tradition wherein the state of man in Paradise appears to have been shadowed—some notion is given in Gonzalo's Commonwealth, *The Tempest,* II. i. The matter is further illustrated by a passage in Fanshawe's version of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*:—

"Fair golden age! when milk was th' only food,
And cradle of the infant world the wood
Rock'd by the winds; and th' untouch'd flocks did bear
Their dear young for themselves! None yet did fear
The sword or poison: no black thoughts begun
T' eclipse the light of the eternal sun:
Nor wand'ring pines unto a foreign shore
Or war, or riches (a worse mischief,) bore.
That pompous sound, idol of vanity,
Made up of title, pride, and flattery,
Which they call honour, whom ambition blinds,
Was not as yet the tyrant of our minds.
But to buy real goods with honest toil
Amongst the woods and flocks, to use no guile,
Was honour to those sober souls that knew
No happiness but what from virtue grew."

168-179. *Farewell,* etc.:—Upon this passage Coleridge has a very characteristic remark: "It is too venturous to charge a passage in Shakespeare with want of truth to nature; and yet at first sight this speech of Oliver's expresses truths, which it seems almost impossible that any mind should so distinctly have presented to itself, in connection with feelings and intentions so malignant. But I dare not say that this seeming unnaturalness is not in the nature of an abused wilfulness, when united with a strong intellect. In such characters there is sometimes a gloomy

self-gratification in making the absoluteness of the will evident to themselves by setting the reason and the conscience in full array against it."

Scene II.

81. *old Frederick*:—*Old* is here used merely as a term of familiarity, such as fools were allowed to apply or address to persons of every sort.

84. *whipped*:—It was the custom to whip fools, when they used their tongues too freely.

104. *laid on with a trowel*:—This is a proverbial phrase, meaning to do any thing without delicacy. If a man flatter grossly, it is a common expression to say, he *lays it on with a trowel,* or, as we often hear, *lays it on thick.*

Scene III.

11. *my child's father*:—So in the original. Rowe suggested that it should be "my father's child," and that reading has been adopted in several editions. Moberly declares that "Shakespeare would have smiled at the emendation." Coleridge says, "Who can doubt that it is a mistake for 'my father's child,' meaning herself? A most indelicate anticipation is put into the mouth of Rosalind without reason; and besides, what a strange thought, and how out of place, and unintelligible!" Halliwell, as quoted by Rolfe, adds: "The original reading would undoubtedly be indelicate now, but it was not considered so in the Poet's day. Besides, the change is inconsistent with the conduct of the dialogue, in which Rosalind is represented as constantly thinking and speaking of her lover." A full discussion of the subject may be found in White's *Shakespeare's Scholar.*

36. *doth he not deserve well?*—Celia has already shown that she has no sympathy with her father's crime, and she here speaks ironically, implying the severest censure upon him; her meaning apparently being, "It was because your father deserved well that my father hated him; and ought I not, on your principle of reasoning, to hate Orlando for the same cause?"

106. *To seek my uncle,* etc.:—"Before I say more of this dramatic treasure," observes Campbell, "I must absolve myself by a confession as to some of its improbabilities. Rosalind asks her

cousin Celia, 'Whither shall we go?' and Celia answers, 'To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.' But, arrived there, and having purchased a cottage and sheep-farm, neither the daughter nor niece of the banished Duke seem to trouble themselves much to inquire about either father or uncle. The lively and natural-hearted Rosalind discovers no impatience to embrace her sire until she has finished her masked courtship with Orlando. But Rosalind was in love, as I have been with the comedy these forty years; and love is blind—for until a late period my eyes were never couched so as to see this objection. The truth, however, is that love is *wilfully* blind; and now that my eyes are opened, I shut them against the fault. Away with your best-proved improbabilities, when the heart has been touched and the fancy fascinated! When I think of the lovely Mrs. Jordan in this part, I have no more desire for proofs of probability on this subject (though 'proofs pellucid as the morning dews'), than for 'the cogent logic of a bailiff's writ.'"

113 *et seq. Were it not better,* etc.:—"There is no real suffering for Rosalind," says Dowden, "in leaving a weary court ruled by the usurper, and flying to the forest of Arden, where her father and his companions are fleeting their time carelessly as they did in the golden world; where, moreover, many young gentlemen flock to her father; why not among them a certain gallant wrestler, son of the banished Duke's old friend, Sir Rowland de Boys? She will not wander alone, for Celia goes with her, and Touchstone is to be a comfort to her travel. Rosalind is not a wronged and solitary wife like Imogen; she is a girl of bright temper, quick inventive wit, and glad heart. Accordingly, she throws herself into the adventure with *abandon,* and will play her part with high spirit."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

26. *The melancholy Jaques,* etc.:—"The melancholy of Jaques," says Brandes, "is a poetic dreaminess. He is described to us before we see him. The banished Duke has just been blessing the adversity which drove him out into the forest, where he is exempt from the dangers of the envious court. He is on the point of setting forth to hunt, when he learns that the melancholy

Jaques repines at the cruelty of the chase, and calls him in that respect as great a usurper as the brother who drove him from his dukedom. The courtiers have found him stretched beneath an oak, and dissolved in pity for a poor wounded stag which stood beside the brook."

31. *Under an oak,* etc.:—"Shakespeare," says Coleridge, "never gives a description of rustic scenery merely for its own sake, or to show how well he can paint natural objects: he is never tedious or elaborate; but while he now and then displays marvelous accuracy and minuteness of knowledge, he usually only touches upon the larger features and broader characteristics, leaving the fillings-up to the imagination. Thus, . . . he describes an oak of many centuries' growth in a single line:—

'Under an oak whose antique root peeps out.'

Other and inferior writers would have dwelt on this description, and worked it out with all the pettiness and impertinence of detail. In Shakespeare, the 'antique' root furnishes the whole picture."

Steevens quotes Gray's *Elegy*:—

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

40. It was an ancient notion that a deer, being closely pursued, "fleeth to a ryver or ponde, and roreth, cryeth, and *wepeth,* when he is take." Drayton in the thirteenth song of his *Polyolbion* has a fine description of a deer-hunt, which he winds up with an allusion to the same matter:—

"He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall."

And in a note upon the passage he adds, "The hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held precious in medicine."

49. *To that which had too much*:—So in 3 *Henry VI.,* V. iv. 8, 9:—

"With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength *to that which hath too much.*"

Scene III.

63. *a rotten tree*:—Moberly remarks: "Orlando *says* melancholy things, as in I. ii.; but his elastic mind rises instantly from such thoughts; and in a few moments he anticipates 'some settled low content.' A fine instance of the same manly temper is found in *Iliad* vi., where Hector at one moment dwells sorrowfully on his wife's inevitable doom of slavery at Argos (447-465), and the next thinks of her as a joyful Trojan mother welcoming back her victorious son (476-481)."

Scene IV.

52. *peascod*:—According to Davy, the Suffolk kitchen-maid, "when she shells green pease, never omits, if she finds one having nine pease, to lay it on the lintel of the kitchen-door, and the first clown who enters it is infallibly to be her husband, or at least her sweetheart." "Winter-time for shoeing, peascod time for wooing" is a Devonshire proverb. Gay is thus quoted by Halliwell:—

> "As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
> One that was closely fill'd with three times three;
> Which, when cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
> And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
> The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in
> But, in his proper person, —— Lubberkin."

The following is from Browne's *Brittania's Pastorals*:—

> "The peascod greene oft with no little toyle
> Hee'd seeke for in the fattest fertil'st soile,
> And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,
> And in her bosome for acceptance wooe her."

Scene VII.

44 *et seq. It is my only suit,* etc.:—"It is Shakespeare's own mood that we hear in these words," says Brandes. "The voice is his. The utterance is far too large for Jaques: he is only a mouthpiece for the Poet. Or let us say that his figure dilates in such passages as this, and we see in him a Hamlet *avant la lettre.*"

64-69. *Most mischievous,* etc.:—"The Duke," says Dowden,

"declares that Jaques has been 'a libertine, as sensual as the brutish sting itself'; but the Duke is unable to understand such a character as that of Jaques. Jaques has been no more than a curious experimenter in libertinism, for the sake of adding an experience of madness and folly to the store of various superficial experiences which constitute his unpractical foolery of wisdom."

70 *et seq.* Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* was first acted in 1599, and probably written before *As You Like It.* The character of Asper, wherein the author clearly personates himself, is in some respects quite similar to that of Jaques; insomuch that a writer in the *Pictorial Shakspere* thinks the latter to have been meant partly as a satire upon the former. Asper's satire is perfectly scorching, his avowed purpose being to "strip the ragged follies of the time naked as at their birth"; and the Induction has some lines bearing so strong a resemblance to this speech of Jaques', as might well suggest that the Poet had them in his mind:—

> "If any here chance to behold himself,
> Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
> For, if he shame to have his follies known,
> First he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand
> Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe
> Squeeze out the humour of such spongy souls
> As lick up every idle vanity."

139 *et seq.* "Ben Jonson," says Brandes, "is said to have inquired, in an epigram against the motto of the Globe Theatre. where the spectators were to be found if all the men and women were players? And an epigram attributed to Shakespeare gives the simple answer that all are players and audience at one and the same time. Jaques' survey of the life of man is admirably concise and impressive. The last line—

> 'Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing'—

with its half French equivalent for 'without,' is imitated from the *Henriade* of the French poet Garnier, which was not translated. and which Shakespeare must consequently have read in the original."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

17. *Make an extent,* etc.:—Lord Campbell, in *Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements,* says this passage reveals the Poet's "deep technical knowledge of law." We also find in Stephen's *Commentaries on the Laws of England,* iv. 80: "Upon all debts of record due to the Crown, the sovereign has his peculiar remedy by writ of *extent*; which differs in this respect from an ordinary writ of execution at suit of the subject, that under it the body, lands, and goods of the debtor may be all taken at once, in order to compel the payment of the debt. And this proceeding is called an *extent,* from the words of the writ; which directs the sheriff to cause the lands, goods, and chattels to be appraised at their full, or extended, value (*extendi facias*), before they are delivered to satisfy the debt."

Scene II.

1-10. This passage seems to evince a most intimate knowledge of ancient mythology; but Shakespeare was doubtless familiar with Chapman's *Hymns to Night and to Cynthia,* which, though over-informed with learning, have many highly poetical passages, among which is the following:—

> "Nature's bright *eye-sight,* and the night's fair soul,
> That with thy *triple forehead* dost control
> Earth, seas, and hell."

31. *of good breeding*:—In Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd,* Lionel says of Amie: "She's sick *of* the young shepherd that bekist her"; sick *for want* of him. So often in Shakespeare.

150. *Atalanta's better part*:—A puzzling passage for the commentators. "The imagery selected," says Whiter, "to discriminate the perfections of Helen, Cleopatra, Atalanta, and Lucretia was not derived from the abstract consideration of their general qualities; but was caught from those peculiar traits of beauty and character which are impressed on the mind of him who contemplates their portraits. It is well known that these celebrated heroines of romance were, in the days of our Poet, the favourite subjects of popular representation, and were alike visible in the

coarse hangings of the poor and the magnificent arras of the rich. In the portraits of Helen, whether they were produced by the skilful artist or his ruder imitator, though her face would certainly be delineated as eminently beautiful, yet she appears not to have been adorned with any of those charms which are allied to *modesty*; and we accordingly find that she was generally depicted with a loose and insidious countenance, which but too manifestly betrayed the inward wantonness and perfidy of her heart. With respect to the 'majesty' of Cleopatra, it may be observed that this notion is not derived from classical authority, but from the more popular storehouse of legend and romance. I infer, therefore, that the familiarity of the image was impressed, both on the Poet and his reader, from pictures or representations in tapestry, which were the lively and faithful mirrors of popular romances. Atalanta, we know, was considered by our ancient poets as a celebrated beauty; and we may be assured, therefore, that her portraits were everywhere to be found. Since the story of Atalanta represents that heroine as possessed of singular beauty, zealous to preserve her virginity even with the death of her lovers, and accomplishing her purposes by extraordinary swiftness in running, we may be assured that the skill of the artist would be employed in displaying the most perfect expressions of virgin purity, and in delineating the fine proportions and elegant symmetry of her person. Lucretia (we know) was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the Gothic ages; and it is this spirit of unshaken chastity which is here celebrated under the title of 'modesty.'

"Such, then, are the wishes of the lover in the formation of his mistress—that the ripe and brilliant *beauties* of Helen should be united to the elegant *symmetry* and virgin graces of Atalanta; and that this union of charms should be still dignified and ennobled by the *majestic mien* of Cleopatra, and the *matron modesty* of Lucretia."

190, 191. In Holland's translation of Pliny, Shakespeare found that "two *hills* removed by an earthquake encountered together, charging as it were and with violence assaulting one another, and retiring again with a most mighty noise."

Scene III.

[*Enter . . . Audrey.*] *Audrey* is a corruption of *Etheldreda*. The saint of that name is so styled in ancient calendars.

38. *foul*:—Audrey uses *foul* as opposed to *fair*; that is, for *plain, homely*. She has good authority for doing so. Thus, in Thomas's *History of Italy*: "If the maiden be *fair*, she is soon had, and little money given with her; if she be *foul*, they advance her with a better portion."

62. *horn*:—The learned Fool appears to use *horn* in a threefold sense for the ideal horn, which the Poet so often assigns to abused husbands, the horn of plenty, *cornucopia*, and such horns as are commonly worn by horned cattle.

99. The ballad of "O sweet Oliver, leave me not behind thee," and the answer to it, are entered on the Stationers' books in 1584 and 1586. Touchstone says, I will sing, *not* that part of the ballad which says, "Leave me not behind thee"; *but* that which says, "Begone, I say," probably part of the answer.

Scene V.

37-40. *What though you have no beauty*, etc.:—The commentators have made much ado over this passage. Some would strike out *no* before *beauty*, others would change it into *mo*, or *more*: whereas the peculiar force of the passage is, that Rosalind, wishing to humble Phebe, takes for granted that she is herself aware she has no beauty, and is therefore proud, even because she has none. Rosalind knows that to tell her she ought not to be proud because she has beauty, would but make her prouder; she therefore tells her she ought not to be proud because she lacks it. The best way to take down people's pride often is, to assume that they cannot be so big fools as to think they have anything to be proud of.

62. *Foul is most foul*, etc.:—That is, the ugly seem most ugly, when, as if proud of their ugliness, they set up for scoffers.

66, 67. *He's fallen in love with your foulness*, etc.:—The first clause of this sentence is addressed to Phebe; the other to the rest of the company. *Your* is commonly changed to *her*; whereas the very strength of the speech lies in its being spoken *to* the person herself.

78, 79. *though all the world*, etc.:—If all men could see you, none could be so *deceived* as to think you beautiful but him.

82. This line is from Marlowe's translation of *Hero and Leander*, which was not printed till 1598, though the author was killed in 1593. The poem was deservedly popular, and the words "dead shepherd" look as though Shakespeare remembered him with affection. The passage runs as follows:—

"It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overrul'd by fate.
When two are stripp'd, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially we do affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows: let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"

123. *constant red and mingled damask*:—Shakespeare apparently has reference to the *red rose,* which is red all over alike, and the *damask rose,* in which various shades of colour are *mingled.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

38. *swam in a gondola*:—That is, been at Venice, then the resort of travellers, as Paris is now; all visitors to Venice being supposed, of course, to sail in a gondola. Shakespeare's contemporaries also point their shafts at the corruption of youth by travel. Bishop Hall wrote his little book *Quo Vadis?* to stem the fashion. Venice at that time was, according to Johnson, the seat of all licentiousness, where young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes and debased their characters.

66. *leer*:—This term was anciently used simply for *look,* its original meaning being face, countenance, complexion. In *The* Venice at that time was, according to Johnson, the seat of all the *leer* of invitation." And in an old ballad, *The Witch of Wokey*:—

"Her haggard face was foull to see;
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee;
Her eyne of deadly leer."

Again, in Holland's *Pliny*: "In some places there are no other thing bred or growing but brown and duskish, insomuch as not only the cattel is all of that *leere,* but also the corne upon the ground, and other fruits of the earth."

140. *a girl goes before the priest*:—That is, goes faster than the

priest, gets ahead of him in the service; alluding to her anticipating what was to be said first by Celia.

155. *Diana in the fountain*:—Figures, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So in *The City Match*: "Now could I cry like any image in a fountain, which runs lamentations."

172. *without her answer*:—This bit of satire is also to be found in Chaucer's Marchantes Tale, where Proserpine says of women on like occasion: "For lacke of answere none of us shall dien."

174, 175. *cannot make her fault*, etc.:—The text may be uncertain. As it stands, it appears to mean, "make her husband out to be the occasion of her fault."

Scene III.

102. *sweet and bitter fancy*:—Thus Lodge's novel: "Wherein I have noted the variable disposition of fancy, that lyke the polype in colours, so it changeth into sundry humors, being as it should seeme, a combat mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweet prejudice, lyke to the synople tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruit infects the taste."

109. *A green and gilded snake*:—Hudson's original comment, introduced at this point, runs as follows: The bringing lions, serpents, palm-trees, rustic shepherds, and banished noblemen together in the forest of Arden, is a strange piece of geographical license, which the critics of course have not failed to grow big withal. Perhaps they did not see that the very grossness of the thing proves it to have been designed. By this irregular combination of actual things Shakespeare informs the whole with ideal effect, giving to this charming issue of his brain "a local habitation and a name," that it may link in with our flesh-and-blood sympathies, and at the same time turning it into a wild, wonderful, remote, fairy-land region, where all sorts of poetical things may take place without the slightest difficulty. Of course Shakespeare would not have done thus, but that he saw quite through the grand critical humbug, which makes the proper effect of a work of art depend upon our belief in the actual occurrence of the thing represented.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene IV.

113. [*Enter Hymen,* etc.] Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.

166 *et seq. Where meeting with an old religious man,* etc.:—In Lodge's novel the usurper is not turned from his purpose by any such pious counsels, but conquered and killed by the twelve peers of France, who undertake the cause of Gerismond, their rightful king. Here is a part of Fernandine's speech: "For know, Gerismond, that hard by at the edge of this forest the twelve peers of France are up in arms to recover thy right; and Torismond, troop'd with a crew of desperate runagates, is ready to bid them battle. The armies are ready to join: therefore show thyself in the field to encourage thy subjects. And you, Saladyne and Rosader, mount you, and show yourselves as hardy soldiers as you have been hearty lovers: so shall you for the benefit of your country discover the idea of your father's virtues to be stamped in your thoughts, and prove children worthy of so honourable a parent."

202. [*Exit Jaques.*] "The reader," says Hudson, "feels some regret to take his leave of Jaques in this manner; and no less concern at not meeting with the faithful old Adam at the close. It is the more remarkable that Shakespeare should have forgotten him, because Lodge, in his novel, makes him captain of the king's guard."

EPILOGUE.

18. *If I were a woman*:—As in the Poet's time, the parts of women were played by men or boys, no actress having appeared on the English stage before 1660, the following quotations from Pepys threw interesting light upon the assumption of female parts by male actors in Shakespeare's day and subsequently:—

August 18th, 1660. "Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to see the Cockpitt play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, 'The Loyall Subject,' where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life."

January 3, 1660. "To the Theatre, where was acted 'Beggar's Bush,' it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage."

January 8, 1660/1. "After dinner I took my Lord Hinchinbroke and Mr. Sidney to the Theatre, and shewed them 'The Widdow,' an indifferent good play, but wronged by the women being too seek in their parts."

Feb. 12, 1660/1. "By water to Salsbury Court play-house, where not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the Theatre, and there saw 'The Scornfull Lady,' now done by a woman, which makes the play appear much better than ever it did to me."

Questions on

As You Like It.

1. Give in brief the sources of this play.
2. Explain the title.
3. What place is doubtless celebrated in the scene of the action?

ACT FIRST.

4. What aspects of the general theme of the drama are depicted in the opening of the play?

5. Are the distresses that Orlando suffers such as lead one to expect a comedy or a tragedy? Support your view by arguments.

6. What is the function of Adam in the play?

7. Indicate the dramatic purpose of the wrestling match.

8. How does it serve to introduce the protagonists?

9. What is Rosalind's position in reference to her surroundings as shown in Sc. ii.?

10. What is Frederick's attitude towards Orlando? What reconciliation is here foreshadowed?

11. How does Shakespeare depict love at first sight? Where else in the play is there a repetition of the situation?

12. Summarize the points of superiority that Orlando possesses by reason of gentle birth and breeding.

13. Is Shakespeare aristocratic in social feeling? Do you find in any of his plays a treatment of love between unequals?

14. As the first Act depicts the essential traits of Rosalind and Celia, show in what way they are made to be foils. Is Celia any less individual because her part is only contributory to the story of Rosalind?

15. What is the dramatic purpose of the banishment of Rosalind? What motive for it does Frederick assign?

16. Who proposes flight to the forest of Arden? How does Rosalind describe herself in male attire? Compare this description with Portia's on the same theme. Mention other plays in which Shakespeare so disguises his heroines.

17. Show in what way the disguise is a liberator from social restraint, so that Rosalind has opportunity to display her real character.

ACT SECOND.

18. What comparison does the Duke make of the life of courts and the life of nature?

19. How do we see that *the stubbornness of fortune,* under which these denizens of the forest suffer, is really only a dramatic subterfuge and not the actual intent of the play?

20. How is Jaques introduced? Show the difference between the ordinary meaning of the word melancholy and Shakespeare's use denoting a melancholic disposition.

21. What sympathy with animal life is shown in Sc. i.?

22. How does Shakespeare show contrast between beasts of prey and beasts that are preyed upon by man?

23. Show how Scenes ii. and iii. are transition scenes in the action. What contrast is there between the two in dramatic method?

24. What humorous commingling of masculine and feminine touches do we observe in the first scene presenting Rosalind in male attire?

25. Show how gradation as a dramatic effect is employed by the early introduction of the love-affair of Silvius and Phebe.

26. Is Silvius rather a poetic abstraction, showing love untouched by social convention, than a rustic in love?

27. What aspect of love-passion does Touchstone represent? What episode of the play is foreshadowed in his comments on love?

28. Show how Sc. v. is of the nature of lyric interlude.

29. Why is so much of Act. II. given up to the depicting of Jaques?

30. What do you know of his past life?

31. Is his *melancholy* the result of disillusion, or is it an element in his nature?

32. How is Jaques affected by music? For an illuminating comment on his kind, and on his liking for music, see *The Merchant of Venice,* V. i. 83 *et seq.*

33. What report does he make of his encounter with Touchstone?

34. Who gives the cue for Jaques' speech, *All the world's a stage,* etc.

35. Cite parallel passages upon the world as a stage, to be found in Shakespeare and in other literature.

36. Repeat the song with which Act II. closes.

37. Consider the refrain at the end of each stanza. What is there distinctively Elizabethan in the temper of it? How differently would it be philosophized if it were written in the nineteenth century?

ACT THIRD.

38. What turn in the fortunes of Orlando is noted in Sc. i.?

39. What part of the action is foreshadowed here?

40. Through Touchstone, what aspects of life do we see satirized?

41. Is the wisdom of Corin sound from the rustic's point of view?

42. How does Shakespeare usually depict rustics?

43. What effect of contrast is produced by the scene following the dialogue of Touchstone and Corin?

44. How do lovers declare their passion in the forest of Arden?

45. What are the qualities that characterize the dialogue between Celia and Rosalind in Sc. ii.?

46. What is the dramatic purpose of this?

47. Indicate the purpose of the ensuing scene between Jaques and Orlando.

48. What did Jaques like in Orlando? Why did he allow himself to be so easily entrapped?

49. Was Orlando too full of love and self to appreciate Jaques? What is the underlying pathos of this dialogue?

50. Is not the spirit of Rosalind in her encounter with Orlando charged with sex? Why did not Orlando pierce the disguise?

51. Indicate the kind of humour in Sc. iii.

52. What reasons in nature do you see for the match between Touchstone and Audrey? What was Jaques' opinion regarding it?

53. Sc. iv. throws what new light upon Rosalind?

54. Construct from Rosalind's brief report her meeting with the Duke her father. How does Corin's message serve to link this with the following Scene?

55. Is it often Shakespeare's custom to make his scenes consecutive in action? What gain is there in reality by following the opposite course?

56. Though making her speak in poetic expression, how does